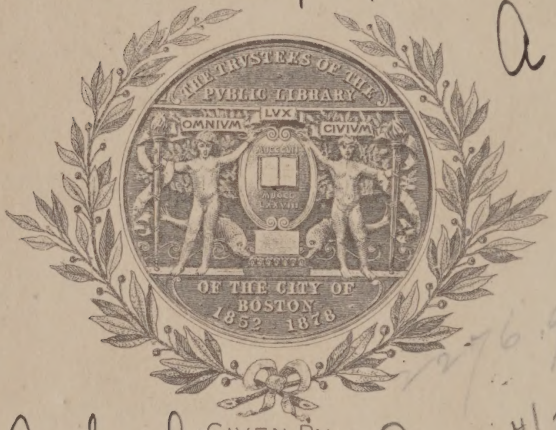

№ 22796.91

a

22796.91

GIVEN BY

4/21

John Gardner Coolidge.

Boston Public Library
from the Author
a Bostonian
Jan. 15, 1925

RANDOM LETTERS FROM MANY COUNTRIES

RANDOM LETTERS

FROM MANY COUNTRIES

BY

JOHN GARDNER COOLIDGE

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

BOSTON
MARSHALL JONES COMPANY
M·CM·XXIV

Baker Hall

COPYRIGHT, 1924
BY MARSHALL JONES COMPANY

John Gardner Coolidge
Jan. 15. 1925

Dupl. of
2276.91

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

TO MY WIFE

FOREWORD

I WAS born in Boston on July 4, 1863; and began my wanderings at the age of four when my parents sent me to a dame school at a distance of half a mile or more through rather crowded streets. I usually went alone, though sometimes under the protection of my older brother, aged five. I was educated partly abroad but mainly in Boston and I graduated without distinguishing marks from Harvard in 1884. Impelled by a roving disposition I left home on a sailing ship, early in 1887 and traveled for a great part of the time for the next thirty years. Most of these letters, which are but little changed, were written to my mother at irregular intervals during that period, and came into my hands again after her death three years ago.

CONTENTS

I 1887. Voyage to Japan 3

Left home January thirty-first and sailed for Japan from New York on the ship *A. G. Ropes* — Touched at Anjer and arrived at Yokohama in June — Moved to Tokyo to live with Brownell in Koishikawa and we went together to Nikko to see a total eclipse — Returning thence I traveled to Kobe, Nagasaki, and Chemulpo in Korea, then back to Tokyo where I began teaching the English language and foreign manners and customs.

II 1888. Teaching in Tokyo 26

Taught school in Tokyo — Journey in jinrikishas to Kyoto with Count Karasumaru passing through Hakone and down the Tokaido to Nagoya, thence to Otsu and Kyoto — Long stay in Kyoto with visits to Arashiyama and Nara — Back to Tokyo via Osaka and Kobe — Went with K. to Miyanoshita and Fujiyama, sleeping on top — Joined by Larz Anderson and Malcolm Thomas and with them visited some newly discovered prehistoric dwellings near Tokyo, then sailed for China — Visit to the Chinese city of Shanghai and to the Willow Pattern Garden — Thence to Hong Kong for Christmas and the New Year — Trips to Macao and Canton.

III 1889. Java and India 38

To Singapore and Java stopping in Batavia, Buitenzorg and Bandong — Back to Singapore, thence via Penang to Rangoon — Across to Moulmein to see the caves, returning to Rangoon and thence to Calcutta — Trip to Darjeeling — To Benares then by Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi, Jeypore, to Bombay — Move on alone to Colombo and Kandy — Singapore again and expedition to the native Malay states to prospect for gold — Three weeks of poling up a river through the jungle, returning alone across the Malay Peninsula to the north of Malacca, thence to Singapore — Excursions to Bangkok and Ko hsi Chang, then tour with A. through Java.

IV 1890. Return to America and Voyage to Brazil 57

January in Singapore — Excursions to Saigon and Pnom Penh in Cambodia — Sailed for home February twenty-second on the ship *Raphael*, and passing by Anjer, the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena reached New York in one hundred days — Thence home — Out West for S.'s wedding in St. Joseph, thence to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Leadville and back via Kansas City and Chicago. To Lynn for the Thomson-Houston Co. and sailed with Brown, their agent, from Newport News for Brazil in November, touching at St. Thomas and Barbadoes — One month in Para, thence to Pernambuco for Christmas and the New Year.

V 1891. Illness in Brazil 69

Visit to Bahia, then on to Rio — Settled with Brown at White's Hotel, Tijuca, and made a trip to Barbacena — Moved to a house in the city where B. fell ill — I, too, had yellow fever — On my recovery went overland to São Paulo and Santos and made the same trip again with B. after which he sailed for home — Moved to the Hotel de France — Second dictatorship of Deodoro da Fonseca — State of siege declared — End of boom — Deodoro turned out by Floriano Peixotto — Bad fever season — Political disturbances and local uprisings.

VI 1892. Political Disturbances in Brazil 87

Revolt of the fortress of Santa Cruz headed by a second-sergeant — Arrest and deportation of one hundred prominent citizens to the head waters of the Amazon without trial — I move to Carson's Hotel and Brown returns — On October first the electric car service began in Rio and B. returned to the United States — Death of Deodoro da Fonseca.

VII 1893. Revolt of the Fleet 92

Still in Rio — I start with a friend for Diamantina — We are delayed seven days in Sabara by losing our luggage — Eight days' journey through nowhere on mules — Dia-

mantina and the diamond diggings in the Poçao de Moreira — Back to Rio alone in one week — Revolt of the fleet and bombardment of the town — Martial law and state of siege — Action of the diplomatists and gathering of foreign men-of-war — Press gangs in the streets — Suppression of all news.

VIII 1894 Voyage to England 99

Revolt of the fleet continues — Attempt to blow up the *Aquidaban*. — Rebel successes in the south. — They establish a government in Santa Catharina. — Saldanha wounded — Rebels disheartened — End of the provisional arrangement — Notice to leave the city — Panic — Floriano opens fire all along the water front, Saldanha and his officers leave their ships and seek Portuguese protection — Floriano's fleet arrives — End of the revolt in Rio — I finally leave Brazil in June sailing from Rio for Southampton — Family reunion at Tunbridge Wells — Short trip to United States — Rejoin my parents in England and accompany them to Paris and the Riviera.

IX 1895. Travels in Europe 104

We passed the winter in Cannes and moved in April to Geneva; while there I made a flying trip to Kiel to see the opening of the canal — From Geneva to Baden Baden — Visit to friends in England — Celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Franco-Prussian War and great imperial review at the battlefield of Worth near Strassburg — Race week at Baden Baden — Thence to Paris and London — Saw my parents off from Southampton and went back to London and Paris.

X 1896. Tour in England 110

To Nice with my brother — Returned to Paris for a stay of two or three months — Trip to Brussels with the H.'s, then to London and Torquay — Driving tour in Devonshire; Bideford, Clovelly, Exmoor, Exeter, Exmouth, Lynton, Ilfracombe — Trips to Dartmoor, Dartmouth and many other places — Then to Bath from which I visited Wells, Clifton, Tintern Abbey, Wye Valley, Gloucester, *etc.* — Sailed for home on *S. S. Bothnia* arriving in the late autumn.

XI 1897. England, France, Italy, Norway 126

Early in the year I went to Washington, Richmond and Tuckahoe — Returned via Norfolk and sailed for Europe on *S. S. Canada* in February — A few days in London and Paris, one week in Nice, then to Rome — Lived with Larz Anderson, Chargé d'Affaires of the United States, till his departure and with his successor Chandler Hale — Returned via Florence to Paris for the Grand Prix, then on to London for the Queen's Jubilee and naval review at Spithead — Traveled with my father and brother through the Norway fjords to the North Cape to see the midnight sun — Returned to England and finished the season in Bath — While in Bath I saw a great meeting of English bishops at Glastonbury.

XII 1898. To Cuba and Europe 141

I went abroad in March and returned in May at the outbreak of the Spanish War — Went to Washington where I spoke with Senator Hale, President McKinley and Secretary Alger, thence to Tampa and saw the embarkation of the troops for Santiago — To Key West and thence to Port Antonio on the pilot boat *Kate* — Crossed to Siboney on the *Three Friends* — Battle of Santiago — Boarded the *Maria Teresa* while still burning — Shafter's headquarters at the front — The last day's firing and the release of Hobson — Burning of Siboney by order of General Miles — Returned on the transport *Seneca* with foreign attachés — Overboard in New York Harbour — Abroad again — Canoeing on the Thames — Paris — Returned via *S. S. New England* — Fourth of July off Santiago.

XIII 1899. The Philippines and South Seas 147

Spent January and February in Boston, sailing March first for Europe and March thirtieth from Marseilles for Manila, arrived May first — Trip to the end of the railway line — Dewey's departure, expedition to the Laguna de Bay and capture of Morong — Fighting on the shores of Manila Bay — Sailed July thirteenth for Australia via Celebes and the Spice Islands through Torres Straits to Townsville, Brisbane and Sydney — Trip to the Fiji Islands, Samoa and Tonga, returning through New Zea-

land to Tasmania and Melbourne — Outbreak of the Boer War — Race for the Melbourne cup — Visit to Ballarat — Sailed November twenty-ninth on *S. S. Damascus* for Durban via Albany — Arrived in South Africa December twenty-fourth — Christmas in Durban.

XIV 1900. South Africa 170

To the front and back — Short journey to Eshowe in Zululand, then to Cape Town where I saw Adelbert Hay and Sir Alfred Milner — Back through Durban and Lourenço Marques to join Hay in Pretoria — Began work there as Vice Consul February tenth — The charge of British interests and prisoners — Funeral of General Joubert — Arrival of foreign contingents — On June fourth the part of the town in which we lived was shelled — June fifth, British occupation, Lord Roberts, Kitchener, entry of the troops — In September journey to Lourenço Marques via Durban, thence to the Boer country to see Botha — Final interview with Mr. Kruger — Return to Pretoria — Messages to Mrs. Kruger — Left South Africa December sixteenth for Naples via Mozambique, Zanzibar, *etc.*

XV 1901. Summer in New England 200

Arrived in Naples January fifteenth — Death of Queen Victoria — To Rome, Nice and Paris — London and the State Procession at the opening of Parliament — Reached Boston in March — Went with the family to Washington and thence to Tuckahoe — Commencement week in Cambridge with Hay — His sad death — The summer spent mainly yachting — Visit to Hay's family at Lake Sunapee and offer of a diplomatic appointment.

XVI 1902. In the Diplomatic Service 203

Cruise with the Larz Andersons on *S. Y. Virginia* to Bermuda, West Indies, Venezuela — To Tuckahoe in April, then Washington on my appointment to be Secretary of Legation in China — Left home in June — In London at the time of the postponement of the Coronation of Edward VII, thence to Paris and Berlin; with my brother to Petersburg, Moscow and across Siberia via Irkutsk and

Manchuria to Newchwang and Peking — Arrived August sixth at the American Legation and began work next morning — Lived in the first secretary's house in the Siege Legation.

XVII 1903. China 233

In Peking — The Chinese New Year celebration and others — Dedication of the von Ketteler monument — Moved from the Siege Legation which had been sold to the Koreans into a Chinese house in the temporary quarters which I rebuilt entirely — Tourists and travelers come to Peking in increasing numbers — Mr. Conger goes to Shanghai to sign the new Commercial Treaty — Vacation in a hidden temple in the hills — Excitement over the approaching war between Russia and Japan — Fletcher, the new Second Secretary, came in October.

XVIII 1904. Russo-Japanese War 247

In Peking — Outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan — Arrival of military attachés and war correspondents and their troubles — Early operations and progress of the war — Short vacation at Shan hai kwan spent with Edwin Morgan — Russian activities and Japanese prospects — The situation at Port Arthur — The Empress Dowager's seventieth birthday.

XIX 1905. The Legation at Peking 266

In Peking — Mr. Rockhill succeeded Mr. Conger — Left in charge through January and February, and in March and April — Phillips succeeded Fletcher as Second Secretary — The staff of the legation, excepting myself, moved into the new buildings — Arrival of Miss Roosevelt and her party at Peking and their reception by the Empress, *etc.* — Bomb outrage in the railway station — Illness of Phillips — Boycott of American goods — Journey to Newchwang, Dalny and Port Arthur in August.

XX 1906. Korea and Japan 289

In Peking — Great changes in the city — Journey to Japan and return via Korea — Journey to Hankow and down the Yangste — Shanghai, Hangchow, Soochow —

Return up the river and back by rail with the Phillips family — Visit to the Western Tombs, Ming Tombs and Nankow Pass — Resigned and was offered post of Secretary of Embassy at Tokyo which I declined and Secretary of Embassy in Mexico which I accepted — In charge October and November — Left for Shanghai via Hankow December twenty-fourth and sailed from China December thirty-first.

XXI 1907. The Embassy in Mexico 311

Left the steamer at Nagasaki and went by rail through Kyoto and Tokyo to Nikko rejoining the boat at Yokohama — Touched at Honolulu — Three days in San Francisco which was still in ruins from the earthquake, then east by Southern route with a stop at the Grand Cañon — Arrived in Boston February sixth — To Washington and the Department — Lunched with the President — Went to Mexico via New Orleans, San Antonio and Laredo — Arrived there March twenty-sixth — Mr. Thompson, Ambassador — Visit of Mr. Root — In charge for five weeks in October and November — Return on leave via St. Louis — Christmas at home.

XXII 1908. Minister to Nicaragua 356

At home on leave — Returned to Mexico via Havana — Appointed Minister to Nicaragua — Instruction period in Washington — Proceeded to my post via Panama arriving in the middle of August — Presentation of my credentials to President Zelaya — Life in Managua — The national holiday and review of the troops — Short journey with the President — Arrival of Gregory, the Secretary of the Legation—Difficulties arise ending in my resignation — Joined by Phillips on a tour of Central America — Return to Washington via Panama in January, 1909.

RANDOM LETTERS FROM MANY COUNTRIES

RANDOM LETTERS FROM MANY COUNTRIES

I

1887 — VOYAGE TO JAPAN

LEFT home January thirty-first and sailed for Japan from New York on the ship *A. G. Ropes* — Touched at Anjer and arrived at Yokohama in June — Moved to Tokyo to live with Brownell in Koishikawa and we went together to Nikko to see a total eclipse — Returning thence I traveled to Kobe, Nagasaki, and Chemulpo in Korea, then back to Tokyo where I began teaching the English language and foreign manners and customs.

Ship *A. G. Ropes*, NEW YORK HARBOUR,
February 4, 1887.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I am sending this back by the pilot for we are off at last. We lay in the stream all day yesterday as the weather was foggy and the wind wrong. Today it is clear and blowing very hard so we shall have some music before night.

I rather like the Captain and his family and I think they are willing to like me.

Horton has been feeling poorly and a little grumbly but I have hopes that he will recover. He does not yet pull especially well with our superiors in the cabin.

The fare is better than I expected but the tablecloth is awful. I think that I should have done better to bring my own coffee and tablecloth but these are the only omissions that I have observed so far.

I have begun my books but am a little troubled at the prospect of having them soaked which seems inevitable. I am also afraid that the water may demoralise my photo-

graphic plates. The ship is considered a wet one and it is very rough outside. I am in excellent health and spirits. Good-bye.

JOHN

Ship *A. G. Ropes*, *April* 21, 1887.
(At sea, 76 days out.)

My dear Mother: — I have been keeping a sort of a log of the trip with remarks as we go along with the hope of sending it to you upon my arrival but as it appears now that we may touch at New Anjer I have written this just to show you that all is going well.

The ship, as you know, is very large. Her length over all being two hundred and eighty-nine feet and her greatest height above the water two hundred and two feet but in spite of her size she is very crank, mainly because of her cargo. I have seen her deck at an angle of one foot in three and a half in smooth water. This has a bad effect on our sailing as it retards us sometimes as much as a mile and a half an hour.

The trip so far has been very uneventful. The weather has been light most of the time and we were thirty-three days in reaching the equator, a very poor run for February; in fact, we did badly for forty-nine days till we arrived in lat. 32.25 S: long. 29.7 W., where we began making our Easting, as it is called. Since then we have averaged two hundred and fifteen miles a day which is good going. Our biggest run was two hundred and eighty miles on the seventy-first day and our smallest was on the fifteenth day when we made five miles backwards. There are about six thousand miles left but they are likely to be the slowest of any because of the difficulties of navigation through the China Sea and thereabouts. With luck we should reach

Yokohama in one hundred and thirty days and Anjer in ninety-one, or fifteen days from now. We will see by the end of this letter how good this estimate proves.

I am much pleased with my choice of a ship. She is first-class in most respects and probably compares favourably in every way with almost any ship in the American merchant marine; in fact, the only material improvement which I could suggest would be for the Captain to drown his two children (they are essentially American children and odious). I have not broached the subject to him as yet.

The Captain himself is good. He is self-educated and self-made and consequently a little egotistical in his conversation but I might have gone farther and done much worse. His wife is simply pleasant. Both of them as well as Jones, the first mate, have a very strong down-east flavour. They even chew gum. Horton has turned out well, too, he is a good fellow, very obliging and agreeable and everyone likes him.

The weather has been remarkably fine from the first, the thermometer ranging from a maximum of 95° near the equator to a minimum of 42° in lat. 45 S. I fear, however, that we shall find it much hotter in the China Sea.

Time passes pretty slowly but not unpleasantly. I get up at about seven and go to bed at half past nine. The meals are at 7.30, 12.10 and 5.30 and the table is much better than I expected although there is an unavoidable sameness and every day of the week has its fixed dishes such as "duff" on Thursday and Cape Cod turkey, *i.e.* salt-fish, on Saturdays. The whole bears the stamp of Yankeedom. Pies, doughnuts and jam are plentiful, likewise pickles and wooden toothpicks (used at table), all in the manner of a down-east hotel.

We have a new amusement for the evening which is characteristic. Every night Captain Rivers and Mrs. R., Horton and I sit down and play — whist? No, not whist, parchesi! A game which consists in throwing dice to see whether your yellow counter shall traverse a given number of squares more rapidly than the green one of your opponent. I have played the game before, I think in 1865 at the age of two.

We have had no adventures of any kind. Our most promising gale died young and the sea has been very smooth most of the time. The monotony is made more evident by the excitement arising on board when a shark or a poor hungry dolphin is caught. (I am going on deck to see them pull one in now) . . . They have got him; that means chowder. The most interesting point about the dolphin is his death, for when dying his color changes strikingly three or four times. We catch them with a small hook and then harpoon them while still in the water.

One circumstance has caused me some little regret, our passing the island of Tristan d'Acunha at night, otherwise we might have stopped there. It is well worth seeing, as it is only nine miles long but eight thousand feet high, running up to a peak which is said to be almost as striking as Teneriffe. It has about eighty inhabitants, most of them English, and their nearest port is Cape Town. As it is we have seen no land excepting Christmas Island, for I do not count a peak in Trinidad sighted from aloft. This we passed the day before yesterday, April thirtieth, and we are still within fifty miles of it as the weather is very light. We are only one hundred and seventy miles from Java Head but at our present rate of progress, it will take one hundred and seventy hours to get there.

May 4. The weather is still calm and very hot, the

thermometer being about 90° in the wheelhouse. It is half past four in the afternoon with me and almost twelve hours earlier with you as we are near the one hundred and fifth meridian. I am sitting writing in my stateroom as I always do, using my bunk board stretched across my berth for a desk and an old valise on end for an office stool.

My clothes are exactly what I have worn for the last two summers at home, the same short trousers and cheviot shirt with sleeves rolled up on every occasion and I have a famous farmer's hat bought out of the slop chest for a quarter. On Sundays I mark the day by wearing a pair of flannel trousers that once were white and changing my shirt. The cabin boy makes my bed, washes my clothes and cleans my gun; and my hair is cut by the carpenter.

May 6. We are at last in the Straits of Sunda, just ninety-one days out as I estimated at the beginning of this letter. We passed Java Head light last night at about ten. It was not more than a mile and a half away and the roaring of the breakers was clearly audible.

On our left is the island and volcano of Krakatoa, the chief seat of the eruption of 1885. It is now, happily, in a passive state.

We are in company with an English and a Canadian ship but are fast showing them our heels as we have done to all others so far. There is also in sight a small native boat near the shore but it is too far to see whether she is coming out to us. Anjer is about twenty-five miles away and with the present breeze we ought to reach it in about four hours. I hope to go on shore there but if not I may be able to have this letter posted by some of the natives who come out to us, so that the mere receipt of this will not be enough to show that I have been able to get letters addressed to me at Anjer supposing such exist.

Our prospects at present are poor with regard to the China Sea as judging by the weather which has prevailed of late the chances are that the southwest monsoon has not yet set in well and we shall have to drift along until it does. Moreover, everyone knows that the China Sea is not a desirable place during the changing of the monsoons and this ship being very lofty might not well avoid being dismasted in a typhoon. Consequently, the date of our arrival in Yokohama is very uncertain but it is likely to fall in the month of June.

Good-bye. A native has come on board and I will send this letter by him.

June 7, 1887. (At Sea, 123 days out.)

My dear Mother and Others: — This is a copy of a sort of a running commentary on the trip which I have written from time to time when anything occurred worthy of note. I had intended to send the original but on second thoughts have decided to keep it by me and continue it to the end of this tour.

February 20, Lat. 28.23 N: Long. 36.58 W. We hauled out of the dock on Wednesday, February second, at about half past two and anchored in the stream some four or five miles down where we lay all day Thursday because of fog and east winds. We started on Friday soon after noon and towed out to Sandy Hook. Just as we had let go the tugs a steamer passed right in front of us and stopped to put off her pilot. We came very near running into her and I wish we had done so for she might have sunk.

Two or three days out we caught an owl in the rigging and kept him for some time in a coop but he refused to eat so we turned him out and he fell into the water and was lost. I shot at him with my rifle but missed him quite

handily. On two different days we "signalized"[1] steamers which did not answer us.

March 6, Lat. 131 N.: Long. 29.55 W. (Thirty days out.) Since I last wrote we have spoken two barks, one Swedish, bound north, and the French bark, *Lenore*, bound west, probably to the United States. We had very bad luck in the Horse Latitudes, the winds being remarkably light for this season of the year; consequently, we have made a poor run to the equator. We had hoped to cross the line today but have lost the trades and are now lying in an equatorial calm with the heat at over 90° in the shade. It is the first really oppressive day. We are about thirty miles from Saint Paul's Rock, a desolate island more than one thousand miles from land. It must be a solitary mountain peak as no bottom can be found around it. The Captain has been warning us to expect Neptune when we cross the line, and I can't make out whether he is in earnest or not.

We have had no luck with our live stock. The two pigeons flew away as soon as they were let out and the cat, called Massachusetts, was swept overboard while crossing the deck. Furthermore, most of our hens have succumbed to a fatal disease called the pip. Today we put the dog overboard with a rope and he attracted a shark, so we pulled him in and put out a piece of pork and a hook. As I write I can see the shark's tail hung up to dry. There are a good many flying fish and a few dolphins and bonitas but we have caught nothing except one or two of the flying fish.

The history of a day with me is about as follows: I get up at 6.45 and have some water tossed on me for a bath. Breakfast at 7.30. I then loaf and read till noon when I

[1] A down-east nautical term.

take the sun and work my latitude and longitude. Dinner is at 12.10 after which I walk and read till supper at 5.30. Then the Captain and Mrs. Rivers, Horton and I generally shoot with a parlour rifle for a prize of one hundred oranges to be bought at Anjer. In the evening I loaf on deck and read below till bedtime which is about nine o'clock. I spend much of my time on deck as the cabin and the state-rooms are small.

The first mate, Jones, I like very well but unfortunately he hurt his ankle jumping on one of the crew who thought he owned the ship so he has been laid up for some time — so has the crew.

The second mate, McGillick of Chelsea, has the soul of a lion but in the case of disagreement he is forced to use a belaying pin because of his diminutive person. His swearing is almost perfect. We have on board what H. calls a tame carpenter. The Captain says he can make anything in the world except a potato. In addition to his other accomplishments he cuts hair and we all have been operated upon. H. and I gave the crew tobacco all round on the occasion of being a month out. Perhaps they thought we were trying to propitiate them before crossing the line.

March 13, Lat. 7.38 S.: Long. 30.34 W. (Thirty-seven days out.) We are at last well across the equator and beyond the sun which is due north at noon. We can see the Southern Cross. It is a fraud and looks more like a libel on the ace of diamonds.

On the afternoon of the thirty-third day we crossed the equator, and in the dogwatch (6–8) Neptune came on board but did nothing owing to fear of the second mate. Everything was ready, however, for a performance in the old style.

While in the doldrums we had several squalls with violent rain and some very bright lightning and now we are slipping along with light southeast trades. It is still intensely hot and I take no exercise but read nearly all day. On Wednesday, March eleventh, we noticed some stuff drifting by which we discovered to be charcoal, later we saw some cocoanuts and two big casks which on investigation proved to be full of palm oil. They had not been in the water more than a week and were evidently the remains of some vessel from Africa burnt at sea within a short distance of us. The crew could probably reach the island of Fernando de Noronha which is about three hundred miles away.

The Captain and former passengers having tried in vain to make a kite that would fly, I built one for the little boy which turned out a great success. It has kept the children busy for some days and I am about to make a bigger one in the hope that it will keep them busy always.

The second mate, McGillick, had quite a fight with one of the crew the other day and I do not think that we have seen the end of it yet. The Captain has kept his temper remarkably well so far but he would be a bad man to trifle with. He and Horton and I get on famously together. He has half an idea of going round Cape Horn but the ship is very tender and he hardly likes to risk it.

March 22, Lat. 25.37 S.: Long. 29.49 W. (Forty-six days out.) We are now getting into cooler weather again with the thermometer usually about 85° at noon. It is squally and showery and there is a good deal of lightning at night.

We had an event this last week. Very little makes an event in these days. On Saturday afternoon for two or three hours we could just see a little grey speck on the

horizon to the east of us. That was land, the highest point of the island of Trinidad, a desolate spot about six hundred miles off the coast of Brazil. It is inhabited by nothing but boobies and wild pigs. We have seen several boobies but no wild pigs.

Yesterday, March twenty-first, we signaled the British ship *Grisedale* from 'Frisco for Cork seventy-one days out. We asked her to report us. She ought to arrive in Cork about May first. After our name, designation, *etc.*, we sent up the flags for "The passengers are well," and she answered, "I wish you a pleasant passage." In the light weather we were in company for three or four days with an Italian bark from Philadelphia for Singapore. One day we were near enough to signal and after comparing longitude, *etc.*, we wished her a pleasant journey to which she politely replied, "As much as." We are much behind the previous voyages of this ship, more and more so almost every day and it looks now like a slow passage.

April 1, Lat. 38.56 S.: Long. 1.44 W. (Fifty-six days out.) Eight weeks out today. Eight weeks without hearing any news of anything. What is the news from Europe? How did the strikes come out? What has been happening at home? Who is engaged? Who would like to be? How are things going on in Cambridge? These questions cannot be answered for many weeks to come. We are even more lonely than before for we have not seen another vessel for twelve hundred miles and probably shall not see any more for the next five thousand. This is because we are well out of the course of all ships bound west. We are running our Easting, as it is called, which is a distance of about 120° from 30 W. to 90 E., or thereabouts, if the ship does not go around Australia.

Throughout this run we ought to have prevailing west-

erly winds but none have shown up yet. However, this last week is our best so far as we have averaged about two hundred miles a day. The weather is now much colder and there is a constant lookout for ice. It blows pretty hard most of the time and the ship heels a long way over so that it is difficult to get about and everything movable has to be made fast. This is one of the disadvantages of an oil cargo, for with wheat or general freight the vessel is much stiffer. The Captain reckoned the other day that a plumb line from the main truck or highest point of the mainmast would fall twenty-eight feet outside the lee rail.

There are many albatrosses about and some smaller birds which we call Charley Rosses. The former are magnificent and very graceful in the air as they do not fly but soar without moving their wings at all. Those we have seen appear to be some eight feet from tip to tip but the Captain avers that they are nearly twelve. We fished for them yesterday without success. We also tried tying two pieces of pork together by a string so that two birds might swallow them and thus become Siamese Twins but the ship was going too fast for us to note the result of this scientific pastime.

April 9, Lat. 44.42 S.: Long. 38. 18 E. (Sixty-four days out.) For the last three or four days we have been in the Indian Ocean. It looks much the same as the Atlantic but seems farther from home. The great question before us now is whether to go through the Straits of Sunda and up the China Sea or to sail around Australia. The latter course is about three thousand miles longer but the winds are strong and reliable, whereas navigating through the Straits and the waters thereabouts is very uncertain and laborious because of calms and currents. Personally, I hope for the Sunda route for by taking it we shall avoid

much cold weather, also we shall see more land and have a possible chance of touching at Anjer.

The thermometer now ranges from 44° to 55° and the weather is squally with occasional gales but we can overlook a great deal as we are running along famously and making up much of our lost time. The average run for the last fortnight has been two hundred and twenty miles a day which is a decided improvement on our average of one hundred and eighteen from New York to the equator.

We are followed all the time by great numbers of birds — albatrosses, mollyhawks, cape pigeons, whale birds and Mother Careys. This last bird, the stormy petrel, is hardly larger than a swallow and the Captain says that it is the only bird found everywhere at sea.

April 15, Lat. 45.25 S.: Long. 67.01 E. (Seventy days out.) The Captain has at last decided to go through the Sunda Straits and I am glad of it. It seems strange to think that if I were bound for Melbourne as originally planned I should arrive there, with good weather, inside of three weeks, whereas two months will be a fair run from here to Japan.

I have been much troubled with rheumatism of late. The pain is severe enough to keep me awake a good deal at night. On the whole, I have not slept as well as I do on shore as there has been but one night out of the seventy-two when my sleep has been entirely unbroken. This is probably owing to the fact that I pass ten hours in bed every night and take no exercise during the day. In other respects my health is fully as good as it was at home.

Yesterday I shot an albatross with my rifle and I have had no peace since then as the Captain and Horton have been working the *Ancient Mariner* lay and if anything goes wrong it will be attributed to me. We blew our mizzen

skysail into the hereafter but luckily that was some hours before the shooting occurred.

April 20, Lat. 38.28 S.: Long. 91.19 E. (Seventy-five days out.) Yesterday we fell in with the bark *Constantia* from Cardiff for Sourabaya, Java, with coal. She ran down eight or ten miles to leeward to come near us and we were in company for an hour or more. She claimed to be seventy-two days out which would about equal our seventy-four as Cardiff is nearer to the equator by the ordinary sailing route than is New York. We were together for a couple of hours before dropping her.

When going at all close to the wind this ship lies over so much that she loses fully a mile and a half an hour by trying to sail on her side instead of on her keel. It is ludicrous to see a little five hundred ton bark standing straight as a church while we can hardly go from one side of the deck to the other without cleats. This Dutchman (the *Constantia*) is the first sail that we have seen for twenty-eight days or five thousand nine hundred miles, yet we have seen an unusual number of ships. With luck we ought to make the Straits of Sunda in three weeks but we are already out of the Roaring Forties, as they are called, and the west winds that have done so well for us are dying out and baffling weather must be the rule for the future.

May 4, Lat. 7.50 S.: 105.33 E. (Eighty-nine days out.) We were so fortunate as to keep up our run till the twenty-ninth of April when we reached a point three hundred miles south of Java Head, then we lost the wind and have now been drifting along in a calm for five days with fifty miles left between us and the Straits. The weather is very hot, about 90° in the shade, with worse probably in store. On the last day of April we drifted by Christmas Island but we were not near enough to distinguish much. It

appears to be thickly wooded and the shores are in many places precipitous. Much pumice stone floats by us every day, a last souvenir of the earthquake of 1883. Dolphins also are numerous and they make a very fair chowder.

On coming on deck this morning we discovered a ship about ten miles off our weather bow heading for the Straits. We have been drifting about in the same relative positions all day. If she were only nearer we could row over and make a call. She looks like an American ship in which case it is not impossible that she may be the *Governor Robie*[1], of Bath, which left New York for the China Sea about a week before us.

May 8, Lat. 4.45 S.: Long. 106.27 E. (Ninety-three days out.) We are now in Java Sea making for Gaspar Straits very slowly with continued light airs and calms. We passed Java Head on the evening of the fifth and anchored off Anjer at two o'clock on the morning of the seventh of May, ninety-two days out from New York.

Captain Rivers, Horton and I went ashore and up to the house of a Mr. Scott who, in partnership with one Captain Rairden, a Bath Yankee, makes a business of supplying ships that pass through the Straits. We telegraphed to the owners and posted some letters but failed to receive anything from home. I was more than a little disappointed at this but it was perhaps not considered worth while to write here. There were, however, some newspapers of the middle of March and earlier and from them I gathered that there have been two terrible railroad accidents near home. There were also a few lines about a riot in Cambridge but no details were given in either case. The newspapers were English.

[1] She was the *Tobique* of St. John, N. B., Cardiff to Hong Kong, ninety-nine days out.

Anjer is probably the last place that the Lord made, it consists of a dozen or so bamboo huts inhabited by about one hundred half-naked, mud-colored relics who escaped by some oversight from the earthquake of 1883. They are Mohammedans or Buddhists or something, to the extent that they will not touch a pig and consequently I had to catch two myself and carry them down to the boat. One of these had the ingratitude to jump overboard and feed a shark. The vegetation does not amount to much as it has not yet recovered from the earthquake.

May 10, Lat. 2.06 S.: Long. 107.08 E. (Ninety-five days out.) Yesterday came near seeing the end of this document as we had a very narrow escape from running on a reef in the Java Sea. We just discovered it in time to put the helm hard-up and clear it by less than one hundred feet. It was the closest imaginable chance. The night before last a sailor, one Pete, fell asleep on the upper top-sail yard where he was on the lookout. The Captain punched his head till his fist gave out, then made him carry a heavy capstan bar for two hours and condemned him to do extra work for ten days. It served him right for he might well have caused the loss of the ship as we were in a very dangerous place. I don't think he will ever go to sleep again.

Last night we passed through Gaspar Straits, and are now in the China Sea. The weather is calm and hot, 93° in the shade, and is likely to remain so for some time. There will be no relief till the southwest monsoon sets in. Squalls are plentiful and this morning we saw a water-spout.

May 17, Lat. 3.48 N.: Long. 108.35 E. (102 days out.) Calm and very hot weather lasted till yesterday. Since then we have had a good breeze broken by violent squalls,

one of which is going on at this moment and makes the third in the last twenty-four hours. This is characteristic monsoon weather and we may expect a good deal of it but anything is better than a dead calm and burning sun.

Last Friday we landed on Green Island, a small reef between the St. Esprit and Tambellan groups. It is uninhabited and thickly wooded so that we stepped at once from a coral beach into the heart of a tropical forest. It was a strange sight but withal about as I had imagined that such a place would be. We heard monkeys chattering in the trees but did not see any of them. We could not stay long on shore as the ship was two or three miles away and drifting farther all the time.

May 28, Lat. 18.19 N.: Long. 117.38 E. (110 days out.) The southwest monsoon stood by us for five days and then suddenly gave out to our great disappointment and for the last week we have again been creeping along with light and baffling winds. The weather in the monsoons is anything but agreeable but it drives the ship ahead, whereas these calms are insupportable, the more so because of the uninterrupted heat. It is more than four weeks since the thermometer has fallen below 80°.

We are now in that state of mind and weather that a day's run of one hundred miles pleases us more than two hundred and fifty did while in the Indian Ocean. On the whole, we would probably have done better by going round Australia.

June 3, Lat. 24.32 N.: Long. 125.25 E. (119 days out.) Only one thousand miles remain but as the wind is now blowing we shall not be able to weather the Loo Choo Islands and on the other tack we cannot possibly point better than south-southeast, a very poor course for Yokohama though a good one perhaps for South America.

On Tuesday while sailing through the Ballintang Channel, which connects the China Sea with the Pacific Ocean, we passed so near to the island of Batan that we could see with a glass the villages and churches on shore. It is a Spanish possession and a part of the Philippine group. Today we passed in sight of Tai-pin-san, one of the Miyaco Sima Islands which I believe[1] to be Chinese but owing to thick weather nothing could be distinguished but its outline.

We shall have been at sea four months tomorrow and I feel quite ready to be through with it as there is a certain sameness which is a little tiresome and a change of diet would be refreshing.

I no longer feel much curiosity as to what is happening in the world; that has all passed away and left me in a state of oysterlike apathy where my chief interest is in the weather and my highest ambition to win the parchesi championship.

June 11. We arrived in Yokohama this afternoon and I was disappointed to find only one letter from Boston and none from the family.

On the last day before our arrival while running along the coast with a glorious vision of Fujiyama rising in the distance, for some hours we logged fourteen nauts. This was the greatest speed attained by the ship on the whole voyage.

YOKOHAMA, *June* 30, 1887.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I forwarded a sort of an abstract log on the evening that I arrived here and the following day the mail steamer came bringing letters from home. I was very glad to get them you may be sure.

[1] Wrongly.

I like the country on the whole but fail to see grounds for the wild enthusiasm which seems to possess many of those who have traveled in it. However, I have not been here long enough to form a general estimate and my mind as yet has only been able to grasp a few particular facts.

In the first place, what strikes me most is the seemingly infinite number of children; the streets are full of them everywhere and they are more interesting than their elders. They look like dolls with partly shaven heads and solemn faces and from watching them I have come to the conclusion that, contrary to Miss Bird's opinion, they have just as much fun in them as any others. You can constantly see tots of five or six playing about with smaller babies strapped to their backs.

The Japanese, as a people, seem to be exceedingly good-natured, but lacking in energy and the lower classes have heavy and apathetic faces. They appear almost more like beasts of burden than human beings. I am inclined to think that they are inferior both in energy and astuteness to the Chinese. I shall, however, soon have a better opportunity to judge them as I am going to move to Tokyo to live for a while in the native fashion with Japanese clothes, *etc.*, at the invitation of a young Hartford man named Brownell, who is teaching in a Mission School in that city.

TOKYO, *August* 22, 1887.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I have been for some time settled in Tokyo living very quietly in the Japanese fashion. The house where I dwell is far from the European quarter so I spend all of my time in Japanese dress even when I go out in the streets in this vicinity. I am lying on the floor writing with a paint brush and India ink, for there is not a table or a chair in the house and I have not slept in a bed

for weeks. The great difficulty is the food question, for the native fare is simply impossible. As it is, I live on chicken, eggs and milk; all very good things in themselves but a rather simple bill of fare from which to pick out twenty-one meals per week.

The weather has been very hot for a long time, too hot to do anything at all with safety; the only comfort is that Japan is the coolest place in the Far East, for the thermometer in Shanghai runs up to 105° in the shade and Hong Kong is as bad. A man cannot travel in summer there if he wants to do anything more than go from steamer to hotel and hotel to steamer again. This is the principal reason that I am still in Japan. As soon as cooler weather comes I shall move on.

I recently spent a few days in Nikko, a place famous for the finest temples in Japan and the beauty of the trees (cryptomerias) that surround them. They are the only really fine trees that I have seen so far in this country. I went there with Brownell to observe an eclipse of the sun which was not quite total in Tokyo. Unfortunately, it rained every day and especially hard on the day of the eclipse so that nothing could be observed, though we were able to discern the sun for a moment when its disc was two-thirds covered. The darkness increased suddenly and very noticeably when the period of totality was reached and was quite impressive. It lasted a few minutes only and passed off as rapidly as it had come and the fool cocks began crowing in the village to herald the advent of a new day.

The astronomers who came here from Washington for the event were in a neighbouring town and fared no better.

About this time I happened to go to a remote Japanese village chiefly noted for its singing frogs. Nor was its

fame undeserved for I was much astonished by them and to my surprise immediately recognised the frog chorus of Aristophanes:

Re ke ke kex kowax kowax.

Then it was I remembered that a friend had told me that he, too, had been to this village and had remarked this strange coincidence. It is a pleasing thought that Aristophanes should have journeyed so far in search of material for his immortal comedy and, curiously enough, I do not remember ever to have seen any reference to this interesting experience even in the cheaper popular editions of his works with which I am most familiar.

NAGASAKI, *September* 17, 1887.

MY DEAR PARENTS: — I am now stopping in Nagasaki for a few days but I shall be back in Tokyo this week. The reason for this trip is that I had to go to Kobe on an errand for a friend and I ran down from there to see this place as it is by far the most beautiful port in Japan.

The English in this country do not seem to have the stiffness for which they are noted in other parts of the world. I have met a number of them from Shanghai and Hong Kong who are passing the hot weather in Japan and they have been uniformly polite, many of them urging me strongly to look them up if I come to their various parts of the world.

One of the most interesting men that I have run across is a Chinese. He is the interpreter of the Supreme Court of Hong Kong, a Christian, and a very well educated man. I met him in Yokohama and he told me that if ever I went to China he would obtain leave of absence and go up to Canton with me. It would be a fine opportunity. Several

people have taken me for an Englishman, I don't know why; but I have quickly undeceived them.

It is strange but at times I feel a strong homesickness for the sea, a seasickness so to speak. I take a great interest in all ships that come here and have had long talks with many captains.

I mean to write a longer letter soon describing my life in Tokyo and the workings of the school where I live. Till then, good-bye. I am well and happy.

KOBE, *October* 5, 1887.

MY DEAR PARENTS: — You will doubtless be surprised to find that I am still away from Tokyo but I will explain how matters stand.

Brownell and I have had a long talk and I told him that I wanted to see more of Japan and that next summer I should probably be at sea, so we decided that it would be better for me to go off for a month or so before the school was well started and I could best be spared. Consequently, I came to Kobe (Hiogo), and thence to Nagasaki. I had not intended to go farther but I found several men-of-war in the harbour, and the officers of the *Omaha* asked me to come up as their guest to Chemulpo in Korea. I accepted not so much to see Korea as to witness the life on a man-of-war at sea and I was well repaid for the trip, for I saw all of the regular exercises such as target practice, general quarters, fire quarters, *etc.*

Chemulpo in itself is the most desolate place that it has ever been my ill fortune to visit. Not a tree can be found for miles and the people are worthy of their surroundings. They are but little better than animals, living as they do in wretched mud huts, sleeping on the bare ground and never doing a stroke of work that is not necessary to keep

body and soul together. I wholly agree with the naval officers who all think that the present boom in Korean affairs is founded on erroneous ideas of the value of the country. Unfortunately, I could stay but a few days for the return steamer sailed soon after my arrival and I was forced to take it or wait too long. I am now on my way back to Tokyo to go to work.

As to the health question, our house is on the top of a hill where there is always a breeze and the well water, the chief source of cholera in Japan, has been analysed at the University and found pure.

22 Omotecho, Koishikawa, Tokyo,
November 29, 1887.

My dear Mother: — I think of you now as in Paris, while I am lying here writing on the floor in a remote district of the endless city of Tokyo, almost as far out of the world as it is possible to be.

Our house, like all other native residences, is divided into different rooms by sliding screens which in summer are taken out throwing it all open. The floors are covered with straw mats and there is no furniture of any kind except a small cabinet for papers, but there are some alcoves with shelves where we keep books, *etc.*, and we have hooks for our clothes. The rooms are heated by small pots of charcoal, a miserable device. In the schoolhouse we are more luxurious. The scholars sit on benches behind long tables and in the principal room there is a stove in which we burn a native soft coal. Around the school is a little courtyard which serves as a playground and in it we are putting up some gymnastic contrivances. I have been amusing myself by buying trees and setting them out; they are mostly azaleas and camellias. The teaching occu-

pies about twenty-eight hours a week and is rather interesting as most of the pupils are over sixteen. I shall send you later some of their compositions which are very funny.

I have not seen any Europeans for a long time but there are several of the better class of Japanese whom we meet almost daily, chiefly at a riding school where we go at seven o'clock every morning. The other day there was a riding school dinner at which we were the only foreigners among fifty guests.

Now and then I go to Yokohama to do errands as it is within easy reach, being only twenty-two miles from here — four of which (across Tokyo) are traversed in man-power carriages, the rest of the journey is made in the train. Sometimes friends from Yokohama come to spend Sunday with us but usually Sundays are given over to walks in the country or to some other part of the town, as there is always plenty to see everywhere.

I have decided to give up my other school where I have been teaching, as I think that my time can be better employed in our own establishment.

We called on the F.'s a few days ago, but did not find them at home, which disappointed me, as they are among our nearest neighbours, about a mile and a half away; Dr. Bigelow's house is even nearer but no one seems to know when he will come back. Your son,

JOHN

II

1888 — TEACHING IN TOKYO

TAUGHT school in Tokyo — Journey in jinrikishas to Kyoto with Count Karasumaru passing through Hakone and down the Tokaido to Nagoya, thence to Otsu and Kyoto — Long stay in Kyoto with visits to Arashiyama and Nara — Back to Tokyo via Osaka and Kobe — Went with K. to Miyanoshita and Fujiyama, sleeping on top — Joined by Larz Anderson and Malcolm Thomas and with them visited some newly discovered prehistoric dwellings near Tokyo, then sailed for China—Visit to the Chinese city of Shanghai and to the Willow Pattern Garden — Thence to Hong Kong for Christmas and the New Year — Trips to Macao and Canton.

55 OMOTECHO, KOISHIKAWA, TOKYO,
January 17, 1888.

MY DEAR ELLEN (Miss Ellen Coolidge): — Your letter was one of the pleasantest surprises which I have had for some time. It made me feel nearer home and I have much room for that feeling.

I am living a strange life in a strange country and passing through an experience which I do not think I shall ever regret. Tokyo is an endless city containing over a million Japs and about three hundred Europeans almost all of whom live in the foreign reservation, a district almost four miles from us.

I do not know any of them and do not much care, for as a class they are uninteresting and I did not come out here for the white people. On the other hand I have been fortunate in making the acquaintance of many of the higher classes of the natives, nobles, officials and others who are well worth knowing and who, as a rule, do not meet many foreigners.

My life is Japanese in all but the food, for I cannot eat

raw fish and similar delicacies. I live on the floor without tables, chairs or a bed and most of the time I wear the native dress. I have learned to sit on my feet in all sorts of impossible positions and to touch my forehead to the floor when I receive a guest. The school work is interesting because the students try so hard to do well. We only pretend to teach English reading, writing, grammar, conversation, *etc.*, but I often take occasion to give talks about foreign countries and their institutions; and I also give private lessons to one of the princes, a kind old man. On the whole I am pretty busy, for on two days of the week I teach five hours and the other three seven and a half. Saturdays and Sundays are free and I often go off on little trips in the country.

I find the language difficult although I am gradually getting to understand a good deal that I hear.

Japanese art is eternal, so my purchases have been made under the advice of competent native judges but curios are very expensive even here though many pretty little things can be had for a song.

To sum up my idea of the country in a single word, it is disappointing. The people are a race of children and, in my opinion, much inferior to the Chinese in all the stronger qualities that go together to make up a great nation.

At the same time, they are very kind and pleasant to associate with, and very friendly towards foreigners, which traits, when taking into consideration also the favourable climate, make this country the pleasantest place to live in for Europeans in the Far East.

Good-bye. Remember me kindly to any one who has not already forgotten me and believe me, your affectionate cousin,

JOHN G. COOLIDGE

42 Ichibancho, Kojimachi, Tokyo,
March 13, 1888.

My dear Parents: — You will see by the heading of this letter that I have moved into a new house. The change was made on the first of this month and we are now much better off. The other place was old and dirty, also a little remote for our convenience and for that of many of the students. We are now in one of the best parts of the city quite near the British Legation.

For the last three days we have been having delightfully mild spring weather, the first of the season, and I hope it will last for I have really suffered more from cold this winter than ever before. Not that the weather has been cold but because there are no means of heating except little charcoal boxes. The Japanese keep their feet warm by sitting on them and hold their hands over the charcoal in the boxes. They do not seem to care about the rest of their bodies.

There have been but two snowstorms and after each the snow was all gone in twenty-four hours. March is the windy month here as at home and consequently the worst month for fires. There is an old Japanese saying that the four things which a Tokyo man dreads most are earthquakes, thunderstorms (typhoons), fires and his father. With reference to the first of these they are very common. I suppose that hardly a week passes without some shock but most of them are so slight that they can be detected only by scientific instruments. Once in three or four weeks, however, we have a sensible shock, enough to make the timbers creak. The last great earthquake was in 1865 when thirty thousand buildings were overthrown and more than one hundred thousand people killed.

As for fires, the greater part of the city has been burned

down several times. In one noted case long ago twelve hundred streets were destroyed. This winter has been a good one as the fires and windy nights have not happened to fall together. One night, however, about two thousand houses were burned but that is not a great fire, for the houses are very small and packed closely together. About five years ago three or four square miles were burned over and the fire jumped across the river at a place where it is almost half a mile wide.

The city water supply is in the shape of wells of which there are a vast number and some of these, strangely enough, are filled from an aqueduct. Many of them are unwholesome and supposed to be one of the chief sources of cholera.

I have bought myself a Christmas present from you in the shape of some ivory carvings. They are very good indeed and were made for the Japanese, not the European market. Good-bye. The school is thriving.

JOHN

TESTIMONIAL FROM MY PUPILS

TOKYO, JAPAN, *May* 21, 1888.

DEAR SIR:—We have received your kind and earnest instruction since the last year, and we have been always thankful for it. But now we have particularly to express our thanks to you, for the time of your departure from this country is approaching.

When we first entered your school, we had very little knowledge of English, and you have taken a great pain to improve us, trying every means you think best. There were also several circumstances, which it seems to us, gave you much trouble in teaching, such as the irregularity of attendance, the frequent coming and soon going away

of new scholars, *etc.* But you strived against all these difficulties with firmness. Thus, though your efforts, we feel we have make much progress in the study of English, though the intrinsic difficulties of the language, and the limitedness of our time prevent us from obtaining the perfect knowledge of it.

Besides your being a kind and earnest teacher, there is in your nature something so attractive and influencing that we cannot help being sad at the very thought of parting from you. Although you and we are born on the different lands, and brought up under different customs, yet we feel towards you the same feeling as we do towards those who have no difference in these respects. We hope your health would be much better when you would return from the short journey, which you just intend, and begin your voyage to the happy land of America, with the same state of health as when you first came to this country. As you will spend much of your remaining time out of this city, visiting different places, and gathering information about them, it is, sorry to say, we who remain here in Tokio may not have the pleasure of seeing you often.

We will not neglect the study of English, which, you tell us, will be of great use to us in after life; we don't think it wise to leave unfinished the building, whose foundation you laid so firmly. However, to continue our study, we must now look for another teacher, and we may perhaps find many in the city. But can we expect to find one who will teach us with the same kindness and earnestness as yours? We are forever thankful for the instruction which we have received. Though our imperfect English either spoken or written, do not allow us to express our thought fully, we hope you will understand what we mean. Your obedient pupils,

S. ISAWA, *et al.*

About this time I became quite intimate with a young Japanese nobleman named Karasumaru. He was the head of a very old Kuge family attached to the court of the Emperor which in the days of the ascendency of the Tokugawa Shoguns had shared the semiretirement of its imperial master in the palaces at Kyoto. He could trace his pedigree back for thirty-three generations or one thousand years. We made some long journeys together in the interior. He spoke a little English and I had acquired a smattering of Japanese so that we managed quite comfortably. As a rule we traveled in easy journeys by jinrikisha and I always took with me my cook to make the native dishes palatable at the places where we stopped.

Our first journey was along the Tokaido, the great imperial highway between the two capitals, Yedo and Saikyo, as they were called in the earlier days. Most of its course lay along the seashore and I remember a long succession of villages, many of them the homes of fishermen, paddy fields with men and women working in them all day long, peasants pulling their heavily laden carts to the nearest market; and a seemingly unending procession of men, women and children, young and old, horses, donkeys and cattle, from early morn till well after sunset. We passed the first night at Hakone, a small town in the mountainous district that surrounds Fuji. This was perhaps the most difficult part of the journey because of the steepness of the road which compelled us at times to abandon our *kurumas* and proceed on foot.

The first city of importance through which we passed was Nagoya where there was a famous castle, the principal tower of which was surmounted by two golden dolphins. One of these, by some strange mischance, had been sunk in the sea and only recovered with the greatest difficulty.

At Nagoya the road leaves the sea and runs inland till it reaches Lake Biwa at Otsu. We were delayed here for a few days as I came down with a sharp attack of intestinal trouble. We were living in a temple and I was finally cured by the priests who took a turtle from one of the sacred tanks, inscribed my name and complaint on its back and returned it to the pool from which it had come.

We finally reached Kyoto where we remained for a considerable period. Our time was fully occupied, for it was some years since Count Karasumaru had visited the home of his ancestors. He took me through the former imperial palaces, and presented me to many relatives and friends of his family. I remember among them one Count Asukai, in whose house alone the ancient football ceremony still survived. I was fortunate enough to see this ceremony, and what struck me most was the solemnity of the occasion. Karasumaru gave me at this time, a gold lacquer writing box, the gift of a former emperor to one of his ancestors with a short poem describing it in the imperial hand. We spent a few days at Arashiyama where there was a beautiful river with rapids and at Nara famous for its temples. It was at this time that I had my first experience of a typhoon, a most impressive sight, though Kyoto was by no means in the centre of the storm.

We went next by rail to Osaka and Kobe and returned by sea to Tokyo. Another trip which we made together was to the summit of Fujiyama. It is about twelve thousand feet high and rises abruptly from the plain. There is no difficulty in the ascent but it is fatiguing on account of its steepness and the instability of the soil which is composed mainly of ashes. It is a sacred mountain and we went in the garb of pilgrims, that is to say, in white, and when we reached the top the priests of the shrine on the

summit inscribed on our backs the record of our pilgrimage. We slept in a little hut known as Station Eight just below the crater and at sunrise next morning had a wonderful view of land and sea. I remember that it was so clear that we could see the shipping lying in the port of Yokohama some forty-five miles away.

Another striking sight at sunrise was the triangular shadow of the mountain, very dark and clearly defined and extending for a great distance over the adjoining country. We spent a little time at the crater which was inactive at the moment, then commenced our descent and made such good progress that we came down ten thousand feet and traversed on foot some fifteen miles of rough country before night. We finally reached Miyanoshita, a mountain resort famous for its hot sulphur baths, named the Great Hell and the Little Hell, where we slept.

Soon after this I was joined by two young Americans, Larz Anderson and Malcolm Thomas, who had recently arrived in Yokohama on the first reach of a tour round the world. They came to stay with me in Tokyo and I showed them the sights of the town and the adjacent country.

We went one day with Japanese friends to examine some prehistoric cave dwellings which had recently been discovered in a village near the city. It was just outside of the Treaty Limits, and they were unprovided with passports, not deeming them necessary as they were in company with Japanese and expected to return to town the same night. They reckoned without their hosts, for the police stopped us almost immediately and, with much difficulty, allowed them to proceed to their destination. A formal complaint was lodged, and they were compelled to send an apology through our legation. We finally left Tokyo together toward the end of the year for a tour

through the principal cities of the south, ending with Nagasaki, famous for its beautiful harbour; then crossed the China Sea to Shanghai.

There is not very much of interest in Shanghai except the strange native town and the garden made famous by the willow pattern plates. Its chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is quite the most important foreign settlement in the Far East and the residents in it are well aware of this. It was divided at that time into an English, a French and a defunct American concession; and the foreigners ruled them with a high hand with the result that they were not on good terms with their Chinese neighbours. They sometimes carried matters too far, as for instance, in the British concession there was a public municipal garden into which Chinese were not admitted unless they were in the employ of whites. The Shanghai Club was a notable institution and the races, held twice a year, completely overshadowed the race meetings in the minor ports.

Our next stop was in Hong Kong where we passed Christmas very pleasantly as the guests of Mr. William H. Forbes, the head of the great American house of Russell & Co., which soon after ceased to exist. Hong Kong is very beautiful with a high hill known as The Peak rising abruptly from the sea, its sides clothed with luxuriant foliage, but the climate is bad, as it is both hot and very damp and dangerous typhoons are not infrequent.

While at Hong Kong we made an excursion to Macao and Canton. Macao was quite unlike any other foreign settlement so far. It is the oldest European colony in China, founded more or less surreptitiously by the Portuguese in 1550 and it admitted for a long time the suze-

rainty of China over the Chinese residents of the district. It has never to this day passed out of the hands of Portugal.

Camoes was sent there in exile in 1556 and remained until pardoned in 1561. It was here that he wrote the *Lusiad* and being granted an official position, accumulated a fortune which he lost by shipwreck on his journey home which lasted nine years. Fortunately the *Lusiad* was saved and with it the name of Camoes. There is a charming garden dedicated to him in the city.

Very little foreign commerce remains as seagoing vessels cannot lie nearer than six miles to the town and, *faute de mieux*, it has now become the Monte Carlo of the Far East in all but its pretentiousness, and Chinese and foreigners alike gather there mainly to gamble. This is done in the simplest possible way and not on any great scale. The game generally played is fan-tan, in which the croupier takes a few handfuls of Chinese cash and covers them. The players then bet on how many will be left when they have been withdrawn from under the cover four at a time. The bank advantage comes from the odds paid to the winning betters. The principal room was surrounded by a gallery in which some players sat and let down their offerings to the tables beneath them in baskets attached to strings.

I felt a personal interest in Macao from the fact that my grandmother had lived there for a year or two in the earlier days when the American and English merchants in Canton did not dare to take their wives to that city and this was the nearest place of safety. I remembered well her stories of Chinese life which had thrilled me as a child and even succeeded in identifying the house which had been her home.

In Canton we were the guests of Russell & Co., in their *hong* in Shameen, a small island in the river where the consulates were situated and the foreign residents lived and traded. A Chinese guide and interpreter was given to us from the establishment who showed us the principal sights of the town. I was most impressed by the floating population who, to the number of one hundred thousand or more, live entirely in myriads of very small boats along the river bank; and by the intensity of the life in the very narrow crowded streets which appeared to extend indefinitely in almost every direction with no open spaces, not even breathing room. It produced a feeling of helplessness, a sort of oppression which I have not felt to the same extent in any other city.

There is not much to see that is very notable. We visited several temples and a tower in which were some curious clepsydras. In one of these temples we had an argument with the priests about their tip. It became embittered and some of them ran to the gates to close them with us inside, which might have been awkward, but we reached them first and luckily our chairs were awaiting us in the street.

The courts of justice were interesting and instructive. The prisoners were usually brought in baskets and poured out on the ground at the feet of the judge. This was because the Chinese authorities do not, as a rule, feed prisoners. This is the duty of their families and friends. Nor is the fate of witnesses much more to be envied, for a man stands by them as they give their testimony and prompts them by beating their faces savagely with a heavy leather plaque. We saw some unfortunates in the courtyard kneeling on pieces of iron chain in front of posts to which they were tied up in a strained position by

their thumbs and toes. No white man could have stood it for an hour and lived but with their lower nervous organism they suffered less and lasted longer. These, too, were witnesses, I believe, being put into a proper frame of mind to meet their judges or their gods.

III

1889 — JAVA AND INDIA

To Singapore and Java stopping in Batavia, Buitenzorg and Bandong — Back to Singapore, thence via Penang to Rangoon — Across to Moulmein to see the caves, returning to Rangoon and thence to Calcutta — Trip to Darjeeling — To Benares then by Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi, Jeypore, to Bombay — Move on alone to Colombo and Kandy — Singapore again and expedition to the native Malay states to prospect for gold — Three weeks of poling up a river through the jungle, returning alone across the Malay Peninsula to the north of Malacca, thence to Singapore — Excursions to Bangkok and Ko hsi Chang, then tour with A. through Java.

From Hong Kong we went on to Singapore and thence to Batavia, the capital of the Dutch Indies. It is a fine city in its own way with wide streets full of big trees, good public buildings and a rather exceptional number of theatres and clubs. The mode of life is very different from that of the British colonies. The Dutch residents live in native dress, or something very like it, till noon; then put on formal clothes quite unsuited to the climate for the rest of the day. I remember that we were refused admittance to a theatre because we were dressed in white which was considered bad form at that hour. The national drink is gin and bitters which as a general rule is served free of charge. We went up to Buitenzorg, the summer residence of the Viceroy, to see the Botanical Gardens which are the most interesting in the Far East; but Buitenzorg has another claim to notice in the fact that it rains there in the season at exactly the same hour every day, at two in the afternoon. Other things that I remember about this town were an enormous orang-outang, or man of the woods, chained to a stick on the lawn in front of the hotel,

and a notice that we must keep off the grass lest we be bitten by snakes.

We went on through a marvelously fertile country with high volcanic peaks to Bandong, which is at the end of the railway line, and beyond that to Garoet, both of them important commercial towns, then returned to Batavia and Singapore. Singapore is the most southern point in Asia, situated only seventy-five miles north of the equator and the capital of the British Malay states. Its climate is equitable for its lack of latitude and the days never vary in length, for the sun rises due east and sets due west at six o'clock throughout the year; all of which is curious and instructive at first sight. Singapore is on an island separated by a narrow strait from the native state of Johore, which forms the most southerly point of the continent of Asia. It was ruled at that time by a sultan of good abilities and urbane manners who made frequent visits to Europe and had a decided penchant for foreign wives. Johore is a wild country covered with dense jungle and infested by tigers which sometimes penetrate even within the limits of the town.

Next came a long reach to Rangoon, the capital of Lower Burmah, with a short stop at Penang, a pretty but remote and rather uninteresting little town. We traveled on a British-India steamer, very comfortable though slow. The first part of the way she made ten nauts an hour, which was reduced to eight, when the rivalry of the boats of a competing company which plied between the Straits and Calcutta was no longer to be feared. The first news which greeted us on our arrival at Rangoon was the story of the tragic death of the Crown Prince, Rudolph of Hapsburg. There was a young Austrian diplomat on board and he was greatly distressed. The landing at Rangoon is very

dangerous because of the rapid current of the Irawaddy and it was only with some difficulty that we made our way to the shore. It is said that if a man falls overboard his body only returns to the surface some miles below the town. Rangoon is a large and prosperous city. Its chief monument is the Shway Dagon Pagoda, very tall and slender and situated in a commanding position. It is a most famous shrine and thronged with worshipers. The approach is by a long flight of steps and it is not hollow inside as I had supposed; that is to say, it is a monument rather than a temple.

A sail of a few hours takes you to Moulmein, the site of Kipling's great Pagoda, which, however, contrary to his testimony, faces westward toward the sea. Scarcely less interesting are some very curious caves and the lumber-yards where elephants may be seen pushing great logs of teak with their feet or carrying them between their tusks and trunk. We decided against going to Mandalay; it was too far and the weather too hot. The Burmese are a rather amiable race, good-looking and idle. They love bright colours and good clothes. Men, women and children alike seem to smoke all of the time, great cheroots, wrapped in green leaves. When they were not smoking them they carried them behind their ears. The chief national delicacy is some evil smelling form of decayed fish.

We arrived in India at last in the early days of the cool season. The approach to Calcutta is very striking. Here again is a swiftly flowing river and its banks are lined with sailing ships lying three or four deep, among them some of the finest in the world. The city itself is very large and in the foreign quarter there is a great park such as is found in almost all English settlements. The public buildings, on the other hand, are not very notable, but there are

places of great historic interest, such as the famous Black Hole, into which, in 1756, Surajah Dowlah thrust one hundred and forty-six Englishmen over night and took out one hundred and twenty-three dead in the morning.

A few miles out of the city lies Barrackpore, one of the residences of the Viceroy. I parted from Anderson and Thomas at this time and henceforth we were not always together. They had planned a more extensive tour and, for my part, I was a rather idle traveler, contented with less sight-seeing and caring a little more for my bodily comforts. We then went together to Darjeeling where we climbed to a height of over eight thousand feet on a rickety, zigzag, two-foot gauge railway which finally brought us to the summit of a hill, from which we enjoyed the finest mountain view in the world. The whole chain of the Himalayas lay before us in their lofty majesty and dazzling whiteness.

The next day we rose early and proceeded to a point called Tiger Hill from which we could see the summit of Mount Everest seventy miles away, but such was the distance, that it did not appear to be one of the major peaks, in spite of its twenty-nine thousand feet and two. On our return to Calcutta we equipped ourselves with the traveling native servants who are indispensable in India. Mine described himself as a "Mohammedee," and he turned out to be fairly intelligent and industrious and absolutely honest. He attended to all my wants, served me at my meals at the hotel and when I went out to dine accompanied me and took his place among the servants of my host. He often slept on the floor in front of my door. He also packed my trunks, blacked my boots and, last of all, but most important, he was my only means of communication with nearly all the natives that I met from

Calcutta to Bombay. Across the river from the city lay the suburb of Howrah in which was the railway station, and near it stood a famous banyan tree which, with its descending offshoots that took root in the ground below, probably covered more acres than any other vegetable in the world. It was in this station that I first made the acquaintance of Rudyard Kipling, for while waiting for the departure of the train I bought at random a small paper covered book called *The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Stories*. I was charmed with them from the outset and such was my enthusiasm that soon after I purchased all that he had written up to that time. I even planned for a moment to visit him and arrange for the publication of his works in the United States. Would that I had done so! These were the earliest editions of his books published by the Allahabad Pioneer Press.

It was a rather long railway journey to Benares, some twenty hours as I remember it, through a flat open country with here and there great fields of white poppies, for you pass Patna which is in the heart of the opium district. The traveling is comfortable, for the roadbed is good and the speed maintained not excessive. The railway carriages in India are very roomy and arranged for lying down rather than sitting, as the transoms run fore and aft, to put it nautically. At that time there were no dining cars and the food in the stations was invariably bad. So it was in the hotels, too, which in this respect, were not to be compared with those in Java, nor are they, I believe, much better to this day. Benares is quite different from any other city in India because the religious element is so enormously predominant. The streets are full of pilgrims, most of whom look like fanatics. You cannot see the houses for the temples; but the greatest sight is the river,

the immortal Ganges, and the worshipers at daybreak. I will not attempt to describe it, it is far beyond my power.

From Benares the usual route followed by travelers takes you to Lucknow and Cawnpore, both very famous for the history they made in the Mutiny. The ruins of the Residency are still in a fair state of preservation and the grounds are beautifully maintained as a public park. The interest in the city is three fold: there are the memorials of the old régime, palaces and tombs of the kings of Oudh; there are the historic scenes of the Mutiny; and finally there is a large cantonment well laid out with a great network of wide roads, most of them very shady. Cawnpore has little to offer save the well and the steps on the river where so many were killed. Agra was our next stopping place. The most beautiful city of all: the palaces were marvelous, the mosques superb and we decided that in spite of minor blemishes and notwithstanding the fact that it was built by an Italian architect, the Taj Mahal was the crowning glory of India. Next came Delhi and the great plain dotted with the sites of former capitals. The Kutab Minar, built in 1194, and the shrine of Nizam Uddin Aulia are well worth the long journey to them as is also the deserted town of Fattehpore Secri and, in the city, the Jama Mesjid and the Dewan I Kass and Palace of Shah Jehan are very notable.

Thomas and Anderson had been north to Lahore and we met again at Jeypore, the first native state that I had seen. It was quite different from anything else and of peculiar interest. For instance, the Maharajah collected man-eating tigers and kept them on exhibition in a public place in the town. They were very disappointing, a mangy, hungry-looking lot, not to be compared with our menagerie-fed friends. We hired camels one day for a ride and tried

to race them down the main street of the town. They walked rapidly at first and it was only with difficulty that we could induce them to break into a trot, and when they did we were sorry. Another day we sampled an elephant. We sat on a platform high up on his back and he ambled forward with a billowy motion. We had chartered him to take us to Ambir where we hoped to find some ambergris which we very much didn't.

From Jeypore we went without stopping to Bombay. At that time the chief ornaments of the town, in the minds of the foreigners and the Anglomen, were the new railway station, and Watson's Apollo Bunder Hotel. The latter had been built in sections for Buenos Ayres and brought to Bombay by mistake or through some change of plan. To these they always took new arrivals from Europe who had come to explore the mysteries of the golden East. They were, however, permitted later if they still cared, to visit such places of minor import as the Caves of Elephanta, the Towers of Silence and the Yacht Club. While in Bombay, I remember one day watching a particularly clever exhibition of an Indian juggler. I had seen already a number of such performances and had been disappointed in them. The tricks were never quite as wonderful as you expected; what was really remarkable was that the jugglers could produce such results with so little plant, so to speak. The performance was always in the open, there were practically no accessories; and the performers did not even wear sleeves in which to conceal trees and baskets with ladies in them who were subsequently stabbed in vain. This was also true of the Nautch dances, they never quite came up to expectations. The danceresses were sedate persons, adipose rather than lithe, who floated about in unrevealing attitudes.

I parted from my friends in Bombay, they were bound for Europe and the Paris Exposition of 1889, and turned my steps eastward to spend another year in aimless wandering. I did not leave for a few weeks, being detained by a low fever. The cool weather was now over and what is called the little monsoon broke. It is a preliminary rainy season followed by a short return to fine weather after which the real rains begin. I remember that on the first day some five inches fell. When I felt a little better I moved on to Colombo but I was not yet well enough to go about much, so I spent most of my time on the verandah of the hotel watching the native dealers selling their wares to passing tourists.

All steamers from Europe touch at Colombo and at this point those for Calcutta and beyond part company with those bound for Australia. Almost every day brought a new invasion of passengers who swarmed over the town for a few hours and then were gone again. The verandah of the Grand Oriental Hotel was the site of a sort of permanent bazaar of all nations. Each dealer had his allotted space where he remained from morning till night, duly installed on the floor with his wares around him in dazzling array. I used to call them the Forty Thieves. They sold everything oriental from pearls downward; and all sales were preceded by an animated period of bargaining which, with them, was half of the game. The first price asked by them was usually four times what they expected to get, and eight times what the article was worth, and quite often they offered to toss up "Master me makee toss" to decide whether you should pay twice or four times the value; but it was rare that they took the chance of so much or nothing. It is fair to add that I never saw one try to back out of a bad bargain. One day I achieved a small

tablecloth for nothing and it was the only time that I felt sure that I had not paid double. I went up to Kandy for a few days to see the Peradiniya Gardens which are the most beautiful in the East. There are also some rather interesting temples, in one of which a tooth of Buddha is preserved. I had seen his eyeball in Japan and his footsteps in many places. He must be fairly well scattered by now. Soon after this I crossed over to Singapore.

FIRST TRIP TO THE INTERIOR

KATAPAN, PAHANG, MALAY STATES, *June*, 1889.

MY DEAR PARENTS: — I am now at a town on the eastern coast of the Malay Peninsula and tomorrow I shall start in a small boat on the Pahang River to go up three hundred miles into the interior to Jellei, which I am afraid you may not be able to find on any map.

My purpose is rather a strange one: I am going to look for gold. The country is full of it and everyone is obtaining concessions from the native sultans and forming companies to open gold mines.

I have not done this myself, because personally I believe that most of these are wild-cat gambling speculations and I do not care for them. I am traveling with a mining expert whose business it is to look over, or prospect, a certain concession and report on its value. In this way I am looking for gold. The expenses are mostly paid by a company and as the country is full of elephants, tigers, buffaloes and in fact almost every kind of game, besides snakes which are not game at all, it is not a chance to be missed. I shall be in the interior five or six weeks and then return to Singapore which promises to be my headquarters for some time.

As I write now I am sitting in a small bungalow surrounded by Malays and Chinamen. When this letter is finished I shall turn in on some boards covered with matting to sleep till six in the morning when I take tea with Said Hassan, the richest man in the district. At about nine this letter will start down the river and I shall start up in the little house boat which is to be my home for many weeks.

The river flows right by the door and it would be delightful to bathe in for anyone who did not object to offering the tribute of an arm or a leg to the alligators which infest it.

In Bombay, after my friends left, I was down with the fever for two or three weeks, after which I went to Colombo and thence to Singapore where I stopped a while; finally I came here. On my return to civilisation I shall probably settle down on some plantation in Sumatra or try for a government place in Siam, although there is something else in the air of which I will write later. Goodbye. From your son,

JOHN

We poled and paddled up the river for about eighteen days, tying the boat to the bank at night. Our crew consisted of four or five natives with their captain and a Chinese cook. We touched at some of the villages on the bank, including the capital of the native state of Pahang, where the Sultan had recently arrived fleeing from the wrath of the British, and not without cause, for he had executed an Arab by impaling him on a bamboo and letting it grow through him. The Arab was not perhaps a worthy man, far from it, but he was a British subject and the proceeding was too irregular to be permitted. We did

not see the Sultan, but he sent us a present of some food which was very welcome. Our chief difficulty, however, was in obtaining wherewithal to drink. We carried nothing with us except some whisky. As for the river, it was a case of "Water, water everywhere and not a drop (fit) to drink." It was dark brown and not only undrinkable but unspeakable. As a matter of fact, we did drink it constantly and without evil results, for we had with us a little device consisting of a disc of charcoal attached to a rubber pipe through which we sucked up the water from a dipper. The simplicity of it! We also drank the milk of cocoanuts and found it sweet and sticky, at other times we did not drink at all. At last our destination was reached and we struck into the woods, a journey of three or four days.

The going was rather bad and I was especially annoyed by a species of leech which took hold of your clothes and bit through them and could not be dislodged until full of blood. The sore which resulted was very slow in healing. We wandered about the concessions to be prospected for a while, locating and tracing what appeared to be veins of quartz; and when we left took with us a bag of specimens which my companion had brought with him for that purpose and made our way back to the river. Here we parted. The strain between us had been increasing for some time. He was morose and profane and cruel in his treatment of our men and I was undoubtedly very irritating. The situation became impossible and both agreed that it would be better to put an end to it, so he went back down the river with the boats and I decided to work my way out in the other direction and cross the peninsula on foot. This was not as arduous as might be supposed, for little mining camps lay scattered at no

great intervals, where supplies could be had and coolies provided to guide me to my next resting place.

My way lay through endless forests of very large trees, generally following some native trail from village to village. My men preceded me in single file, a simple precaution; but what really insured my safety was the fact that the natives thought that I was expected at each stopping place and feared that should I not arrive they would immediately be called to account. It was a wonderful big game country: elephants, tigers and a sort of wild cattle called sladang. The latter were the most feared, for they generally attacked at sight. I saw none of these, nor was I looking for them, for I carried nothing with me but a light sporting rifle; but more than once we heard them crashing through the jungle as we passed.

I did see, however, a certain number of aborigines of a tribe called the Sakei. They are small, dark men who roam naked through the woods, with no fixed abiding place. They live mainly on small birds which they shoot with blowpipes and poisoned darts. Those that I saw seemed timid but not unfriendly. I slept in the woods, at native villages, or in some foreign mining camp (as the case might be); and tried to obtain my food as I went along, which was not always easy, for I found the natives strangely churlish and suspicious if not openly hostile. I remember that in one instance they refused me all food, though they gave some to my men and I went without anything for twenty-four hours. I was very hospitably received at the scattered mining camps and spent pleasant days resting in them and preparing for my next move. The establishments generally consisted of two or three white men, engineers and such, a handful of Sikhs to protect them and keep order and the coolies, generally

Chinese, who worked the mines. The workings were for gold or tin.

I finally emerged in the State of Selangor and made my way back to Singapore after an absence of two or three months. N. had arrived long before and reported my whereabouts but as time passed and I did not reappear anxiety was beginning to be felt lest I had met with some misfortune. N. himself made the same trip again the next year, this time with an Australian mining man whom he had run across in Singapore. He reached the concession again and remained there for a few days, then the inevitable happened. The natives had always disliked him because of his severity and one night they finally deserted him and his companion, carrying their arms with them. The unfortunate men wandered about and soon lost their way. They finally died of starvation in the lonely forest. This might just as well have happened to me.

MY FRIEND THE SKULL HUNTER

I met him in Singapore and in a very short time grew to admire him and to like him. He was the most adventurous man I ever knew and perhaps the bravest. He was by profession a head-hunter who collected human skulls for a museum. His nationality was half English and half Norwegian, and he called himself the last of the Vikings. He had traveled through most of the unknown regions of the world. The method of collecting was as follows: he made his way through the jungle to some little native village where he settled down and proceeded to make friends, if possible, with the inhabitants. When he had gained their confidence to the extent that his motions were no longer watched, or his motives suspected, he dug up the bodies of their ancestors and carried off their skulls

to a place of safety; a cruel, dangerous and most difficult proceeding. He was then staying with the Sultan of Johore in his palace, where he had already some heads in treatment preparatory to shipping them home. While thus engaged, a European living near by fell desperately ill of some contagious disease and his native attendants sought safety in flight. He would have died alone had not my friend heard of his catastrophe and immediately flown to his assistance. He nursed him back to life and strength, then returned to his skulls.

When traveling in Borneo among other head-hunters of a different and more ferocious kind, he had been captured and imprisoned in a native village and had only made his way to safety by poisoning his captors and taking flight through the pathless forest. When asked how he had found sufficient food to keep him alive in this crisis, he replied that he had eaten lizards and other creeping things until he was able to obtain some surer means of sustenance. He told this story at a dinner at the palace in Johore, and one of his fellow guests, wishing to test him, called a native servant and ordered him to go out and catch some slimy crawling beast and to serve it in due course with the other dishes. This was soon done and when it was passed to him he glanced at it a moment, ate it and went on with his story. I think that it was a centipede.

He was now preparing for an expedition into the interior of the Malay states, having heard that an aboriginal tribe, such as the Sakei or Jakuns, had been found which had an abnormal development of the canine teeth. His purpose was to verify this story and if possible to obtain proofs of this new discovery. He asked me to go with him and I was much tempted; but I finally decided, with

regret, that it was not fair to those at home for me to undertake such risks for no adequate reason. I left Singapore soon after and never heard of him again.

Not long after my ramble through Pahang I made a short journey to Siam where I passed most of my time in Bangkok. It turned out to be one of the most curious places that I had yet seen. A city reaching along a river for almost ten miles with virtually no means of communication except by boats, for it has a great network of canals and, in the rainy season, the streets are, many of them, almost impassable. The men and women dress so nearly alike that it is often very difficult to distinguish between them; their costumes resemble those of the Burmese and Malays. There was a great ceremony one day when the King attended by his court made a royal progress through the canals of the city in the State barges or canoes. Each of these had some twenty paddlers who dipped their blades into the water then held them up in the air in unison. The barges were of three orders: those of the princes and chief courtiers in which the highest officials sat in state with low tables in front of them upon which were ranged certain implements of gold; in those of the second category, sat officials of lesser rank with implements of silver, and finally the third class in which were the common run of courtiers who had implements of baser metal. As the procession made its way through the canals, all bridges were taken down, even the telegraph wires passing over head were cut, as it was deemed inconsistent with the dignity of the King of Siam that the slightest obstacle should be interposed between him and the heavens. I remember also seeing a body of troops marching through the town commanded by Danish officers.

I had formed a vague plan of going up the river Menam from Bangkok, then crossing over into Upper Burmah and coming out that way but it was too much of an expedition to undertake single-handed and I was unable to find anyone to go with me. At the hotel was an American sea captain whose ship, being unable to cross the bar, was lying near the mouth of the river at a place called Ko hsi Chang, loading teak; he asked me to visit him and I spent some days on board. While there I had my only experience of dynamite fishing, a wholly unjustifiable amusement. We went out in a small boat with a provision of dynamite cartridges; you lit one and held it in your fingers till it sputtered like a firecracker, then threw it into the water. It was not wholly without an element of risk.

The explosion was very sharp, I remember the quivering of the sides of the boat, and immediately a large number of fish came floating up, most of them on their backs; many were only stunned by the concussion and soon turned over and swam away. It was very cruel and no sport. Near us lay at anchor a large German ship renamed the *Karl Friedrich*, which I had climbed over as a boy when it was the *Red Cloud*, the last full rigged ship built in Boston. I returned to Singapore on a steamer of the Blue Funnel Line; I was the only passenger and lived with the Captain on deck. It was very pleasant.

My next trip was with my brother Archy through Java, he was on his way around the world westward and we met in Singapore and crossed over to Batavia where we spent a few days.

I had a letter to the manager of one of the local banks who received us pleasantly and immediately invited us to dine. On the evening in question we started early and

promptly lost our way. After wandering about through the absurdly named suburb called Mr. Cornelis we finally reached the house and found our hosts evidently unexpectant and finishing a frugal repast *en tête a tête*. They politely insinuated that we had come on the wrong day, but we were sure of our point and proved it by making an excellent repast off the fragments that remained. We also parted friends.

After a short stay in Buitenzorg and a look at the wonderful gardens, we went on to Bandong at the end of the railway line and thence by post road to Semarang. In those days the Dutch had a wonderful system of highways running throughout the island and journeys were made in covered traveling carriages drawn by four diminutive Java ponies.

The post houses where the ponies were changed were very frequent, the distance between them averaging not more than five or six miles and in consequence where the country was level the interval between them was often traversed at a gallop. There was little or no travel at night, even by train. As I remember it, the first day we covered eighty-nine miles with the help of about seventy-five ponies, the second ninety-six miles and the third seventy-five which brought us to our destination. We crossed several rivers with very steep sides, to ascend which a yoke of water buffaloes kept for the purpose hitched to the team and hauled us up, ponies and all, to the top of the bank. The Dutch did not rule with a light hand and all mounted natives whom we met were obliged to descend and stand at attention as we passed.

From Semarang we went on to Sourabaya, the second city in Java, and from there visited a famous volcano named the Bromo, standing solitary in a great stony plain.

It was not high and we climbed to the top and looked down into the crater and saw it bubbling below.

On our return we passed through the native state of Sulu or Soerakarta in which the Sultan is still allowed a fair measure of independence under the guidance of a Dutch Resident. A curious custom still survives here. At given times the Sultan gathers a large number of subjects and posts them in a circle, armed with their krises and spears. Tigers are then released and given a chance for liberty by breaking through the cordon which surrounds them. A most exciting sport for all concerned.

Next to Soerakarta lies Djockjakarta, the other remaining native state. The Sultan here was less adventurous and preferred fighting cocks to tigers and the palace grounds were filled with a varied assortment of game birds and their attendants. Near Djockjakarta is the site of the famous Boro Boeder, the most remarkable prehistoric monument in the Netherland Indies. It consists of a terraced mound like a truncated pyramid with its sides covered with religious carvings and is comparable in a way with the magnificent ruins at Angkor Wat in Cambodia. We went thence by rail to the end of the line at a little town called Tjelatjap on the south coast, where we were held up for several days by lack of communications. It is on a sort of a great bay like an inland sea and there was some delay in obtaining the paddlers and boat to take us across. Tjelatjap has the unfortunate reputation of being the most unhealthy spot in Java, so much so that the garrison had been withdrawn some time before. We were taken care of while there by a kindly old Dutch gentleman named Vanderbilt, who was very fond of joking about the doings of his alleged cousins in New York. The boat came at last. It was manned by a native chief

with a crew of four or six who propelled it by paddle power.

The trip lasted for the better part of a long day and luckily the sea was smooth. We passed through a number of native villages on stilts in the middle of the water perched high on bamboo piles driven into the bottom of the lake by men clinging to them and swaying them from side to side. We landed on the farther side at a village called Tasik Malaya, a name of quaint significance, a few miles from the end of the railway line which brought us back to Batavia. Soon after we crossed to Singapore and my brother went on.

In Java I acquired a native servant who remained with me till I started for home. He was a very smart and good looking youth who used to stand behind my chair, at table, with daggers in his belt and thus added to my prestige and the envy of all beholders. He had one fault, however; he was probably a thief. He was accused of it once at a hotel in Java at which we had stopped and I denied the charge with some asperity. The chicken finally came home to roost, for the night before I sailed from Singapore he raided my pocketbook and left me in a deplorable situation.

IV

1890 — RETURN TO AMERICA AND VOYAGE TO BRAZIL

JANUARY in Singapore — Excursions to Saigon and Pnom Penh in Cambodia — Sailed for home February twenty-second on the ship *Raphael*, and passing by Anjer, the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena reached New York in one hundred days — Thence home — Out West for S.'s wedding in St. Joseph, thence to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Leadville and back via Kansas City and Chicago — To Lynn for the Thomson-Houston Co. and sailed with Brown, their agent, from Newport News for Brazil in November, touching at St. Thomas and Barbadoes — One month in Para, thence to Pernambuco for Christmas and the New Year.

THE WRECK OF THE "ERTOGRUL"

ABOUT this time great interest was aroused in the hearts of the Mussulman population by the arrival of the Turkish frigate *Ertogrul*. She was on a special mission to China bearing gifts from the Sublime Porte to the Dragon Throne.

There was a delay of some weeks in Singapore caused, it was said, by lack of money to proceed farther until it was finally provided by local Arab traders.

As I remember her, she was a very fine looking ship though not wholly seaworthy. The crew, too, was made up of big up-standing men and when they paraded through the streets in their white uniforms and red fezzes, the natives followed them with enthusiasm, looking upon them with pride as worthy representatives of the great Padishah of Istamboul.

She finally resumed her journey and delivered her gifts, but the *Ertogrul* did not touch at Singapore on her way

home, for she was lost with nearly all on board in a typhoon in the China Sea.

The Captain's name was Osman Pasha and there was much confusion in the press notices between him and the hero of Plevna.

My last trip consisted of a short journey through Cochin China and Cambodia. I sailed to Saigon, the capital of the French colonies. It is a fine city with a bad climate. The streets are wide and lined with great trees and the public buildings are quite pretentious. On the other hand, the foreign population which was mostly French did not impress me favourably, for, barring the government officials, the residents generally gave the idea of being men who had left France because they had made a failure of life there and few of them appeared to have the energy to redeem themselves under conditions much more unfavourable than those which had proved too strong for them heretofore; in fact, the important commerce of the country seemed to be mainly in the hands of British and German concerns.

I had a letter to the manager of an English bank and his wife who was a French lady. They were recently married and as yet had acquired but little of each other's respective languages. She was very charming and hospitable and took me out to show me her garden. In it was a cage containing a pair of pet puppy tigers. They seemed to me to be of the half-grown, hungry kind and it was with some diffidence that I was persuaded to pat them. Subsequently I repeated this experiment on a lonely wolf in the Botanical Gardens in Rio and an ostrich at Palm Beach, but the only one that bit me was the ostrich and his teeth felt like sandpaper; the wolf just licked my hand. From Saigon I went by rail to a town near the mouth of the

Mekong and up the river to Pnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia, in which I spent the Chinese New Year, a time in which nothing can be done but rejoice. It was my desire to push on to Angkor which was then not included in Cambodia but it was an arduous journey, mostly done in small boats and only to be attempted at high water and I found to my regret that though I could almost certainly get there, I could almost certainly not get back for the next nine months, which seemed excessive; so I gave it up but have never ceased to deplore my failure to view there the marvelous ruins which have since become the prey of every tourist who is enterprising enough to carry a kodak. I returned to Saigon and thence to Singapore.

During my last days in that town I was much amused by the mining excitement. It was mostly caused by the prospects of a mine in the Native States which I knew well and the Singapore people did not. The whole value of the shares hung on the result of pumping out some ancient workings and everyone was on tiptoe with expectation. The news had not arrived when I left but I hope that it turned out well for several of my friends were involved, though I was not, and on the whole I am inclined to think that I was right.

I finally sailed for home on the good ship *Raphael*, accompanied by my dog, Tiffin, on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1890, three years out.

American Ship *Raphael*, *February* 27, 1890.
Two miles from the equator, near Anjer.

My dear Parents: — You have heard before this that I decided to give up a proposed expedition to Manila and sail from Singapore. It will make no difference in the date of my arrival and it gives me a shorter voyage; more-

over, I found out that business was bad in Manila and ships very uncertain there, whereas this ship was a certainty although it sailed a week or two later than I had expected.

This ship, the *Raphael*, on which I am returning is not at all the equal of the *A. G. Ropes*, being smaller, older and slower. Still I am very comfortable here as the Captain and I are alone in the cabin. He is an elderly man and we get along together very well. We have made a very slow start from Singapore as this is the fifth day out and we have not yet sailed one hundred and fifty miles. After passing Anjer where this letter will be posted we will head for Mauritius and thence for the Cape but we shall touch nowhere. We shall probably arrive in New York sometime in June, but even if we do not get there till much later remember the uncertainty of sailing ships and do not worry. I have just calculated that if we keep on at the rate at which we are now traveling (it is a dead calm), we shall reach home in the autumn of '95 or spring of '96. When I arrive in New York I will send you a telegram as I think that surprises are always to be avoided. Your son,

JOHN

Our voyage nearly came to an abrupt end near Anjer, for we tried to make our way out of Sunda Straits through Prince's Channel, a narrow passage in which we missed stays and barely escaped going on the rocks. This was followed by a favourable run to the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope which we were unable to round for several days owing to adverse winds and currents. We were hove to at times and I remember trying in vain to fish for cod with a hand line in seventy fathoms of water. One day we were driven before a gale with a very high

following sea and it seemed as if each succeeding wave could scarcely fail to engulf us. From the Cape we pointed our course for St. Helena and again made a very good run. The Captain had intended to touch there but when we arrived sailing conditions were particularly propitious and we were not actually short of anything, so he did not feel justified in stopping. Some boats came off as we passed which enabled us to report the ship and buy a few small things. It was a great disappointment to me. The island is very striking as seen from the ocean. It is surrounded by vertical cliffs some six hundred feet high with only one break in them in which lies the little village of Jamestown which affords the only possible landing place. Hereafter the voyage was very uneventful. I remember that we had a number of striking sunsets when running through the southeast trades and the weather was uniformly good. We lived in pijamas, day suits alternating with night suits, and every evening the Captain and I played three games of cribbage, the prize to be a dinner on shore when we arrived in New York. These were followed by one drink of whisky and water, then to bed.

The ship was old and not very fast; the same wind that would have driven the *Ropes* at the rate of twelve miles an hour would drive the *Raphael* but ten, yet so favourable were the circumstances that we made the voyage from Singapore in one hundred days, the best record in eight years.

When I arrived in New York and prepared to land I found to my dismay that I could hardly get into my clothes. It was not so much that I had gained flesh, but in the last part of the time I had begun to suffer from something in the nature of scurvy from lack of green food. At the very end I lost all appetite and my limbs were con-

siderably swollen. I was twenty pounds over weight but I lost them again in the next three weeks when normal conditions were restored. As soon as possible after my arrival in New York, I telegraphed to the family, for I have always had a horror of surprises. I went on to Boston the next morning and the first thing that met my eyes on reaching home was my telegram lying unopened on the table. Things had changed but little during my absence of over three years. The family were all in good health and life was going on in much the same way as when I left. This was also true of my friends. Some of them said, "Hello, are you back?" others, "Hello, have you been away?" then went on as before. After a few weeks at home I went West to be present at the marriage of my cousin, Sidney Coolidge, in St. Joseph, Missouri, then drifted farther and for the first time in my life I saw the Rocky Mountains. I had friends in Denver and Colorado Springs and while there stayed for a little while at Manitou and ascended Pike's Peak after which I pushed on to Leadville. On my return I stopped over in Chicago which was new to me and where also I met old friends and made new ones.

Soon after my return to the United States I decided that the time had come when I should definitely go to work, so I began casting around trying to make up my mind as to the nature of that work, and looking for an opening of some kind.

HOTEL KITCHEN, LEADVILLE, COLO.,
September 1, 1890.

DEAR MOTHER: — I have made my way pretty far west but this is my turning point and I will be with you in a very few days after this letter reaches home.

When I first started I took the Fitchburg and West Shore routes, in the hope of avoiding the strikers, but without success for the train was twelve hours late in Chicago and consequently I only reached St. Jo on the morning of the wedding day. Everything went well there and I was very much pleased. After a short stay in St. Jo I went on to Denver and thence to Colorado Springs and Manitou, where I stopped for some time.

It is a beautiful place in the heart of the Rocky Mountains near the foot of Pike's Peak, and it is famous as a health resort, also as a summer place for western tourists. The life that I have been leading has been of the best, with long tramps among the hills every day and a ridiculous amount of sleep. In fact, I made quite a reputation for myself by climbing Pike's Peak on foot instead of going up on a donkey as is the custom of the country. I think, on the whole, that I feel better; that is, stronger and more active than I have at any time since my return.

From Manitou, I came up here for the sake of the scenery on the route which is very fine and tomorrow I return to Denver and thence home.

I have made this trip a little longer than I intended to because it is the last and when I reach home I shall be ready to begin at once whatever work we may decide that it is best for me to do. This has been on my mind a great deal but I do not seem to make much headway. The school idea does not grow on me at all, and I am much troubled; but I will wait until I reach you.

Everyone out here takes me for an Englishman which is, in a certain way, a compliment, for they judge by the voice and the English have pleasant voices.

I should like to see a shooting scrape or some wild westernism but there has been none. In fact, everything

is getting too much civilised and the days of Bret Harte's mining camps are gone forever. Even Leadville, once the worst city in the world, has expelled all the gamblers and bad characters and degenerated into a Meriden Britannia imitation of modern civilisation. Your son,

JOHN

Not long after this I ran across a school friend named Brown, who was going to Brazil for an indefinite time to represent the Thomson-Houston International Electric Co., and he asked me to come with him and share in the venture. I knew nothing of business and nothing of electricity, but the journey appealed to me; so I accepted and after a few days at the works of the Company, we sailed together from Newport News for Para.

STEAMER *Allianca*, NEWPORT NEWS,
Wednesday, November 3, 1890.

DEAR MOTHER: — We are now almost ready to start and all is in such confusion that I cannot even find a pen and ink.

After leaving you I spent the evening talking with H. C. and turned in at about half past ten to awake at six.

The four hours in Philadelphia were not as slow as I had anticipated for I had a companion in the shape of a fellow traveler, a boy of about twenty who had never before left his home in East Boston. He was starting out as a drummer in the fish trade and in his loneliness he quite clung to me and told me all about himself and his home and invited me to come over some day and eat fish, or something of the kind.

Last night I slept at Old Point "Discomfort" where I found B. and today we came here together. The steamer

is a little disappointing, but not really bad and the passengers are mostly Spaniards who speak no English.

We shall probably stay only three weeks in Para, so, after the next steamer, please write to Rio. I would like papers with full accounts of the election. Your son,

JOHN

PARA, *November* 25, 1890.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — After leaving Newport News we had a pleasant but uneventful voyage, only diversified by the repeated breaking down of the engines.

The passengers, with few exceptions, were of no account, being many of them defaulters, gamblers and such; but there was one man on board whom it was great luck for me to meet. That was Mr. Mendonca, the Brazilian Minister to Washington, and one of Uncle Jefferson's Pan-americans. I introduced myself and he received me with open arms and presented me to Mrs. Minister, who comes from Somewhere, Maine. He is on a flying trip to Rio and as he does not expect to be there when I arrive he gave me several letters, including one to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

St. Thomas is a small island with a pretty harbour and is mostly remarkable for being one of the only Danish colonies in this part of the world. It was offered to the United States but as we were foolish enough to refuse it is now to be sold to Germany.

Just back of the town there are two very ancient towers known to have been piratical strongholds in the early days. The chief product of the island is niggers.

We passed Martinique and Barbadoes at night, almost without stopping; and after five days more at sea reached Para at daylight on the nineteenth.

The place is very much as I expected it would be, but rather larger (pop. 100,000) and prettier in the suburbs. Of course, it is much more European looking than the Far Eastern towns and the natives wear more clothes though they do not go to extremes in this respect. The town is rich, being the headquarters of the rubber business. There is also some sugar grown here but all the trade seems to be in the hands of the foreigners.

The climate is not bad for the equator, the days are very hot but there is almost always a cooling breeze at night. At any rate, I am perfectly used to it. As for yellow fever, it is not as common here as in Rio and the people do not dread it at all, for it is easy to pull a man through in nine cases out of ten.

I am rather disappointed in the Brazilians, as a race they are not a success, for they are full of noise but not inclined to fight.

Of course, Portuguese is the universal language here, but I find that quite a number speak also French and a few English. The political situation is queer. The Revolution consisted in pulling down one flag and hoisting another while a few men paraded the streets with a brass band and some antiquated cannon. There is no enthusiasm at all for the Republic; in fact, there is discontent, for the Provisional Government made promises which have not been kept and general legislation has been favourable to the southern provinces at the expense of those up here. The probable outcome will be secession and many people believe that the country will be broken up into a number of small republics. But whatever happens there will not be much fighting, for the country is too flat and the running too good. Your son,

JOHN

PARA, *December* 9, 1890.

DEAR H.: — I am still in Santa Maria de Belem de Gram Para, that is the real name of this place and in case of danger they wrap it round the town and use it for defensive purposes. Most of the trouble is internal, however, for there are street fights almost every day between the military and the police. In one row two men were killed but, as a rule, they do not hurt each other. The other night at a religious festival the police gallantly attacked the regimental brass band. I think, on the whole, that this was excusable.

In spite of newspaper reports, matters are quite unsettled throughout Brazil and there is much dissatisfaction, especially in the northern provinces. Moreover, you will be pleased to hear that the royalist feeling still is quite strong.

My chief aim in life at present is to learn Portuguese and I have already mastered some such useful phrases as "Has your sister a rose? No, but the brother of the lacquey has a cauliflower." With due application I hope to find out later what the lacquey himself has.

We expect to leave here in about a week and shall spend Christmas in Pernambuco, thence to Rio.

This place, electrically speaking, is not of much account. B. is feeling rather seedy. I am fit as a fiddle and remain, your brother,

JOHN

PERNAMBUCO, *December* 29, 1890.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I came here from Para a week ago as a sort of advance agent leaving B. to follow a little later, and I find this a much pleasanter place. The climate is better as the average temperature for twenty-four

hours is about 82°, and there is almost always a refreshing sea breeze.

I am sorry to say that I think this a bad country to do business in at present. A period of inflation has set in. Unnecessary companies are started daily with fabulous amounts of capital, on paper. The Government is spending right and left money which it has not got and the only possible result seems to me to be a financial disaster such as has just overtaken the Argentine Republic. This is all *entre nous*. The European colony here is quite large and there is one firm of New Bedford people, two Swifts and Mr. Foster. They have been very kind to me and we have had long talks about home, Harvard College, Boston, New Bedford, *etc.* They have just sent me an invitation to a Bachelors' Ball on the fourth of January.

The country around here is quite pretty because of the dense tropical vegetation, but, as in the East, it is almost impossible to find anyone who knows the names of even the commonest trees. Your son,

JOHN

P. S. I expect to be in Rio in a fortnight.

V

1891 — ILLNESS IN BRAZIL

VISIT to Bahia, then on to Rio — Settled with Brown at White's Hotel, Tijuca, and made a trip to Barbacena — Moved to a house in the city where B. fell ill — I, too, had yellow fever — On my recovery went overland to São Paulo and Santos and made the same trip again with B. after which he sailed for home — Moved to the Hotel de France — Second dictatorship of Deodoro da Fonseca — State of siege declared — End of boom — Deodoro turned out by Floriano Peixotto — Bad fever season — Political disturbances and local uprisings.

RIO DE JANEIRO, *February* 27, 1891.

MY DEAR FATHER: — We have now been in Rio for a week with every prospect of remaining here for some months.

On arriving I went to the Poste Restante and was disappointed in finding that there was nothing for me, but as I suspected that it was only the Brazilian way of saving themselves trouble I had myself introduced to the man in charge and then they found four letters.

We have come here at an interesting time and I shall have an excellent opportunity to watch the progress of a country that is doing its best to go to the dogs, financially speaking, at least.

The city is full of speculators and adventurers trying to get government backing for the wildest of schemes and they are generally successful. On every corner downtown, and in fact in almost every vacant office, a new bank springs up with an impossible amount of paper capital. One bank alone here has nominally a larger capital than the Bank of England.

There are also other interesting developments of the

progress of republican ideas. In the last week we have seen a strike of the stevedores' men to have their wages nearly doubled, they were successful; a strike of the stock-brokers to have a certain tax on their transactions repealed, they were successful; a strike of the employees on one of the government railways to have an obnoxious director removed, they were successful, having ingeniously impeded the traffic by tearing up the rails. The bulletin for next week includes a horse car strike with accompaniment of torn up rails, and it is rumoured, a general strike of the cooks.

Even our hotel has its little diverting incidents. In three nights of last week seven kerosene lamps exploded because the proprietor was trying to save money on the oil; that strike was successful too.

We are quite comfortably situated at a little place among the hills named Tijuca. It is cool at night and there are many pretty walks and rides, the only objection being a dreary drive of two hours in the stage and horse cars to reach town. In fact, four hours slow traveling and as many more running about the town, in this burning weather, makes a good day's work for anyone, and in the evening we are quite ready to sit quietly and read ourselves to sleep, which is the only amusement to be had here.

The business prospects are not wholly bad but owing to the wretched condition of finances a great deal of caution is necessary. B. and I get on perfectly together, he is very shrewd and bright.

Do not be alarmed by any yellow fever stories that may appear in the newspapers, for it has been a very healthy season though, of course, there is always a little fever to be found.

What with fever quarantine and the strikes here, the mail service between this port and the United States is in a very much demoralised condition. I must give you my permanent address here. It is:

JOHN GARDNER COOLIDGE,
Correio Caixa 954,
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Correio Caixa sounds quite distinguished but it only means post-office box. In the same way a man who would be called John Smith at home would have some such name here as Senhor José Manoel d'Almeida Guimaraes dos Santos. From your son,

JOHN

RIO DE JANEIRO, *March* 8, 1891.

DEAR J.: — Thank you very much for your letter which I found here a few days ago.

Rio is a city of about six hundred thousand people, with a garrison of some eight thousand. It is situated on the Bay of Rio in a small plain surrounded by mountains. In the business part of the town the streets are fairly regular, running at right angles with each other but averaging not more than twelve feet in width from curb to curb, or twenty feet from house to house.

The main shopping street of the town is called the Rua do Ouvidor and carriages are not allowed to pass through it. (This reminds me of a street in Lucknow where there is a sign saying "No carriages, elephants or camels allowed in this street between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.) It is about half a mile long and every afternoon is crowded from end to end with well-dressed men and women shopping, seeing their friends and walking up and down to enjoy the

crowd; so if you want to find any man and do not know his address, just wander up and down the Ouvidor at about four o'clock and you are not likely to miss him.

Another curious place is a stretch of about one hundred yards on a side street near the post office where all the curbstone brokers congregate. They form a dense crowd standing there for hours every day trying to earn an honest, or a dishonest, living. Many of them seem hardly more than nineteen or twenty years old. Today there is some excitement among them as exchange is very weak and a financial crisis seems imminent.

The Government up to a few days ago, was a military dictatorship; but now the Dictator has been regularly elected President, so that it has become a military republic in which the army and navy can do no wrong. Whatever happens, there can never be much fighting here for the Brazilians do not like it.

The weather is still very hot, the thermometer going up into the 90's almost every day, but where my hotel is situated among the hills we get deliciously cool nights. Yellow fever continues about the same, with some thirty-five or forty deaths a day, but as I am never in town after nightfall, I am very nearly as safe as if I were at home. Your brother,

JOHN

Rio, *March* 25, 1891.

My dear Mother: — It is now Holy Week and the church bells are ringing constantly throughout the city. The weather seems to be growing a little cooler and the fever is not increasing. There is a ghastly story of a bark lying out in the harbour with everyone on board, from Captain to cabin boy, dead; and no one willing to go out

and bury them. I would not tell you such stories only that by the time this letter reaches you the fever season will have passed entirely; and anyway, where we live in Tijuca there has not yet been a single case. I am no more afraid of it than I am of cholera infantum, but of course I run no unnecessary risks.

Business is quite promising, the main difficulty being in the extremely shaky condition of finances here. No one can tell what the future may bring forth but all indications point toward disaster. I am living very quietly and feeling very well but I shall be glad when the weather allows us to move to town as four hours' traveling per day is both tiresome and expensive. . . .

I made a little journey at this time to an inland town named Barbacena. It is about ten hours by rail from Rio and the scenery at times is very fine as the road climbs over quite a high range of mountains passing through twenty-seven tunnels. The only trouble about traveling is that as soon as you get away from the large cities the hotel accommodations are miserable beyond all description. Even in Rio the only comfortable places are managed by foreigners.

Rio, *April* 13, 1891.

Dear Mother: — The heat is at last beginning to moderate and as I write here in our office the thermometer stands at 85°.

I am sorry to say that I do not find this a very interesting country for a long residence, as it is very hard to obtain books worth reading and the only topics of conversation are politics, financial matters and the yellow fever. A few words about the last subject which are, I

hope, the last that I shall have occasion to write about it. It has been a bad season this year, not so much from the number of cases as from the large proportion of deaths, something like forty per cent. These are mostly among the poorer classes but by no means confined to them. The average number of deaths from this cause has probably been about fifty per day during the last month, but it is very hard to obtain accurate figures for the Government witholds them for fear of deterring the very immigrants, who, when they arrive are wholly unprovided for, and left to die like dogs round the corners of the streets.

In two weeks more, by the grace of God, this epidemic will be a thing of the past and it will be possible to come downtown without fear of hearing that the man whom you left in perfect health yesterday is to be buried to-morrow.

Americans here, I am sorry to say, are many of them a very bad lot, being disreputable speculators from the Argentine, or adventurers who have come from New York in the hope of making something through the Reciprocity Treaty. There is also a resident colony of gentlemen who are not wanted at home, except by the police. Their principal business in life is the floating of companies; but it is fair to say that this is also the ambition of four-fifths of the rest of the population. The people are simply mad in this matter and what the end will be, or rather how great the final smash will be, no one knows.

Since my last letter we have moved to a hotel one hour nearer to the town. It is in a very healthy situation among the hills and it has the finest swimming bath that I have ever seen. We are also, together with Mr. G. whose office we share, negotiating for a small house in the city in which to live during the cool weather. The present

occupants are English people who are going home for six months and wish to rent the house as it stands to responsible parties. I think that it will prove very satisfactory and I shall be glad to move there for, at present, Brown and I are cooped up in one small room with one bureau and two chairs between us.

Rio, *May* 14, 1891.

My dear Mother: — The weather has changed at last and this is the first pleasantly cool day with a clear sky. We are still at the Villa Moreau, the hotel with the swimming bath, but very soon the family occupying our house will sail for England and we shall move into town which will be pleasanter and, I hope, much cheaper.

An Italian dramatic company opened here last week and did very well for about three nights, after which, unfortunately, two of the members came down with the yellow fever which tended to demoralise the others.

I have been a good deal worried by the accounts in home papers of what the Americans call la grippe, but so far it does not seem to have been at all as bad in Boston as it has been in New York and Chicago. I hope that I am right in this respect.

The other day we were called to the post office and we received some letters and papers and an apology. They had been there for three months, all but the apology.

B. has gone up country for a few days to a huge coffee estate where they want to put in a little electric tramway, but there is not much doing as the people most anxious for innovations and improvements are those who have least money to pay for them.

Yesterday was a holiday, the anniversary of the final emancipation of the slaves, and the negroes had a fine

time of it. There were nigger bands and nigger processions and nigger balls, but I don't know whether they have as yet risen to the dignity of a cakewalk.

There is daily talk here of an entire change of cabinet. The feeling among the Brazilians being that the present Government is too nearly honest. Perhaps they are, perhaps they are not. Who knows?

Rio, *June* 12, 1891.

We are now at last settled in our own house and have exchanged the inconveniences of hotel life for the worries of housekeeping. These latter seem to consist chiefly in landlords, servants and plumbing. The house is an old one-storied affair, looking a good deal like a tunnel with windows in it; in other words, it is very long and narrow with the rooms all following each other. First comes the parlour, then a bedroom, then the dining room, then another bedroom, then the breakfast room, kitchen, larder, servants' room, laundry and bathrooms, all in a line. There are also two excellent bedrooms upstairs in a sort of extension. On the whole, we are pretty well off, but the pipes all leak and the landlord refuses to spend one cent on anything.

For the last few days we have had a return of the hot weather and never before have so many Englishmen and Americans died in one year.

My health has been excellent except for internal troubles and even these seem to be rather diminishing in frequency and intensity. I have been almost free from my old enemy, the blues.

Rio, *June* 27, 1891.

My dear Mother: — I am so busy that I can only write a few lines. For the last two weeks my time has been

almost wholly taken up nursing B. who has been very, very ill with yellow fever. For ten days he might have died at any moment and when at last we thought that there was almost no hope, he took a sudden turn for the better and is now quite out of danger.

Of course, it will be some weeks before he can do much work, and some months before he will be his old self again; but now that he has had it, he can live safely in Rio for the rest of his days, if he cares to, which I very much doubt. I am feeling very well indeed but, of course, a little tired.

The worst trouble that we have had was one night when he was very sick and I had staid in town for dinner for the first time, the professional nurse, an English woman, got drunk; and when I reached home at last, I found two patients on my hands instead of one.

The third man in the house, being afraid for his precious life, never went near the sick room, but confined his efforts chiefly to running errands and giving advice. . . .

Rio, *July* 10, 1891.

My dear Mother: — You will be pleased to hear that I am still well and flourishing and so is poor B., though he has had an awfully hard time of it. The fever has left him but he is now in bed with a bad abscess and his mind is wandering constantly. The doctors, however, are very well satisfied with his progress and we hope in a few days to be able to move him out to the country. He really ought to go home and it may come to that.

The yellow fever here has been pretty much replaced by smallpox. I don't know which is worse, the devil or the deep sea; but at any rate, you can get vaccinated for the smallpox.

The Fourth of July was dreary enough. The rain poured down all day long and as the nurse wanted a vacation I sat up with B. all night. It was quite a contrast with the last Fourth of July when we were all together at home. Life here is far from gay with no amusements and nothing but sickness and work. Still as a friend of mine once said, "It only comes one day at a time."

It is now midwinter and the weather is very changeable but on clear days the thermometer usually rises to 80°. Our home is infested with ants, cockroaches and servants, to say nothing of germs; but on the whole, we are pretty comfortable, when the cook is not sick.

My eyes are badly strained from testing some arc lamps, and as I have had to write letters to the Company and to B.'s parents, they are tired out. So good-bye.

JOHN

RIO DE JANEIRO,
July 28th and *Aug.* 1, 1891.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I hope that you have not been worried at my silence but it could not be helped. I have been gone and done it. I have passed through the valley of the shadow of death and come out on the other side. Yellow fever, of course. I was taken down on the morning of Sunday, July twelfth, and from the start it was unmistakable but everything was in my favour. B.'s nurse treated me at once on his own responsibility without even waiting for the doctor which very likely made the difference. By night I was very bad and in the following three days my fate was decided. Since then I have been convalescent, although it was the eleventh day before I took any nourishment.

Now I am up on my feet around the house and I hope

before long to go out for a drive. Of course, I am ludicrously weak, and my poor head is not very reliable at times, but I gain a little every day and if the weather would only change — it is raining always — I might very soon be well.

It was rather queer, for I knew from the start what the trouble was; knew the danger, and tried to watch the symptoms.

On the third day, or thereabouts, being delirious I imagined that I had received a notification from some mysterious Society to the effect that I must die either at three in the afternoon, or at two o'clock on the following morning (at the change of tide); and I replied "If it 's the same to you, let 's call it tomorrow morning;" and gave orders to be dressed for the occasion. I did not argue about it but accepted the verdict of the mysterious agency without hesitation but with some surprise to find it concerned in my affairs, nor was I very much interested. It was rather as if it had all happened to someone else whom I knew slightly and had rather liked.

As time wore on and we passed the first hour mentioned, I remember thinking "Well they have stuck to their word and I shall not die till two in the morning;" still accepting it without demur. Soon after this a change occurred and I began to wonder why the Society was interested in my fate; and, still more, by what right they pretended to control my destiny and to sentence me to death. From this it was but a step to assert my independence and to resist them with all the means at my command; so that, when the appointed hour at length arrived, it found me saying, "I 'll be damned if I die for them or anyone else." This saved me.

I remember, also, distinctly hearing my coffin ordered;

in fact, I thought that it had already been brought and placed under my bed which I considered bad taste. I did not want to die but yet I did not feel any real horror, or fear, at the idea. It was a very curious experience. At one time I discovered a plan for leaving my body behind and traveling about in spirit, and I went home to see you. You were at a party somewhere and I had difficulty in attracting attention because my body was in Rio but at length, by force of will, I made some ladies see me and they went and called you. Then I told you that I was very sick with yellow fever but would certainly recover.

Now it is all over but my head feels as if there were a fog in it and my body aches in every limb. I am very tired always but stronger now than poor B. who has had a dreadful experience. His abscess, though healing well, has made him so weak that he has lost his memory for recent events and almost all consciousness of time and space. We are in adjoining rooms and the nurse sleeps in the doorway between us. He is a Frenchman and I think that we both owe our lives to his care and I, my more rapid recovery, to his never failing attention and unwearying *bonhommie*.

Later. The last three days have been glorious and I have spent them in town. My strength has been rushing back like the incoming tide and my appetite is abnormally developed. I am also beginning to regain flesh, of which I must have lost about thirty pounds, for I look like a walking bag of bones with the points turned out.

Business naturally has suffered but as soon as B. is in his right mind I hope to catch up again, for we have a large contract on hand. Luckily, people are never in haste in this latitude. If you should decide to send a present to the nurse remember that he was born a gentleman and would appreciate much more some object appealing to him as

such than any mere pecuniary reward. However, if you are overanxious to send some money, remember that its receipt will be intensely appreciated by your much impoverished but ever cheerful son,

JOHN

MY FRIEND THE CAD

There was a great deal of what might be called driftwood in Rio at that time, mainly owing to the fact that the Extradition Treaties between Brazil and most other countries did not seem to function. Not long after my arrival I ran across a man and his wife who were connected with some people that I knew at home and this established a bond of sympathy between us. I do not recall what he was doing, or said he was doing, in Rio, but I very soon discovered that he was undesirable. His wife, on the other hand, was a splendid woman who stood by him through thick and thin and it was mostly thin. I remember that when he had yellow fever in a hotel and they wanted to throw him out into the street, so as to let his room to someone else, she stood with a horsewhip in the doorway and defied them successfully and saved his worthless life. One of his activities was to prowl round among his friends and acquaintances and ascertain which of them had left their countries for their countries' good. He would then communicate with the authorities in the homeland; and, if all went well, he would receive the reward promised for their discovery and apprehension.

These facts came to my knowledge in a rather curious way. I brought him home to dinner one evening and he drank far too much. He finally blurted out in an incoherent way that he knew perfectly well why I had really come to Brazil and that I would be much better off, in

the end, if I did not attempt to resist extradition but went along quietly, as it were, under his auspices. I opened the door and out he went. The next day I met him downtown and he obviously had but a very confused idea of how much he had committed himself. He said, "I am afraid that I made all sorts of a fool of myself at your house last night;" to which I could only reply that I was afraid that he had.

September 17, 1891. There is very little news with us here, for we are getting along slowly in the same dreary way. B. still keeps his nurse, but really, more as a companion to distract his attention and cheer him, than for any other reason. Poor B., he has had an awful time of it and even now he is in such a nervous and excitable condition that the least thing throws him out of his head. I am almost sure that he will have to go home when he gets strong enough, for the warm weather will soon be here, the city is in a filthy condition and everything points to a very bad season.

In the meantime, we are filling the gap with a smallpox epidemic, which kills about thirty-five people a day; as I have been well vaccinated I feel perfectly safe in that direction.

As for my health, my body is strong but my head is weak; I mean that my memory is very bad for things that happen from day to day. You see that neither of us is in condition to transact business which is unfortunate at this moment. I shall probably not stay here very much longer but I can form no plans until it is finally decided about B.

The weather just now is very fine but how I wish I were at home to see the leaves turn: they never turn here.

Brazilian finances are going to the bad, or rather have

gone there, with the hope of returning on the strength of a tremendous coffee crop.

Rio de Janeiro, *October* 31, 1891.

My dear Father: — I thank you very much for your letter and for your liberality in defraying the expenses of my illness and I hope that it may be a very long time before any more charges of this kind fall upon the family.

At present I am well and in good spirits. My weight has come back to about one hundred and seventy pounds, which I consider normal, and the only thing that troubles me is that my memory revives so slowly; even in this respect there is some improvement.

Poor B. went home nearly a wreck but I think that a voyage ought to help him a great deal. Undoubtedly he will have seen you before this letter is received, for he promised to call as soon as possible. He will not, however, be able to give you any clear account of what happened, for he remembers but little about it.

For the last two weeks we have been blest with magnificent weather, perhaps a little warm at noontime but with cool clear nights. I should have enjoyed a few long walks but have been deterred by the impossibility of finding anyone to go with me. However, I get a certain amount of exercise and it is perhaps a little safer not to attempt too much.

The financial situation here is very queer. We have the finest coffee crop that the country has ever known but through mismanagement and lack of facilities it cannot be handled. Furthermore, as the result of the boom of a few months ago vessels are arriving all the time with full cargoes and the means of discharging them are wholly inadequate. At Santos, the coffee port of the southern prov-

inces, when I was there a month ago, there were two hundred and five vessels waiting their turn to go to the one dock provided with suitable cranes for handling heavy merchandise, and it was estimated that they could not all unload inside of six months. In the meanwhile, yellow fever has started in the shipping. The probable result will be that half of the ships will have to be sold for their expenses and more than half of the crews will remain behind buried in the sand at Santos.

One result of this is that exchange has fallen very low, the value of the *milreis* being quoted yesterday at thirteen and one-half pence, or fifty per cent below par. The price of everything has gone up in the same porportion, resulting in much distress among the poor and causing stagnation in the money market. Everyone is waiting for exchange to rise again and the coffee crop is the only thing to bring it up.

The officials, especially those in the customhouse who are in a great measure responsible for some of these troubles, are most apathetic. They sit at their desks smoking cigarettes and chatting with their friends and if anyone comes to see them on business, it is looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion only to be condoned by presenting them with some suitable token of esteem.

Railway traffic is also very much congested and this has been brought home to us by the delay in getting a large number of poles, ordered long ago for the overhead work in the first electrical tram line in Brazil. The holes for these have been dug so long now that the street authorities have ordered them to be filled again, but still no poles. We hope to have this line running before the day of judgment, but not much.

Rio, *November* 13, 1891.

My dear Mother:— In going abroad you have come several days nearer to Brazil; not that the distance is less, but because the service is so much better.

We are living here now in a curious but interesting state of affairs. The city is in a state of siege with martial law proclaimed for two months. Congress has been dissolved and the President has made himself Dictator again in the true South American fashion. The newspapers have all been warned to make no comments on the acts of the Government and the telegraph offices are in the hands of the police; therefore, we probably know less about the real state of affairs in the rest of Brazil than you do at home.

There are rumours of severe fighting in the south and disturbances in Bahia and Para. As for the Rio people, they talk, but they never, never fight. I will give them three days more, till the national holiday on the fifteenth, before putting them all down as confirmed pacifists. Business is at a standstill, as everyone is waiting for developments. Exchange is at eleven and one-half (par value, twenty-seven), and is still falling. There are rumours of the failure of Messrs. Morton, Rose & Co., which would cause a panic here and it is said this morning that the Government proposes to adopt the cheap expedient of declaring a legal holiday of some duration to give things a chance to settle.

A friend has just come in who tells me that the ammunition was removed last night from the men-of-war in the harbour, as they cannot be relied on; also, that there is an absurd rumour afloat that troops are approaching the city from the south. This sort of stuff is our daily diet now but it will all end in nothing. (It did.)

In my opinion the course pursued by the President in

dissolving Congress has been absolutely unjustifiable, though I readily admit that both houses of Congress showed themselves to be foolish and incapable. They accomplished little and spent much time in fruitless debate over trivial matters but, on the whole, their ideas were sound on the currency question, which is one of vital importance. They tried to check the further issue of paper money and to hold within bounds the senseless speculation which has been going on so actively for the past year.

The straw which broke the camel's back was of quite a different nature.

In the Constitution no provision had been made for impeaching the President and it was only when this defect was about to be remedied that Congress was forcibly dissolved.

No one is allowed to leave the city without permission of the police, so that these poor senators and deputies have no chance to pose as martyrs in their own homes but have to content themselves with standing around the streets drinking coffee and dodging Government spies.

A curious relic of old times is seen in the press gangs which prowl about picking up unwilling recruits for the army and navy, but it is fair to say that they release all who can prove that they are regularly occupied or actively employed. Your son,

JOHN

VI

1892 — POLITICAL DISTURBANCES IN BRAZIL

Revolt of the fortress of Santa Cruz headed by a second sergeant — Arrest and deportation of one hundred prominent citizens to the head waters of the Amazon without trial — I move to Carson's Hotel and Brown returns — On October first the electric car service began in Rio and B. returned to United States — Death of Deodoro da Fonseca.

We read one morning in the papers the announcement that the garrison of the Fortress of Santa Cruz had suddenly mutinied, deposed their officers and proclaimed an independent republic, or whatever happened to be the fashion of the day. They were led by a gallant and industrious second sergeant who, as the others finally tired, became the whole revolt himself, running round from one gun to another, loading and firing it, then beginning over again. A small force was hastily gathered and sent around the shore of the bay to quell the revolt. It was rather far and rather hot and by the time that they reached their destination the revolt was very much a thing of the past, so they turned around and marched back again over the long hot way. I saw them on their return and they looked like the Grand Army at its worst. They were received with great enthusiasm and with pæans of praise in the press where the rank and file were all characterised by name as "heroes" and the officers aptly and justly described as "heroes among heroes." As for the gallant second sergeant, he was hanged as high as Haman.

Another political episode of a slightly different nature occurred a little later. There had been rumours of plots and counterplots and one night about fifty of the most

prominent men in Rio, members of Congress, financiers and leading journalists, black and white, were suddenly arrested and sent on board a government man-of-war and the next day they were deported without any form of trial whatsoever.

They were sent to Tabatinga and Cucuhy, small military stations on the head waters of the Amazon and Rio Negro, and incontinently dumped down on the bank and left to walk home.

Most of them never did this, in fact, never left there at all, for it was very unhealthy and their life consisted of nothing but privations, a few survived and when, a couple of years later, an amnesty was proclaimed finally made their way back to Rio, penniless and broken in health and spirits, the mere ghosts of their former selves.

Rio, *July* 6, 1892.

My dear Mother: — I am very sorry that my letters should not have reached you as there has been no unusual interval in my writing but so many letters go astray here that I am not very much surprised.

The chief news with me is that B. has come back but, I regret to say, that I was very much disappointed in his appearance. He looks old and changed and I am afraid that he will never again be the same man as before his illness.

I have left the boarding house where I was living and have gone to Carson's Hotel. I was sorry to do this, for the former was much pleasanter and cheaper but, unfortunately, some men whom I dislike came there so I moved on.

I have been living very quietly and I am sorry to say that most of the time I am not feeling very well, though

there does not seem to be anything really wrong with me and my friends say that I look all right.

All business here seems to become worse, if possible. Nobody has any money or any confidence in anything and there is no prospect of improvement for months to come.

There have been no disturbances in the city of late but there seems to be a general idea that the President will soon be murdered. If he is, God help the country, for this man, Floriano Peixotto, is the first who has shown any backbone in all this sad mess.

There is some pretty sharp fighting going on in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, but as it is only a local disturbance the central Government has not yet interfered. We do not know much about it for as usual the telegraphic reports are suppressed.

There has also been a rising of the Italians in São Paulo, where they are very numerous, but it looks like fizzling out.

After ten days of rain, the weather is now magnificent, being clear and cool but we are constantly expecting the appearance of la grippe, which is now raging in the River Plate. Strangely enough, I have never yet seen a case of this disease but my curiosity to do so is by no means beyond restraint.

I hear that there is one Dabney traveling along this coast and I am in hopes that he may belong to the Boston series. If he does, he will be the first man that I have met out here that I have ever known before.

In Japan, every two or three months, some globe-trotter that I knew would come along, bringing with him a breath of air from home, but no stray traveler ever comes here, thereby showing the profound good sense of the stray traveler aforesaid. Your son,

JOHN

Rio, *September* 15, 1892.

My dear Mother: — From all accounts, you must have had a very trying summer. By "you," I mean all people living in the so-called temperate regions of the north, whereas down here the weather has been perfect. We have had one of the finest seasons ever known and it still continues.

There is very little news, as everything except the coffee trade is pretty nearly in a state of collapse and recovery will be a long process. We have not had even any political agitations of late, except a very little one the other day when a leading newspaper boldly accused the Government of issuing counterfeit coins, or rather of debasing the metal used for subsidiary coinage. Then some popular leaders, mainly of the coloured persuasion, thought that if they were to start a demonstration against this paper they could pose as champions of the Government, and if a riot came off there would be a good chance for pickings. It did come off. There was a crowd and noise and general fussing about, but they did not dare to attack the newspaper office.

A more serious matter, of which we may hear again later, occurred about ten days ago. I refer to the firing on the English steamer *Chaucer*. The *Chaucer* was a passenger vessel from London bound for Valparaiso via Rio and the Plate. While she was at sea, new port regulations were put in force here with regard to the cholera quarantine which, of course, those on board knew nothing about. When she arrived off the harbour signals were hoisted for her to stop. These were either misunderstood or disregarded, we do not know which. Then the fort fired on the steamer, striking her below the water line so that signals of distress were hoisted and the vessel was run ashore to

keep her from sinking. The Captain was undoubtedly to blame but, at the same time, it was a barbarous proceeding on the part of the authorities. They also sent a ball through the rigging of a German steamer. It is fortunate that they did not hit the hull, in this case, for there were several tons of dynamite in the cargo, *etc.*

JOHN

VII

1893 — REVOLT OF THE FLEET

STILL in Rio — I start with a friend for Diamantina — We are delayed seven days in Sabara by losing our luggage — Eight days' journey through nowhere on mules — Diamantina and the diamond diggings in the Poçao de Moreira — Back to Rio alone in one week — Revolt of the fleet and bombardment of the town — Martial law and state of siege — Action of the diplomatists and gathering of foreign men-of-war — Press gangs in the streets — Suppression of all news.

RIO DAS VELHAS, *June* 5, 1893.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I am now on my way up country for a little journey into the interior of Brazil in company with one Lavandeyra, an engineer friend of mine. We left Rio a week ago today and, after an exceedingly tiresome and dusty journey in the cars for seventeen hours, arrived at the little town of Sabara in the state of Minas. There we slept and the next morning we went to look for our luggage, some eleven pieces all told, and found that instead of coming to Santa Luzia de Sabara, the town that we were steering for, it had gone to Santa Luzia de Carangola, a place some twenty hours by rail in the opposite direction. We asked the station master how long it would take to get it if we telegraphed immediately. He said ten days, his friends said a fortnight and his enemies a month. By dint of assiduous telegraphing, with answers prepaid, we got it in six days much to my surprise and tomorrow morning we start for Diamantina to go digging for diamonds. It is a distance of eight days from here and the journey must be made on the second story of a mule.

To explain a little: Luiz de Rezende, the greatest diamond merchant in Brazil, has employed my friend to go

up to his diggings and look over the property with a view to introducing modern improvements into the works, which are still carried on in the most primitive fashion. They invited me to go, too, and I was very glad to find such a good chance to make a very interesting trip.

Of course, I have no illusions about finding anything of value but if nothing else comes of it the experience will be curious and the life most healthy.

The eight days' journey by mule may be a little tiring but we shall take with us our supplies, including camp beds, and I am not worrying much about it. In fact, it seems rather a good thing that I came, for my friend, who is of a nervous disposition, was driven nearly wild by the loss of the baggage and I was useful to him as a sedative. I shall be back in Rio in about two months.

The war in the south still goes on merrily with varying success, or rather, the dispatches are so contradictory and unreliable that we do not really have an exact idea of what is taking place there. Exchange is always very weak. There has been an unaccountable little outbreak of yellow fever and I have lost two friends, but it cannot last. Your son,

JOHN

NOWHERE, *June* 14, 1893.

MY DEAR MOTHER:— I am now living in a rather remote place at nine days' distance from the railway in a small settlement called in the grandiloquent Portuguese manner, Poçao de Moreira, or Moreira's Hole. I have a very decent mud hut, with a thatched roof and a back-yard and a good view. It is on the side of a hill, out of which three millions' worth of diamonds were taken in about four weeks: unfortunately, that was in 1799.

The place is a valley surrounded by high rocky hills, or rather mountains, with a river some seventy yards wide flowing through it. The wonderful find, of which I spoke, was on the slope of a hill but there is every reason to believe that the bed of the river must be very rich. The difficulty is to get it dry. This has been twice attempted but, in both cases, the rains came early and swept away all the works. The third attempt is now being made. A big dam will be built across the stream with a channel on one side to carry the water to a point about a quarter of a mile farther down, where another dam must be built to keep it from backing up, as the fall is very slight, thus leaving the space between the two dams dry. Once dry, they calculate that they must dig down through the sand about fifteen metres to reach the diamond bearing layer, or *cascalho*, as it is called, and then the fun begins. Unfortunately, when the rains come the river grows into a torrent too strong to be held by any dam which they can build and all goes.

It will be a question of finding enough in one month, or less, to pay for all the work. Very possibly they may do it, but, on the other hand, they may not find anything at all. The other day I went to a working where a whole year's expenses had been more than paid for by one diamond.

All the work is done in the most primitive manner by nigger power. They carry the dirt on their heads and the timber on their shoulders, and the stones they roll along. The gang consists of about three hundred.

I spend a great part of my time on the back of a kindly mule. She is a model of the domestic virtues, for she is not at all fast and she loves her home. I feel very well, except that my digestion is a little impaired by impossible food.

I hope soon to go back to Rio and then, my dear mother, I may very possibly return home; in which case, I will cable my departure.

My companion here is pretty sick with malarial fever and this may make a difference.

JOHN

In the late summer of 1893, a revolt of the fleet occurred which marked the culmination of the long rivalry between the military and the naval chiefs who, with few exceptions, had controlled the Government from the downfall of the Empire. Dom Pedro, himself, was deposed by a military conspiracy and both Deodoro da Fonseca, the first dictator, and Floriano Peixotto, the first president, were generals high in command in the Brazilian army. The navy had had an almost equal, if less prominent, share in the government of the country and it was more favoured and held in higher esteem by both the people and the ruling class in the capital. A clash became inevitable and was not long delayed.

Custodio de Mello, a distinguished admiral, was in command of the numerous warships in the harbour of Rio, and he suddenly raised the flag of revolt and announced his decision by bombarding the city.

Terror and dismay were the result but the Government had no thought of yielding and took immediate steps to repel the attack. The fire of the ships was returned by the forts at the entrance to the harbour and the numerous batteries which lined the water front. The consternation of the first day was succeeded by a relative calm and the foreign diplomats stationed in Rio availed themselves of this opportunity to arrange a temporary *modus vivendi* between the warring factions.

It was agreed that the ships should bombard only such points as were fortified and that private property should be respected; and the President promised in return that he would retaliate only with fire from the forts and batteries which lined the harbour. This arrangement could be brought to end by due notification from either party and both settled down to a protracted struggle. There were numerous sympathisers with the revolt, especially in the seaports of Brazil, and they at once began preparations to enlarge its scope by fomenting the passions of their followers, and stirring up strife in many widely separated localities. Admiral de Mello, himself, frequently ran the gauntlet of the forts at the mouth of the harbour in his flagship, the *Aquidaban*. He even sent p.p.c. cards before leaving, such was his contempt for his adversaries. He then made his way along the coast of Brazil, spreading everywhere the news of the uprising.

There was one fort in the harbour, Villegagnon, larger and nearer to the city than the others. It was commanded by the leading admiral in the Brazilian navy, Saldanha da Gama. At the outset he proclaimed his neutrality but this could not long endure and after a few weeks, he threw in his fate with the revolt and the rival forts began firing at each other daily. At first the hits were few and the damage slight but in the end Villegagnon was reduced to a heap of ruins and virtually abandoned. The President was far from idle. He recruited actively throughout the country and in the city press gangs could be seen prowling through highways and byways and few escaped their net, scarcely even the halt and the blind. The foreigners, too, were frequently molested. A law had recently been passed naturalising all aliens who had lived more than a short time in the country. This met with little respect, either at

home or abroad, but it served its purpose and added materially to the number of recruits.

Nictheroy, a town lying on the opposite shore of the bay, had not been included in the arrangement made by the diplomats and the fighting there was almost continuous. It was held by the military forces and was an important station, being both the capital of the State of Rio de Janeiro and the terminus of the railway line to Petropolis, the summer home of the central Government. Life in Rio at this time was not without dangers even for us of the civilian population. On the first day not a few were killed as they proceeded about their avocations. An Englishman had his head carried away by a cannon ball as he was sitting down to lunch, a Brazilian colonel died of fright in a tram car when he heard the bursting of a shell. Personally, I met with no adventures on that day, nor was I ever in serious danger with one exception and then it was wholly due to my own foolishness. I went down one morning to the water front almost forgetful of the risk, and a gunner on the fort near by saw me and immediately turned loose on me with a machine gun of sorts. I heard the bullets fly over my head and did not wait for more. There were some funny incidents, too. I remember seeing a Portuguese truckman start across a dangerous street, wheeling in front of him a small barrel of wine. In a moment it was hit by flying bullets and the wine poured out in all directions. Some men were standing near by under the lee of a building and they made a dash for the barrel, lay down in the mud and drank the liquor. It was most amusing. I spent that first day in a house near the top of a hill where there was an excellent view and, as I thought, comparative safety. It was a thrilling sight. The ships were circling in the bay, shooting as they went with their

big guns but seldom did their line of fire range much above the level of the shore. One shell, however, seemed aimed at the point where we stood watching and being nearly spent, we saw it pass close to the house turning end over end. It fell near by. On my way home, I ran across some natives examining it to see whether it would explode, luckily it decided not to. Some of the shells did explode and one day a whole magazine on one of the islands blew up with a noise that could be heard for miles. A small landing party was blown up with the magazine but there was little damage done for so great a noise. We noticed that the whistling of the shells as they passed through the air could be heard long before they reached us but I do not think that we were any the safer on that account.

VIII

1894 — VOYAGE TO ENGLAND

REVOLT of the fleet continues — Attempt to blow up the *Aquidaban* — Rebel successes in the south — They establish a government in Santa Catharina — Saldanha wounded — Rebels disheartened — End of the provisional arrangement — Notice to leave the city — Panic — Floriano opens fire all along the water front, Saldanha and his officers leave their ships and seek Portuguese protection — Floriano's fleet arrives — End of the revolt in Rio — I finally leave Brazil in June sailing from Rio for Southampton — Family reunion at Tunbridge Wells — Short trip to United States — Rejoin my parents in England and accompany them to Paris and the Riviera.

As time wore on many of the bombarding ships were sunk in the bay, some by hostile fire, and there was at least one case of a ship which shook itself to pieces and foundered through the violence of its own exertions. A rather curious incident occurred at this time. An American adventurer, or soldier of fortune, as he would undoubtedly have styled himself, of the familiar type that foments insurrections and smuggles arms to the South American Republics, presented himself to the President and offered, for a fixed sum, to attach a bomb to the flagship of the revolting Admiral and, as he would have said, "Blow it into the hereafter." His offer was accepted, not without enthusiasm, and he immediately set to work to make his bomb. He stipulated that one-half the price of his services should be paid when his bomb was finished and the other half when the ship was blown up. When his preparations were at length completed he pocketed the first half and started one bright morning, to the amazement of all beholders, carrying his bomb in a launch, with an American flag at one end of it and a British flag at the other. He

made his way straight to the insurgent ship, where he was immediately arrested and taken on board, and sent thence to an American man-of-war lying nearby. After a short detention, he was shipped back to the United States with his ill-earned money still in his pocket. The American ships played a prominent part in the final settlement of the dispute, for it was they who first forced the blockade and pushing their way through the line of fire reopened the port to the trade of the world. This action caused intense indignation at the time and was severely criticised at home and abroad, but it cut the Gordian knot and brought final peace to a distracted country. It may not have been right but it certainly was needed. It was one of the most striking episodes of the closing stage of the war. There was not much to do in Rio in those days, for business was dead and many of the inhabitants had fled with their families to the interior. The chief resorts of the idle were the theatres and the hall where the Spanish game of pelotas was played from morning to night. This has always afforded a favourable opportunity for combining gambling with athletics in a fascinating form and is dear to the hearts of all Latin-American peoples. One day while the game was in progress the hall was struck and many of the spectators either killed or wounded.

The streets were never safe by day or night and perhaps the greatest danger was of being robbed by the police. This sounds like a joke but is far from it. All officers of the law were much disliked in the South American countries and when disturbances arose, the first cry of the populace was generally, "Kill the police."

Though the fighting was continuous for four or five months and no day passed without our being shot over, there was no great change in the general situation during

that time. There was, however, one added complication, a very serious epidemic of yellow fever in the town. This was inevitable under existing conditions. The hot weather, the absolute neglect of all sanitary precautions, the dearth of doctors and nurses, who were perforce otherwise engaged, all combined their dire influences and the mortality was unprecedented. The principal hospital was situated across the bay in Nictheroy and was almost wholly without appliances of any kind. It was estimated that more people died of yellow fever in a week than were killed by bombs in six months of uninterrupted bombardment. The victims were in the neighbourhood of one hundred a day.

The arrangements made by the Government were at length completed and word sent to the diplomats that in twenty-four hours the President would resume full liberty of action and wage war with every means at his command. A panic ensued and the one desire of the populace was to seek safety in headlong flight. All roads to the country were thronged with terrified fugitives, men, women and children, bearing with them their household goods and whatever means of sustenance could hastily be gathered. One and all moved onward with an irresistible impulse. Luckily, safety was near at hand, for the range of high hills encircling the city offered ample protection from shot and shell, nor was it likely that the period of voluntary exile with its inherent hardships would be long continued.

Early in the morning I sought a point of vantage high up on the side of a mountain which commanded an excellent view of the city lying at its feet and the wide waters of the bay. At the appointed hour the fire of the land batteries burst suddenly forth from the three hundred guns that had been mounted along the water front. There was

no response from the fleet and, after a brief interval, armed men on boats crept cautiously from the shore to where the hostile ships were riding at anchor. They were received in silence, and when they clambered on board they found that the officers had all departed in the night and taken refuge on a Portuguese man-of-war in the vicinity. The abandoned crews immediately surrendered. So well had everything been planned that the fleet which the President had purchased abroad and manned in the northern provinces, arrived that very afternoon and found nothing left to do but make a triumphal entrance.

What became of the men, poor souls, I never knew: they simply disappeared. As for the officers, they left soon after for the south.

The conduct of the Portuguese Commander aroused fierce indignation at first, but his ship was finally permitted to sail with the definite promise that the fugitives would only be released on the arrival of his vessel at a Portuguese colony on the east coast of Africa.

The first place that they touched was in the River Plate where the prisoners immediately went on shore and escaped. Again there was wild anger in Rio but nothing came of it. Most of them made their way to the neighbouring Brazilian state of Rio Grande do Sul, where fighting was still in progress, and many rejoined the ranks of the insurgents. Among these was Saldanha da Gama, the Admiral-in-Chief who fell soon after in battle and his death led indirectly to the murder of Floriano Peixotto, the greatest President, in my opinion, that his country has ever known. Thus ended an episode of unequaled interest in the earlier history of the Brazilian Republic.

I finally left Rio in the early summer of 1894 on an English steamer which took me via the Canaries and Lis-

bon to Southampton. We were not allowed to land in Lisbon because we were quarantined on account of yellow fever in Brazil; this was a great disappointment to me, for I was very anxious to see this city and, if possible, Cintra, of which I had heard much and knew little. My chief reason for going to Europe at this time was that it seemed probable that my family would all be united there for the first time in many years, and so it turned out. We spent a few days together in Tunbridge Wells, then scattered again to the four winds of heaven. I went across to the United States for the short period of three weeks, then returned to England, where my parents were awaiting my arrival and passed the autumn with them in the south of England.

IX

1895 — TRAVELS IN EUROPE

We passed the winter in Cannes and moved in April to Geneva; while there I made a flying trip to Kiel to see the opening of the canal — From Geneva to Baden Baden — Visit to friends in England — Celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Franco-Prussian War and great imperial review at the battlefield of Worth near Strassburg — Race week at Baden Baden — Thence to Paris and London — Saw my parents off from Southampton and went back to London and Paris.

CANNES, *March* 10, 1895.

DEAR ELLEN: — Thank you very much for your letters, it is always a great pleasure to me to receive one.

We have been living here since Christmas pleasantly enough although the winter has been unusually severe as, in fact, it has been everywhere. Imagine seeing carriages on runners in the Riviera; of course, the sleighing was not really good but still it was possible for a day or two. We are staying in a large and very comfortable hotel, the Montfleuri; it is kept by a German and the guests are almost evenly divided between English and Germans, with three or four Americans and a handful of French. The English contingent is made up of a number of pleasant people, a few snobs, a few bores and the inevitable old maids; and the Germans may be roughly designated as consisting of the frowsy, the frowsier and the frowsiest. The Americans are mostly ourselves.

There is not much to do here as walking and driving are the chief amusements and the weather has been so bad that we have not been able to indulge much in either.

We always have Nice and Monte Carlo to fall back upon and I go over quite often, usually alone. The gam-

bling rooms are disappointing, being very crowded, stuffy and dirty; and the people there, as a whole, decidedly second rate. So far I have won more than I have lost but it is not enough to turn my head.

The carnival in Nice was quite amusing though much interfered with by rain. I took the family and Mrs. Chamberlain (Endicott) over for the first day's parade, which we saw very well from a window chartered for that purpose. I also went again to a battle of confetti on the last day, when I put on a horrid mask and a linen duster of sorts with a hood to it; and I threw bits of plaster at unoffending strangers and they did it to me and I felt quite young again; about eight years old.

I wish that you would make Frank marry somebody; unfortunately, Boston is rather like Heaven in respect to marrying and giving in marriage. I do not mean to imply that there are no other resemblances but that is the most striking one. I certainly do not believe that there are any electric cars in paradise. I shall stop now for I am getting silly. Good-bye. Your cousin,

JOHN

We crossed over to Paris in the early winter and soon after moved on to Cannes, where we took rooms for the season at the Hotel Montfleuri, a well-conducted establishment with a beautiful garden. It was the first winter that I had passed in the Riviera since my early childhood and I enjoyed it thoroughly, the more so as I had spent the last eight years traveling in remote countries and the sight of clean and well-dressed people, and the enjoyment of the minor luxuries of European civilisation gave me constant pleasure.

We were among the early arrivals at our hotel and dur-

ing the winter quite a number of well-known people lived there at one time or another. Much the most notable among these was the Prince of Nassau, with his wife, the Countess Mehremberg, and their daughter, who came regularly every year for the season. He was a handsome old man, very dignified and kindly. There were several English families among our more intimate friends, first among whom as far as I was concerned was a very good fellow named Dyer-Bennett with his wife and her beautiful sister. I saw much of them and he invited me to visit him in England in the course of the following summer. There was also a young English officer of a roving disposition and versatile talents. He had seen much service in India, in the Guides, I believe, and was the life of all our activities and a great favourite with the ladies. He was not well off, and as time wore on, began to feel seriously the strain on his finances, but on the night before his departure, he made a lucky strike at Monte Carlo, and well-nigh recouped himself for the expense of the whole season. I heard of him not very long after, in South Africa, where he joined Doctor Jameson and took part in the famous, but ill-fated raid for the relief of Johannesburg.

As the season waned, the people left and the hotel was closed story by story until the few that remained were huddled together on the ground floor. Cannes was more beautiful than ever, warm in the day and delicious at night and we passed our last remaining evenings in the garden listening to the singing of the nightingales. The sweetness of their song left an impression on my mind which I can never forget.

Our next stopping place was Geneva. I had not been there since my extreme youth when I had passed the winter of the Franco-Prussian War in a boarding school

in the suburbs. I found it not much changed and it brought back many pleasant memories of my early childhood. While there I made a most interesting journey to be present at the official opening of the Kiel Canal.

One day was spent in Hamburg, where I saw the German Emperor from the balcony of a public building, make an impassioned harangue to the great crowd assembled in the square below. He wore a gorgeous breastplate of mail, a storm was breaking, the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and never have I witnessed a more dramatic spectacle. The next day we all went to Kiel and the ceremonies began. In the harbour were ships of war, representing all the great powers; even the French were present, for the first time since the war of 1870. The principal ceremony was held in a sort of amphitheatre near the entrance to the canal, where the Kaiser greeted an assembled throng comprising all the most notable figures in his empire and the highest representatives of the friendly powers. On the following day was a great review of the German fleet, and in the afternoon a regatta in which the Emperor sailed his own boat in the competition. Every night there were fireworks from all points in the bay, but the days were so long in this northern port at this time of year that it was not till ten o'clock at least, that they could be seen in their full glory. I had been lucky in securing a good room at the best hotel and was also enabled by mere chance to obtain an excellent view of the opening ceremony. Altogether, my trip was a great success.

As summer advanced we moved to Baden Baden. This was the first time in my life that I had ever been more than a few days in Germany and I liked it well. I was much impressed by the beauty of the Black Forest and the picturesqueness of its castles and ruins, and the town itself

was charming. I myself was in no need of a cure, but as everyone else seemed to be, I discovered an ailment, and was prescribed a course of Carlsbad waters which helped pass the time and brought me in touch with my fellow sufferers.

I did not remain there continuously by any means, for meanwhile I made a long visit to England to stay with my friend Dyer-Bennett at his place near Stourbridge. It was my first experience of English country life and I enjoyed every minute of it. He was hospitality itself and each day found some new means to entertain me. It was here that I was first initiated into the mysteries of the ancient and royal game of golf and learned the difference between a putter and a cleek, not that it helped me much, for I was equally unskillful in the use of both implements. I met many of his neighbours and we made several excursions in the vicinity.

Soon after my return to Baden Baden, there was a great imperial review at the battle field of Worth, in connection with the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Franco-Prussian War which I attended as an official guest. After a night in Strassburg, we started early in a special train for the scene of the ceremony. My place was in a grandstand, situated opposite to where the Emperor stood, surrounded by his court, and reviewed the troops as they passed before him. I remember that I was almost alone in my evening clothes which made me a somewhat conspicuous figure, all others being clad in uniforms or official dress. After a statue had been unveiled to commemorate the occasion, we returned to Strassburg where a banquet followed. I could not attend and made my way back, as I stood, to Baden Baden.

About this time was the race week at Iffesheim, one

of the principal sporting events of the summer, and the races were attended by a great number of gay and well-dressed people. I went assiduously and with fair success in a betting way, for the first day I named one winner, the second day, two, the third three, and so on in an ascending scale to the end. Some very famous foreign horses were entered but they did not do well, especially the French.

A Wagnerian revival which was also held this summer at Karlsruhe was attended by my father and myself. The *Niebelungen Ring* was played and I shall never forget the productions. The really superb music, the quaint old-fashioned court theatre and the long days spent in it, for luckily the performance was not at night.

Again we staid late in the season and were among the last to leave. Again I liked best the time when the crowds were gone and normal conditions once more prevailed. We went next to Paris for a number of weeks and found there my mother's sister and I saw with her, for the first time, the lady to whom this book is dedicated. My parents finally sailed for home in the middle of December. I had been with them most of the time for about eighteen months and have always looked back on that period with unmixed satisfaction.

X

1896 — TOUR IN ENGLAND

To Nice with my brother — Returned to Paris for a stay of two or three months — Trip to Brussels with the H.'s, then to London and Torquay — Driving tour in Devonshire; Bideford, Clovelly, Exmoor, Exeter, Exmouth, Lynton, Ilfracombe — Trips to Dartmoor, Dartmouth and many other places — Then to Bath from which I visited Wells, Clifton, Tintern Abbey, Wye Valley, Gloucester, *etc.* — Sailed for home on *S. S. Bothnia* arriving in the late autumn.

HOTEL ATHENEE, PARIS,
New Years Day, 1896.

DEAR MOTHER: — A Happy New Year to you and father and the united family. Your calendar arrived yesterday just in time to show me that today was January first. Julian is sitting opposite to me doing sums, though I suppose he would call it by a more formidable name. Tomorrow we start for Nice where we shall remain until his time is up, then I shall go on.

I think that I wrote to you from Torquay; strangely enough Julian and I were there at the same time but we were in different hotels and did not happen to meet.

After staying in London for three or four days, I came here to pass Christmas and Julian joined me on Friday. Another reason for leaving England was that it was very unpleasant to have to hear the comments on Mr. Olney's note about Venezuela. I have felt very sad over the whole business. Of course, it is impossible for me to judge how far we are in the right or the wrong and I believe in fighting for honest convictions, but a war with England would be such a pity. It ought to be impossible.

I believe that we would be humiliated for a while, at least, horribly humiliated, but that good might come out

of it in the way that the nation would then pass out of its childhood and become intensely serious and consequently, much more formidable. Of course, the probable outcome is in no way connected with the justice or the injustice of our cause and perhaps it ought not to be considered, but we should be very sure that we are in the right.

The almost universal opinion among Englishmen is that it was merely a political move. I do not believe this for a moment, if I did I should think it much less serious, but very shameful. On the whole, there seems to be very little excitement and hardly any bitterness. "If they want a thrashing let them have it, but it seems a pity," would about express the sentiments of the better class. Of course, all this refers to things as they were a week or ten days ago. The outlook seems better now but I cannot but feel that there is still danger of serious trouble.

The French political kettle is boiling and bubbling as merrily as ever. A few days ago a cheap paper, *La France*, published a list of one hundred and four deputies supposed to have been bribed by the Panama Company. I do not think that anyone really believes it but there has been no end of a row. Some people have been arrested, others have run away and everyone connected with the paper blames everyone else. It is all rather cheap and will soon die a natural death.

The weather has been mild and muggy. The hotel is not half as full as when we were here together but there are still a few stray Jews.

HOTEL DES ANGLAIS, NICE,
January 29, 1896.

MY DEAR FATHER: — I have been here now for over three weeks and the weather has been magnificent. Not

a drop of rain has fallen so far this year and almost every day has been bright, with warm sunshine and no wind.

Julian left a few days ago and I think that he enjoyed his trip thoroughly. I miss him a good deal, we did several long walks together, including a return to Nice from La Turbie by the upper road.

The C.'s invited us to lunch with them in Mentone. We could not go but we called soon after and found Mrs. C., who sent the customary messages of regard. The father is with them now and they have the usual crop of ailments between them. They left Cannes because it was too dull.

I went over there, too, to pass the night and found it rather forlorn. There are no young people in the hotel, so that there is no dancing and after dinner the guests leak off to their rooms and play whist.

The Nassaus are there, in fact, all of the older people and none of the younger ones. It has been a very dull season in Cannes but our wily old hotel keeper T. has done as well as anyone.

Nice is getting very full now as the Carnival begins next week and it is really delightful in this splendid weather. I do not know where I shall go next but do not expect to stay here much longer. My health is most vigorous and my weight remains about the same, some five pounds less than after my boiling process in Baden Baden.

I send you a cutting from the *Standard* with an account of the Jameson raid, written by one T. whom you may remember at Cannes. It is rather characteristic that he should have escaped by telling a lie. The excitement in England and bitterness against Germany over the Kaiser's telegram were infinitely greater than any feeling against us during the Venezuelan trouble.

We saw a good parade of troops here the other day and the fleet passes by quite often. The statue in the Jardin des Anglais in commemoration of the union of Nice with France is to be unveiled by President Faure in April. I have seen it. It is a small French angel on a very big pedestal.

GAMBLING AT MONTE CARLO

I went over frequently to Monte Carlo and passed quite a little time, not unpleasantly, at the tables. I preferred roulette, as it was more amusing though less profitable than trente et quarante, for in the one the bank advantage is about three per cent and in the other less than half that amount. I came to the rather strange conclusion that if there were anything wrong in the tables the bank would be ruined in a day, for the employees could make so much more money by indicating to their friends how to bet, than by any possible gains accruing to the house, that no one could possibly be found to withstand the temptation. I also decided that the best chance to come out ahead was by betting on the double or quits principal; unfortunately, I never found courage enough to test my theory.

Being no believer in luck, my general course of play was to draw from my pocket before each spin of the wheel, a paper indicating what bet to make. On the whole, I was moderately successful. The one small *coup* I made was on the day when starting out in the morning I had asked a friend for a lucky number, it came up on the first turn of the wheel. This brought me some seven hundred and fifty francs and I returned home forthwith, on the general principal of leaving well enough alone.

One day I lost my letter of credit, I thought in the

gambling rooms, and sought the authorities in the hope of recovering it. They showed me everything that had been found on that day, a large and varied assortment, consisting mainly of handkerchiefs, pocketbooks, and, I think, a pistol or two, but unfortunately no letter of credit. In the end I was no loser, for I had immediately stopped payment at the neighbouring banks and telegraphed the loss to Baring's.

When the new one arrived and I presented it for the first time at a local exchange, the clerk in the *guichet* glanced hurriedly at me and at a memorandum before him, then paid, which I thought spoke well for his vigilance.

I also made inquiries of the police in Nice and they told me that there was a gutter in the Place Masséna, where almost every day they found numerous objects thrown into it by thieves. There were many empty pocketbooks but mine was not among them.

BRUSSELS, *March* 29, 1896.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER: — Soon after my last letter, I saw fit for good and sufficient financial reasons to give up my proposed trip to Italy and return to Paris, where I remained for several weeks lying low at the Athénée and then came here. Tomorrow, or the day after, I shall go to Antwerp and thence by Ghent, Bruges and Ostend to England where I hope to see Julian, who has two or three months' worth of vacation to get rid of.

In Paris, I did all of the sights over again and here in Brussells I have been through the galleries pretty carefully. I have been living at the same hotel with an American family by the name of H. It consists of a man, his wife, her sister and an old lady (their friend). I met them in Paris and they have been very kind to me indeed. Mr.

H. is from Chicago. He is a brother of Mrs. Potter Palmer, of whom you have probably heard, and of Mrs. Fred Grant (son of the general). They are western in their point of view, with love for protection, bimetalism, *etc.*, and dislike of all foreigners, combined with perfect confidence in the United States. I do not think that we agree on any possible subject of controversy but we get along famously together all the same and I feel sure of a welcome in Chicago, if ever my wandering footsteps turn in that direction.

In my old age, I revert to the practices of my youth. I have taken up skating again in the ice rinks, which are found here and in Paris and London. I used to be very fond of it but on beginning again found it very hard work owing to forty pounds extra weight which tried my ankles sorely. All goes well now and I enjoy it as much as ever. Today being rainy, I skated (or skat) nearly five hours, morning and afternoon. I have only fallen once, then I fell very hard, luckily without breaking.

My plans are unsettled but I think it exceedingly likely that I shall go home in the late spring or early summer when I shall have the joy of being with you all once more. I am sound as a bell and fit as a fiddle, slang terms which my brothers can doubtless explain. With best love. From your son,

JOHN

Quaint epitaph taken from a country churchyard: —

Who loveth me, love I full welle,
Who hayteth me, may goe to helle.

TORQUAY, *June* 14, 1896.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I have been spending the last few weeks down in Devonshire and am now at your old

abiding place, the Osborne in Torquay. It is very pleasant here and for some days I had the hotel entirely to myself, which suited me wonderfully, as it gave me the illusion of having a large country house of my own at trifling expense.

There are now three unnecessary old maids of the common, or hotel type, staying here, but I do not allow them to interfere in the management of the establishment.

I have done the surrounding country fairly well, including Exeter, Exmouth, Teignmouth, Dartmouth and Plymouth, besides making a lot of short excursions on steamers and a certain amount of walking. Tomorrow I expect to go to Dartmoor and later in the week to the North of Devon, for the sake of seeing Lynton, Ilfracombe, Clovelly and such places. I should have walked more but there has been a drought of almost unprecedented severity throughout the country for the last two months, so that the dust is stifling. During the month of May, only one thirtieth of an inch, which I reckon to be about a pailful, of rain fell in Torquay, but June has been much better and the grass is becoming green once more.

I like this country; it is beautiful and not too hot but at times the monotony of the food is depressing, which must sound queer from one with my rather wide experience of what is bad to eat.

I ran across a Mr. P. with his wife and discovered that we are kinsmen, being both more or less descended from one Timothy, of that ilk. A talk which I had with him made me wonder that this good old Bible name, once deservedly popular, should have fallen into disuse in this generation. If the thought had but occurred to me sooner I should have mentioned it to R. before he christened his last. I fear that it is now too late.

Before coming down here, I looked in on Julian who is remarkably well and who seems thoroughly satisfied with his life at Oxford. I believe that he is on the verge of another long vacation, which he means to spend in Bonn but I shall certainly see him again before he goes.

I am still fully decided to return to you this summer, though it may be somewhat later than I thought.

ILFRACOMBE, *June* 21, 1896.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Today is the longest day in the year and it deserves to be, for it is one of the finest that I have seen for a very long time. I have had a pretty active week, for one of my years; remember that I don't expect to get over the country in the way that father does. I will tell you about it. It began in Torquay thuswise: Monday I took the train to Plymouth, where I lunched, then on by a branch line to Princetown, which is in the heart of Dartmoor and the site of the celebrated prison of that name. I found that this was easier to get into than to get out of, so I did not try it but drove across the moor, fourteen miles to Moreton Hampstead, a quaint little village and then returned by train through very pretty country to Torquay.

I was much disappointed in Dartmoor having formed an exaggerated idea of its dreariness from the description of it in the guidebook.

Tuesday I took a trip on an excursion steamer to Weymouth and back. Just before reaching Weymouth, we passed Portland prison, the present address of Jabez Balfour. I did not see him, though I have reason to believe that he was at home.

Weymouth is mainly notable for a very fine beach which is so flat that children can wade out for a quarter of a mile, or more, in water not much above their knees.

Wednesday I went to Exeter, where I had another look at the Cathedral, then on to Bideford in North Devon and slept in the house where Kingsley wrote *Westward Ho*.

Thursday, to Clovelly, of course, and a good walk beyond there. I was lucky in arriving on a day when the town was not swamped with tourists as it is three or four times a week.

Friday morning I drove about Westward Ho, a watering place, chiefly famous for its golf links. I took a light dog cart and drove through Barnstaple and Simonsbath to Lynton; you pass through the best part of Exmoor Forest, one of those treeless forests for which England is so justly famous. On the whole, I liked Exmoor better than Dartmoor, because I had already been disillusioned.

Saturday, that is, yesterday, I went to the Lorna Doone Valley, a very pretty walk of four miles from the end of the carriage road to where the ruins ought to be. A woman in a shepherd's hut near by pointed them out to me as "Them ould heap of stanes in the hollow below there." This woman is rather well known for her crusty temper and the story is told that when one tourist, who had read too much guidebook, insisted that these could not be the real relics, she answered him, "Go to the de'il and he'll show them to thee." She is a Scotch woman I should judge, and not very romantic.

In the afternoon I drove along the coast, over high hills to this place, which I am told is fashionable in the season. This may have a familiar sound to you.

Tomorrow I am going on somewhere but I have not decided where. My heavy luggage is still in Torquay. I have sent back the trap, as I decided that it would be cheaper to buy one of my own. It is fair to say that I could not have made this journey by stage as I have not traveled by the post routes.

The two days following the Henley regatta I shall spend with Julian in a canoe on the Thames. We are going forty-four miles up the river. I do not know what he expects of me but before starting I will remind him of the good old motto, "Paddle your own canoe." I would gladly steer but alas, canoes have no rudders.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE, *June* 28, 1896.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I shall not write much, as I have nothing to say. I came here yesterday to see what this place was like, as I believe that it is the Coney Island, or Nantasket Beach, of Bristol. In front of this hotel, which is quite an imposing one, a wide promenade extends for a mile or two along a fine sandy beach. No one is on the promenade and no one on the sandy beach, this is because it is Sunday.

I have discovered that in England the quickest way to travel on Sunday is to wait till Monday. I did succeed in finding a godless coachman, who took me for a drive of a couple of hours through the surrounding country which is rather pretty.

The beach here is so flat that at low water it is half a mile wide. If you want a swim, you must harness a prancing steed to a bathing machine and run after the receding tide. If you catch it, you have your bath, in any case you have a drive, which is something. The result of such an arrangement is that half of the time Weston is a seaside resort and the other half a pleasant inland town, so that all tastes are suited.

Julian writes that he has secured a room with two beds at an inn about three miles from Henley so that we can sleep there every night, which will be a much pleasanter arrangement for me than if I had to go up to town in the evening.

Next Saturday I shall be thirty-three, and this week also, it will be two years since I had the joy of finding you at Southampton on my return from Brazil. I am very well and very brown, all but my hair, which is fast turning grey.

BATH, *July* 5, 1896.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I have been spending the last few days in the amphibious town of Bath, so full of pleasant memories of our renewed acquaintance.

As you doubtless remember, we were here last in the gay season; it is now the quiet season and this hotel is at present thronged by three old maids and myself. Everything has a familiar look, the same books and papers are lying on the smoking room table where I write, as were here two years ago and among others I see *Stelligeri* by Barrett Wendell, for which I think we are responsible. There have been some changes, however, the management is new, and J. is now but a glorious tradition.

In the town it is much the same but they are building a new railway station and, greatest of all, they are building over the Roman baths, an addition to the pump room edifice to prevent crowding, so that the people who come to hear the music need not jostle against the people who come to use the pump.

This morning I had a wire from Julian with the welcome news that Archy is at the Métropole, so I shall go up to town tomorrow to see him and take him with me, if possible, to Henley, there to meet Julian. But as he is a person of many plans this programme may perhaps be altered.

Yesterday, July fourth, was my thirty-third birthday (really thirty-fourth) and I thought a great deal about

you all. The Bath celebration was unaccountably omitted this year but I passed the day in a very quiet, pleasant way strolling around, wondering why it did not rain, *etc.* I have seen many worse. My first recollections of the Fourth of July are loosely connected with a cannon of Ran's and a cannon of mine, that father fired off to our intense delight whilst we were doing our best to make other noises with torpedoes. Then came a Fourth at Aix-les-Bains, where I was made happy by some gorgeous soldiers and firemen made of plaster and another in Geneva, when I rose to the dignity of a bow and arrows and a tool chest.

Then we went home and I remember one rainy afternoon when we all drove over with the mare Katy and the old carryall (the chief merit of which was to teach us not to be proud), to see some fireworks, which we did not see because of the wet. Then came many Fourths, one in Beverly and another at Parker's Hill, but all alike devoted to the goddess of noise. Finally, the gilding began to wear off the gingerbread and I had to go to town in search for excitement in the shape of bicycle races, balloons, *etc.*

After that I do not remember so well but the Fourth did not seem to come round every year. There was one in Yokohama, with a supper and ball for the combined American and English fleets and one away up in the Malay jungle, when we drank to the day in a mixture of whisky and tea. Then I was at home again at Hillfields, and after that, two or three dreary celebrations in Rio, and one long, long day spent traveling alone through a desert on a mule when returning from Diamantina. Then came one with you in Southampton and last year another in Geneva with a dinner and speeches by local consuls and other patriotic souls. Your son,

JOHN

BATH, *July* 19, 1896.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I saw the boys off on Monday evening and then came down here again, as this last week has been too hot for active exertion. There have been many sunstrokes in London and bitter complaints about the burning heat, although the official reports give the maximum temperature as 87°, which they say is the highest point which the thermometer has reached for three years.

Compare this with what we have at home, or with my little room in Rio, where for three months it never fell below 86°.

When I was saying good-bye to Arch and Julian, a few minutes before the train was to start a decent looking young sailor came down and secured the last seat in the second-class compartment in which they were traveling. Unfortunately, he had a friend with him who was far from sober and the sailor seemed ashamed and worried for fear that the other might fall under the wheels, or in some other way make a show of himself. As it was nearly time to start, I told the sailor to jump in and that I would keep an eye on his friend.

I spoke a few words to him and he told me that he was seeing his brother off, which was very trying to a sensitive nature. I replied that I had two brothers, starting by the same train. He immediately popped his head in through the window of the compartment, and said "It's all right Bill, me mate here (meaning me) has two brothers traveling with you," to the great joy of the occupants of said compartment.

K. and M. have turned up trumps by floating an electric omnibus company on the strength of the automobile craze. I struck while the iron was hot and was paid the

money owing to me, with many expressions of gratitude and good will. They are living in the country where they keep five horses, a good many for three people, two of whom spend all of their time in the city.

I like Bath because there is no one that I know here and it is very quiet, as you can easily conceive. I am the only man in the hotel, the other guests being old and more or less decrepit gentlewomen. I don't play with them much but seem to spend most of my time listening to the tootling of the band, either in the park or in one of the public gardens. I am very well indeed but have strained my eyes by reading too much. Next week, or perhaps this week, I am going to town tailoring but more especially to call on the Cunard people with a view to seeing you again.

I am going out now to try and do a bit of a walk, though it is still very hot. I wish that *pater* were with me to lead the way. I should certainly go farther in that case. Goodbye, your son,

JOHN

BATH, *July* 27, 1896.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I have had a little change since I wrote to you last week. On Thursday, being rather tired of hearing the band play which, as you know, is the chief dissipation to which Bathers are addicted, I thought that I would run up to town to the tailor's.

As it happened, I ran up so fast that I did not stop until I reached Paris (a city which I much prefer to London) where I spent two days very pleasantly. At the end of that time, I found that I must choose between returning post haste to Bath or lying in bed while my shirts were washed, so I came back here.

The Athénée is still going very strong and Mr. Arm-

bruster, who has pleasant recollections of the price which you paid for your apartments, asked to be remembered to you. I went to see Rezende, my Rio diamond merchant, and after a very pleasant talk, he made me accept a gold nugget pin and a small diamond in the rough, which was not such a bad day's work.

When I went across the Channel, there was a Cook's party of some fifty or sixty Americans on board and when we landed in Dieppe, one of them immediately went on the edge of the quai with a small camera and started to take a photograph of France. While he was doing this, the arm of a crane swung round and knocked him off. He fell almost forty feet, striking first the bulwark of the boat, then the water. They picked him out and after arguing for about half an hour, sent him off somewhere, probably to the hospital.

I have since heard that he broke his leg but it is a wonder that he was not killed; it is also a wonder that they only argued half an hour.

When we were within five miles of Paris, an engine ran off of the track in front of us and we had to wait for about an hour, thinking of the breakfast which we ought to be eating so pleasantly. Coming back again by the same route, we were caught by a violent rain squall in the middle of the Channel, with the result that all of the passengers were crowded down below for a couple of hours and it was rather stuffy and disagreeable. We arrived in London in the evening and I put up at the Métropole, as usual.

This morning, in the breakfast room, a very charming girl, whom I had never seen before, bowed to me and I returned it with alacrity but I am afraid that there may have been some mistake for she spent the rest of the forenoon in disappearing whenever I happened to be in the

same part of the hotel with her. I have now gone back to Bath to get my clothes washed and to hear the band. I do not know what I shall do next.

JOHN

I passed the autumn very pleasantly in the west of England, wandering about idly with visits to Wells, Clifton, Tintern Abbey, the Wye Valley, Gloucester and other places now forgotten and sailed for home at the beginning of winter.

At the last moment the Cunard Company replaced the boat named on our tickets with the *Bothnia*, an interesting survival of a much earlier period. Great was the indignation of the passengers so when half way across they met in solemn conclave, presumably in the smoking room, and proposed to draw up resolutions addressed to the Company stating clearly, not without emphasis, what they thought of the Cunard line, of their ship *Bothnia* and of everything connected with it. The estimate was by no means flattering. Everything was going on splendidly when an Irishman with a persuasive manner got up and pointed out in a few words a fact that we had all of us overlooked. The Captain was an old man whom everyone liked. He had been a long time on the *Bothnia* and loved her as the apple of his eye. He had done everything that he could to palliate our not very serious discomforts and the passing of our famous resolutions might probably simply break his heart. We heard nothing more about them.

XI

1897 — ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY, NORWAY

EARLY in the year I went to Washington, Richmond and Tuckahoe — Returned via Norfolk and sailed for Europe on *S. S. Canada* in February — A few days in London and Paris, one week in Nice, then to Rome — Lived with Larz Anderson, Chargé d'Affaires of the United States, till his departure and with his successor Chandler Hale — Returned via Florence to Paris for the Grand Prix, then on to London for the Queen's Jubilee and naval review at Spithead — Traveled with my father and brother through the Norway fjords to the North Cape to see the midnight sun — Returned to England and finished the season in Bath — While in Bath I saw a great meeting of English bishops at Glastonbury.

THIS winter I stayed but a short time at home. In January I think it was I heard that the estate of Tuckahoe on the James River a few miles above Richmond would probably come into the market. This estate had been the original property of my Virginian ancestors of the Randolph family who were known as the Randolphs of Tuckahoe. They had lived there for several generations and it had finally passed out of their hands some fifty years before. The property which was said to have been a crown grant, at one time very large, was now reduced to some seven hundred acres but the original house built in the neighbourhood of 1700 was still standing very little changed, and near by among the outbuildings was a little structure used as the family schoolhouse in which Thomas Jefferson, who had lived for some years as a boy with his Randolph cousin, had received the rudiments of his education. There was also a family graveyard where many were buried in the earlier days and a rather striking old box maze. The chance was unique and I went to Richmond to see the

place. I found it as described but in an extreme state of dilapidation. A lady was living there with her half-grown son, apparently almost in want. She had lived in the house for many years, all of her married life, and was very fond of it and after the death of her husband, who had been rich but overlavish, she had seen her means steadily shrink until now nothing remained but the place and she was forced to sell it. I told her that we would gladly allow her to live there as long as she cared to but she would not accept and shortly after left and moved to Richmond.

We bought back the property and have since done what we could to restore it to its earlier conditions.

I remember that at about this time my aunt, Mrs. John Gardner, lent me the manuscript of *Cyrano de Bergerac* which had been sent to her before publication by Rostand whom she had known quite well.

I went abroad in February on a very different type of ship from the poor old *Bothnia*. She was the *Canada* of the Warren Line, almost new, for it was her second voyage and of some eight thousand tons burthen, the largest boat that had ever come to Boston. We were but ten cabin passengers but among them was my good friend Fiske Warren. The *Canada* was later selected to take Lord Roberts to the Cape when he went there in command in the early part of the Boer war.

S. S. Canada, AT SEA,
February 20, 1897.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER: — We think that we are now about one hour from Fastnet, the nearest point on the Irish coast, and we ought to reach Queenstown by eight this evening. The weather on the whole has been fair, for the wind and sea have followed us almost all of the time.

Yesterday we had a strong westerly gale, with what the Captain put down in the log as a "high dangerous sea." We took it splendidly but one wave happened to hit us in the wrong place; it stove in a part of the steel bulwarks, and breaking some of the saloon windows, which were of plate glass half an inch thick, it flooded the place much to the prejudice of the new plush furniture.

The only unpleasant feature of the trip, as far as I am concerned, is that I have had a terrible fit of insomnia. Last night being the first in six when I have had anything like a good night's rest. I cannot give any reason for this but I think that the constant creaking of the woodwork and rolling of the boat have helped very much. On the whole I am well pleased with my choice of steamer. The passengers are kind and pleasant, if not very interesting, and W. alone was enough to prevent me from having a dull moment.

Land! Good-bye. With best love,

JOHN

After a short stay in London and Paris I went on to Nice and Rome.

ROME, *April* 29, 1897.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER: — I have now been in Rome for two or three weeks and have enjoyed myself well. When I left Nice I followed *pater's* advice and stayed over night in Pisa which is better worth seeing than Genoa and I felt myself amply repaid for doing so.

After arriving here it took me a day or two to find Julian but I finally discovered him living in a horrid little native hotel not far from the Pantheon, dirty and full of fleas, the hotel, not Julian. He had some undergraduate

friends with him and they used to take their meals in the cheaper restaurants of the neighbourhood, as the hotel did not provide any. He was in perfect health and spirits and was on the go from morning till night.

We spent a very pleasant day together at Tivoli and walked down to Hadrian's Villa which we reconstructed successfully with the aid of Mr. Baedeker's excellent treatise. Another day, accompanied by two Dugdale boys, we walked round the walls of Rome, some fifteen miles, but I do not think that it is worth doing except for exercise.

The first week here I spent at the Grand Hotel. I then moved to the Royal where I have been living with our Chargé d'Affaires, Larz Anderson, ever since. He has been very cordial and friendly and has made it most pleasant for me in every way. The only trouble is that he has led me to form certain social relations necessitating dinners, calls, *etc.*

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, a great friend of his, has been especially kind; among other things she organised a sort of picnic out in the Campania and, only think of it, I danced a Sir Roger de Coverley on the green, my partner being Lady Somebody Thynne, sister of the Marquis of Bath.

I tried to ask her about a man whom I had met in England who I thought might be a relative but luckily before I had gone too far I suddenly remembered that his name was not Thynne but Thicknesse.

As for the sight-seeing I am pegging away quietly but there is much to do and I am alone. With best love,

JOHN

HOTEL ROYAL, ROME, *May* 17-19, 1897.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER: — I have now been in Rome for almost six weeks and though a very deliberate person

have managed to see most of the more important sights. I like it now because the rush is over and the crowd is gone, the hotels are almost empty which recalls some of our experiences in missing the season in various places.

When Larz Anderson went home, his place was taken by a very young man, Chandler Hale, who succeeded to his rooms, *etc.*, and consequently fell under my protection.

He being absolutely without experience was rather overwhelmed by the prospect and after one day's actual work broke down completely and has been in a highly nervous condition ever since. This of course has interfered with my freedom of movement, although he now has an Australian cockney nun to nurse him. He is much better and his mother is on her way to join him; she should be here in a week and then I shall move on. His illness has given rise to a nest of little intrigues which are rather amusing to follow from a disinterested point of view. My chief business is to jolly him up without tiring him and it is sometimes hard to know which I am doing. I go out in the forenoon and try to see things and in the afternoon I send the nurse out for three or four hours. My evenings are free but there is nothing to do that is worth while so I usually play billiards.

A week from today a canonisation takes place and I shall try to get a ticket though I do not exactly know how to do so. The ceremonies last from nine till three and men must go in evening dress if they have places in the tribunes. I believe that it is expected that eighty thousand people will be there. I want to be present so as to know how it will be done when my time comes.

Our position here with regard to the war in Greece is rather unsatisfactory for the telegrams in the local papers are very meagre, they just amount to enough to make the

news in the Paris and London papers which arrive here forty-eight hours later seem very stale.

It seems to me that the powers, having bullied Greece from the start, are now about to bully Turkey out of her legitimate rights as victor in this foolish and unnecessary war.

I like Rome very much though it must have been far more interesting twenty years ago.

The city has been greatly modernised in the old parts and vast new quarters have sprung up. These were mainly the results of speculation and a building boom unwarranted by the increase of population. The inevitable followed and after the collapse many houses were left unfinished and others are already falling to pieces so wretchedly were they put together in the haste to build more.

Many great people including the late Prince Borghese were ruined by this madness.

I cannot say what has interested me most but I have enjoyed my stay here very much in spite of the efforts of those who have tried to snare me with invitations. People have been very nice to me which is the next best thing to being left alone.

I shall not have much time in Italy after leaving here as my ticket will soon run out, but that is not my fault and I will try to make the most of it in Florence and Venice, beyond this I have no definite plans. With best love to all.

JOHN

Hale had taken over the Anderson apartment among other things and asked me to stay with him, which I did. To add to the difficulties of his position he was alone in his office, save perhaps for a clerk. There were, of course,

no important questions to be handled, but there was an abundance of ordinary routine work and no one to help him. The inevitable soon happened, he had a nervous breakdown and the ship of state was left to sail itself with me as a passenger. At this point in the game, the consul, who had no diplomatic functions and could not be received at court but who had an office staff, was summoned to the breach and he was still in it when I left. On hearing of his illness, Mrs. Hale, Chandler's mother, had hurried over and installed herself at his bedside. We naturally were much together and thus began a friendship with the Hale family which exerted a very decisive influence at a later point in my career.

Mr. William Draper, the newly appointed Ambassador to Italy, was expected shortly and we had much to do with making preliminary arrangements for the installation of the new régime. I had gone when he arrived and the Hales followed soon after. We met again in Paris some time later, Chandler was now on the high road to recovery and had been granted a long leave of absence by the Department.

As mentioned before, while in Rome I attended a very imposing ceremony at St. Peter's, the canonisation of two new saints, one Italian and the other French. This was the first time that this ceremonial had been carried out in full pomp since the loss of the temporal power and thousands of people had flocked to the city for the occasion; especially numerous were the pilgrims from the homes of the saints. My place was among the invited guests and I set out in the inevitable evening clothes at about eight in the morning and returned at two, having spent the intervening five hours standing on a bench in St. Peter's. The Pope himself, Leo XIII, that wonderful old

man, was in the church for over three hours and in his procession alone were two thousand followers. The climax of the ceremony was marked by the blowing of silver bugles at points high up in the dome. It was impressing beyond all words, and there was an added solemnity from the fact that the horror of the bazaar in the Rue Jean Gougeon was still fresh in people's minds and more recently there had been a fire panic in a church in Pisa in which several were killed. A certain uneasiness was natural and many breathed more freely when they found themselves once more outside the gates.

When I finally left Rome it was too late for Venice so I made my way back to London.

LONDON, *Jubilee Day*, *June* 22, 1897.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — It is now about four in the afternoon and an immense crowd is wandering about the streets looking at the decorations and wishing that it were later, for it is very hot and the day began very early. The procession is over and there is nothing now for the masses but the illumination in the evening and, as you know, it does not get dark here at this season till almost ten o'clock.

I do not suppose that there has ever been such a great number of people gathered together in one city in the history of the world but up to now I have not seen nor heard of a single accident.

Ten years ago the Queen only went to Westminster Abbey and back, but today she went all the way to St. Paul's returning by the Surrey side, so that the crowd was scattered over several miles of road.

I was in St. James Street near Pall Mall in the front row of a stand, so that by leaning forward a little I could see all the way up the street to Piccadilly; in fact, I could

not have been better placed. I arrived there at about half past eight as I had lodgings near by.

The first hour was taken up with clearing the street and lining it with soldiers and policemen and at about ten the parade began with the colonial division consisting of detachments of troops from every part of the world escorting local dignitaries. Most of them were white but many were yellow, brown or black, and it made a very interesting and impressive spectacle. After these came the regulars, all of them mounted. There were squadrons from many regiments of dragoons, hussars and lancers, with light artillery sandwiched in between, followed by state carriages holding representative visitors and such, and all the royal ladies. Next came a body of over forty princes of all races, mounted and gorgeously arrayed, and then the Queen. She was in a state carriage, drawn by eight horses with postillions and with trappings covered with gold. The Prince of Wales rode on her right, the Duke of Cambridge on her left and the Duke of Connaught behind, followed by many others of highest rank; a detachment of life guards brought up the rear and closed the procession. The Queen was dressed I think in some sort of a very light grey material. She looked well and happy, much better it seemed to me than when I saw her in Nice some months ago. She did not get out of her carriage at St. Paul's but there was a brief ceremony in front of the church.

This afternoon there is a reception and tonight a state dinner. I hope to go on Saturday to see the great naval review at Spithead and before very long I shall join father and Julian on a trip to the North Cape. On leaving Rome I put in a week in Florence and one in Paris. With all my love,

JOHN

My father had come over again for the summer and my brother Julian at Oxford was having another vacation, so we met in England and made together the trip to the North Cape.

S.S. Kong Harald,
IN A FJORD IN A FJOG, *July* 14, 1897.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — As you probably know by this time, I joined as much of the family as I could find at Newcastle the other day and we started off in search of the Midnight Sun. We did not find it, we only found the midnight rain. Father says that the trip is a failure, but it has been a very pleasant and interesting failure and I do not think that he really regrets it. He seems to be very well and so are Julian and I. It is a little queer not to know when to go to bed, as it has not been dark for over a week and people do not appear to get sleepy in broad daylight.

The steamer though small is comfortable. There are about eighty-five passengers on board, divided roughly as follows: twenty Americans, twenty French, fifteen English, fifteen Germans, ten Austrians and five Sundries; so you see that we are pretty well mixed up. Julian tried to get up a Franco-German war but without success, they were all too good natured.

We have had some rain every day till today, when in honor of the French national holiday, we had a fog instead, but the weather has not been bad enough to keep us from enjoying the wonderful scenery of the Norwegian coast. It is folly to do this trip in a large boat, for then you have to keep out at sea, whereas in a small vessel like ours, you go wandering along through narrow passages between islands, slipping into little fjords and stopping to see

everything of interest from a glacier to a dead whale. The glacier is the finer sight but the dead whale is the more powerful smell, I have tried both.

We passed several hours in the towns of Bergen, Trondhjem and Tromsö. They are interesting as affording an explanation of why the Norwegians are so fond of going away from home, even to the remotest parts of the earth. We have also seen a Lap encampment where there were some reindeer and some dogs, presumably lapdogs. The Laps are, easily, the ugliest people in the world.

We are now over twelve hours late, delayed by a fog, but I do not think that we shall miss our connection in Bergen. If we do, however, it will be rather serious for father and Julian, as they will have barely time to catch their steamer for home. Best love,

JOHN

LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL, BATH,
August 7, 1897.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER: — I am still at my old resting place in Bath and I find it very pleasant and free from undue excitement. I had not expected to be here long, for the D. B.'s had asked me to stay with them, but that had to be put off because of the preparations for Miss T.'s wedding which takes place this week. She speaks of her winter in Cannes as one of the pleasantest times which she has ever enjoyed. I am invited, of course, but have decided not to go, mainly because it would involve a new frock coat which seems hardly worth while for the moment. I sent an old Dutch silver cream jug, very pretty and not too dear, for Bath as you know is an excellent place to buy old silver.

Talking of weddings, there is to be one, or rather a

wedding reception, in the house here this week. The marriers are people from the neighbourhood and I suppose that their own place is not large enough. My part will consist in looking down over the banisters and having ice cream sent up to me, if I am good.

An American family has been staying here very full of energy and the milk of human kindness and blest with three nice daughters.

They took me off the other day on the top of a coach to Badminton, the Duke of Beaufort's place, where there was a horse show. It was very enjoyable but a little marred by the spontaneousness of the *pater familias*, who shouted out offers in dollars for sundry good-looking horses which we passed on the road, offers which, it is fair to say, were invariably treated with silent contempt.

Another day, I went alone this time, to a meet of bishops at Glastonbury. The service was held in the ruins of the abbey; and as all were in full canonicals (*i.e.* wore their coloured petticoats), the ceremony was very impressive. They had come down after finishing the work of the Lambeth Conference and among them there was one, an American bishop, whom I had known in Rome. I went up to him and asked after his family; he, too, has three daughters. He was polite and almost effusive and I left him with the firm conviction that he had n't the slightest idea of who I was.

The Gordon Hotel people, owners of the Métropole, Victoria and many other hotels, have purchased the Sidney Gardens and are going to build a large one there.

It is a beautiful spot but one of the warmest in Bath, as it is on the wrong side for the breeze.

The town council are having a great fight over the question of whether the hotel people are to be allowed to

run some of the precious healing waters to their establishment and have baths on their own premises.

It would kill the Pump Room Hotel, without doubt, and be a serious injury to the Municipal Baths, but on the other hand it is argued that it would bring a large number of the most desirable class of visitors to this moribund town and thus be much to the advantage of the residents at large. Personally, I think that the Gordon Hotel Company has made a foolish investment.

Towards the latter part of the week I expect to go over to Paris for a few days on a visit to the Hales, as they sail for home on the twentieth. They have shown me the most uniform kindness and I do hope that some day, either in Boston or in Washington, you may meet Mrs. Senator Hale and make her feel that I appreciate it. With best love to all,

JOHN

P. S. From my point of view, the North Cape trip was an absolute success.

CRANBERRY CENTRE, *August* 30, 1897.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I am still out in the rural districts leading a peaceful and philosophical existence at comparatively slight expense. I am flourishing like a green bay tree, though perhaps, on the whole, I look more like a stalled ox than a bay tree.

You know Bath: "The wind bloweth when it listeth, but the rain, it raineth every day." We have two kinds of weather, stormy and showery. In showery weather, it only rains part of the time and that part is the daytime. The result of all this moisture is that the country is wonderfully beautiful. I do not think that I have ever seen a fresher green anywhere. The roads are not as

muddy as they would be at home and I have done a fair amount of tramping. I am also a great frequenter of flower shows, turnip shows and other agricultural *fêtes*. When these are lacking there is always the dear old band in the park every afternoon from three to five. It renders selections from the *Pirates of Penzance*, with a skill born of long practice, while the public shows its appreciation by the *accord touchant*, with which it stays away.

I do not know whether I wrote you that the Gordon Hotel people have bought the Sidney Gardens, at any rate, it is news, for anything is news in Bath which has happened since Beau Nash died. They mean to put up a gorgeous hotel there and try to make things hum in this town but in my poor opinion it would be about as useful to try to arouse the Seven Sleepers with an alarm clock.

I have given up novel reading and do not mean to resume the practice until Miss Marie Corelli is dead. In the meantime I am going in for solider diet, mostly historical. I am now half through Lord Robert's book on India which I find very interesting. Of course, this means that I have contracted the circulating library habit and my only wonder is that it did not happen years ago. I certainly find it a great convenience. I have done another new thing for me in Bath and that is to take a bath, I mean in the healing waters for which this place is more or less justly famous. I found it much like an ordinary bath but not so clean.

I gave up my idea of running across to Paris to stay with the H.'s, before they sailed for home and I wrote a note excusing myself, which I am much afraid they never received for I have not heard from them since.

Larz Anderson sent me a pleasant letter urging me to meet them in Japan or Bombay or elsewhere, which I

may do if the elsewhere includes Boston. I hope that Julian is making good progress in the American language. You can tell him, if you think that it will encourage him, that he pronounces his consonants very well. The trouble lies with the vowels and as there are only five and a half vowels to twenty and a half consonants he need not despair. Your son,

JOHN

XII

1898 — TO CUBA AND EUROPE

I WENT abroad in March and returned in May at the outbreak of the Spanish War — Went to Washington where I spoke with Senator Hale, President McKinley and Secretary Alger, thence to Tampa and saw the embarkation of the troops for Santiago — To Key West and thence to Port Antonio on the pilot boat *Kate*—Crossed to Siboney on the *Three Friends* — Battle of Santiago — Boarded the *Maria Teresa* while still burning — Shafter's headquarters at the front — The last day's firing and the release of Hobson — Burning of Siboney by order of General Miles — Returned on the transport *Seneca* with foreign attachés — Overboard in New York Harbour — Abroad again — Canoeing on the Thames — Paris — Returned via *S. S. New England* — Fourth of July off Santiago.

I WENT abroad as usual in the early spring of 1898 but soon after reaching England the Spanish War broke out and I returned home at once.

On my arrival I went to Washington and saw Senator Hale. He was much opposed to the war but friendly to me, so he took me to the White House where we found President McKinley and Secretary Alger.

My plan was to ask for a place in one of the proposed immune regiments, for which my experience with yellow fever qualified me, as I had but little military knowledge or training. The President felt that this was not practical as these regiments were not yet organised and offered me a commission as captain in the quartermaster's department.

It soon became evident that he thought that this was a case of the man seeking the office, not the office the man and that my services were not needed or perhaps even wanted, so I declined and bowed myself out to the great relief of everyone except myself.

From Washington I went south to Tampa Bay where the troops were assembling for transportation to Cuba.

There was a great gathering of all kinds at the hotel there, ranging from General Miles and his staff to a group of some sixty or more war correspondents, who appeared to spend their time in photographing themselves and each other in the full panoply of war.

In a few days all the troops were embarked on transports which had been awaiting their arrival and were about to proceed when a rumour came that some Spanish war vessels had been seen in the Gulf of Mexico. This necessitated a delay of a week or so until the story was disproved. Then they departed for an unknown destination.

Those left behind included a few adventurers like myself, some foreign military and naval attachés and a scattering of belated newspaper men or their wives. We soon made our way to Key West, which at least was in the right direction, and after a few days of vain effort I succeeded, with the help of Prince Lieven and Captain Anderson, the Russian and Swedish naval attachés, in hiring a discarded pilot boat, the schooner *Kate*, to take us to Port Antonio, Jamaica.

The party on board, of eight or nine besides the crew, included two of the newspaper wives aforesaid. We lived on the deck, fortunately the weather was fine, for ten days, and after being very nearly picked up by the Spaniards, so we believed, and shot at by one of our own ships, we arrived safely at our destination, though it had been reported in the home papers that the schooner *Kate* was lost, stolen or strayed.

It was not easy for me to go over to Cuba, having no business there, but the captain of one of the press boats kindly consented to take me and we arrived off Santiago at daybreak on the morning of the Fourth of July.

We had not heard of the battle of the day before and seeing the ships inactive at the mouth of the harbour my first thought was that they were resting because of the national holiday.

On landing at Siboney, we learned the truth and turning right around, we made for the *New York* and Admiral Sampson.

The remains of Cervera's flagship still burning could be seen near the mouth of the harbour, and the *Oquendo*, which had been beached a little farther on across the bay. We asked permission to go on board these vessels and it was granted after a little hesitation, for no one had visited them yet and they were not quite safe. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, the first of the ships, was burned from end to end and climbing about on the steel beams we could see to the bottom of the hold. So great had been the heat that the thick glass in the portholes had melted in the form of icicles. The breechblocks had been removed from most of the guns but others were left loaded and went off as the fire reached them; around them lay scattered the calcined remains of the gunners.

It was a ghastly spectacle and after some three hours we left just as a boat arrived with Admiral Sampson, the British naval attaché and others. We had no heart for any more and went to the shore for the newspaper correspondent to send off his dispatches. On our way back we were aware of some Cubans on a beach evidently trying to attract our attention. We went to them and found that they had two or three Spanish prisoners, whom they wished to turn over to us, also that their leader, a general, was anxious to be taken off to confer with our Admiral. We took them off and the Spanish prisoners burst into tears, for they had been told that all prisoners who fell into our hands were put to death.

I made Siboney my headquarters for two or three days, living in a temporary hut under the most primitive conditions, then moved toward the front, following the trail used a little before by the Rough Riders when they had received their *baptême de feu*, traces of which could be seen along the road. It led to General Shafter's headquarters, a mile or two from our lines.

A truce was then on which was to last till the next day at noon, so after passing the night under a tree, in the morning Prince Lieven and I went over our positions, saw Colonel Roosevelt and prepared for the afternoon's activities.

At the appointed time, firing was resumed on both sides. Our men were in the trenches which had been taken from the Spaniards along the summit of the San Juan hill, the artillery position was in the rear and the shots came over our heads with what the French call a *vacarme épouvantable*. Admiral Sampson also opened a long range fire on the town from his ships in the bay.

Lieven and I sat with General Kent in the blockhouse on San Juan hill and watched the proceedings. No harm was done and it was all over at dark. I went back to Shafter's headquarters and slept in the tent of Colonel Fukushima, the Japanese military attaché, a very distinguished officer, who had ridden alone across Siberia from the Pacific to Moscow. Next morning the firing was resumed and lasted till noon, when a new truce was proclaimed, which was followed in a few days by the surrender of Santiago.

I went back to Siboney and tried to join the Red Cross but was not needed. They were well supplied in every way, whereas the poor army doctors had next to nothing and a certain amount of ill feeling was the result. I remem-

ber seeing Clara Barton, Chief of the Red Cross, landing astride of a burly sailor. General Miles arrived at about this time and immediately ordered Siboney burned as a menace to the public health.

I remember also that one night there was a great sound of cheering and I was informed that Hobson had just returned to our lines, having been released by the Spaniards in exchange for one of their own officers, after his gallant but ill-fated attempt to sink his vessel in the mouth of the harbour at Santiago.

The campaign was now over as far as Santiago was concerned and many of the foreign attachés decided to return to the United States on a transport named the *Seneca*, which was leaving for home, carrying a full complement of wounded soldiers and yellow fever patients.

I went with them rather unwillingly and we arrived in New York after an uneventful but thoroughly uncomfortable journey of about eight days.

I was allowed to land, being immune from yellow fever and while climbing back from the tug on which my clothes had been fumigated to the larger vessel, something gave way and I fell into the water between the two boats. For a moment it seemed as if there might be some danger of being crushed but I was quickly pulled out and went on shore, shoeless and wet to the skin and found the newsboys already scurrying through the streets calling out "Arrival of the pest ship, *Seneca*."

I returned to Boston and stayed there for a few weeks while most of my worldly possessions were being brought back from Jamaica. I had left my trunk in Port Antonio when I went across to Cuba and now sent for it. It arrived duly, but through some mistake or carelessness was left on the steamer and carried back again to Jamaica.

It finally reached me in a matter of a month or so and all of this time I had been living on faith, hope and charity, mostly charity.

I now went abroad again and passed a few pleasant weeks in Paris and idling on the Thames and in the south of England. I returned home about the end of the year.

There had been a new departure in my life; from this time on my wanderings were in pursuit of some definite object.

XIII

1899 — THE PHILIPPINES AND SOUTH SEAS

SPENT January and February in Boston, sailing March first for Europe and March thirtieth from Marseilles for Manila, arrived May first — Trip to the end of the railway line — Dewey's departure, expedition to the Laguna de Bay and capture of Morong — Fighting on the shores of Manila Bay — Sailed July thirteenth for Australia via Celebes and the Spice Islands through Torres Straits to Townsville, Brisbane and Sydney — Trip to the Fiji Islands, Samoa and Tonga, returning through New Zealand to Tasmania and Melbourne — Outbreak of the Boer War — Race for the Melbourne cup — Visit to Ballarat — Sailed November twenty-ninth on *S. S. Damascus* for Durban via Albany — Arrived in South Africa December twenty-fourth — Christmas in Durban.

AFTER two months at home spent profitably skating, I began thinking in bed one night and before falling asleep decided to go at once to Manila where our troubles were by no means at an end and, if possible, attach myself in some capacity to anything that might be going on there for the next few months or more. In pursuance of this idea I sailed from Boston on March first for Europe and from Marseilles on March thirtieth for Manila.

S. S. Rome, April 9, 1899.

MY DEAR AND ONLY MOTHER: — We are now finishing off the Red Sea as we are due in Aden tomorrow at daylight. I do not know whether I shall be able to go on shore there and in any case they tell me that there is nothing to be seen but some empty tanks, *lesquels du reste ne m'intéressent que médiocrement.* What is more important, we lose all our Indian contingent there, as they have to change for Bombay.

We have hit it off together very well, though many of them are rather young for me. They have been the whole life of the ship. On the other hand, almost all of the ladies on board are going farther, as it is not ladies' weather in India just now. There is one very handsome girl on board, a Miss A., who is going to Ceylon with her mother. She is taller than I am but not so fat. I have not spoken to her yet but shall if it is my fate to do so.

The Suez Canal was rather interesting, being narrower than I had expected. When two boats meet each other, one of them has to tie up to the bank to let the other pass. It takes about seventeen hours to run through it and both shores are desert, pure and simple. It is not nearly as hot as it might be and I am very comfortable, having a large cabin to myself. Of course, I have received no news from home since your first letter but trust that all are well. Your son,

JOHN

P. S. Will you please subscribe for me to the *Weakly Transcript* for six months and have it sent to Manila.

NEAR COLOMBO, *April* 16, 1899.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We are due in Colombo this afternoon at four and I leave this boat which goes on to Australia and transfer to the *Paramatta* for Hong Kong. It is a little doubtful whether I shall be able to go on shore but I am going if possible, as I have had no chance to stretch my legs since Port Said. Of course, I have no news to tell you and have heard none for seventeen days. It is rather hot but the weather has been fine and the sea smooth. I have not seen any real rain since I left home.

The other day they played a fool game, where you indi-

cate by your dress the name of some book and the others guess it. I borrowed a bead to pin on and went as Adam Bede, but the *milieu* was not *sympathique*.

I have read Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis* with the greatest satisfaction and am now at work on a book on Esoteric Buddhism by one Sinnett. It is a very curious explanation of a very elaborate system, unsupported by any proof.

This boat is so much inferior to the Atlantic steamers and, in fact, so bad all round, that it confirms my previous opinion of this company, the P. & O., as one that has nothing good, except a good opinion of itself.

MANILA, *May* 7, 1899.

DEAR MOTHER: — I think that I wrote last from Colombo, at any rate, I shall assume that I did.

We had a night on shore there, which made a very pleasant change and the next day I transferred my things from the *Rome* to the *Paramatta* and we moved on. This was on Monday and the following Sunday morning we reached Singapore, where we only stopped for a few hours. I found one man whom I had known before. He told me of the others and not nearly as many of them were dead as I had expected.

Our next step was to Hong Kong, where I had to wait for about three days and then was lucky enough to find a new and comfortable boat for Manila. After a pleasant voyage, barring the presence of a western senator, Mr. B., who knew everything, I arrived in this hole.

Manila is mainly notable for having the worst hotel in the world and I lived there till yesterday, sharing one small room with three other men. I am now comfortably installed in a large but ill-kept room in the club, and it is

a great relief to unpack my things after five weeks' constant traveling.

I have already been up to Kalumpit, which is at the end of the railway and was only captured three days before I reached it. This week I am going to the front. The chief difficulty to contend with is the burning heat.

There has been a little fighting almost every day since I have been here. I will write of the situation when I know more about it. I am well, but dirty. Love to all.

JOHN

MANILA, *May* 29, 1899.

DEAR MOTHER: — Your very welcome, though much deferred letter of March 30, reached me a few days ago.

I was very unlucky in missing Dewey as I had a strong letter for him from Senator Hale, also a private one. I could not go out to his ship for some days — a question of clothes — and when I did go, he was unluckily on shore, so I never saw him, for he sailed soon after.

The city is full of troops, mostly regulars, and transports bringing more seem to arrive two or three times a week. These men are to take the place of the volunteers, who have done almost all of the fighting so far and have done it very well. They are becoming dreadfully homesick, poor boys, so the sooner they go the better.

The troops are all dressed in khaki uniforms, made by contract in Hong Kong. Think how our politicians will howl over that some day. They are not smart looking; that is not possible campaigning in the tropics, but the men are splendid (quite large and very much more clean cut and active looking than Tommy Atkins).

I really think that our race is improving physically, or else they grow better men in the West than we do at home,

which I do not admit for a moment. We grow better girls at any rate, I swear to that. (Mark the agricultural use of the verb to grow.)

Our advance has been entirely along the railway to the north. On the other sides of the city the lines are still where they have been from the beginning; where I am living in the suburb of Ermita on the shore of the bay, we can often hear the enemy popping away at night.

As I write now, I am looking across the bay at Cavite, a distance of perhaps seven or eight miles. I can see the shore perfectly all the way round. Cavite is ours and Manila is ours but all between them is untouched as yet. I could not walk much over a mile from here along the shore with any chance of coming back. Before this reaches you, however, it is more than likely that a movement will have been made in that direction.

Aguinaldo seems to be pretty well done for. There have been persistent rumours of his death for some days but they have not been verified. When last heard from definitely he was spending his time weeping. Luna, the man who has supplanted him, has infinitely more force of character and is also much more uncompromising in his hatred of us. On the other hand, Aguinaldo is a name to conjure with throughout the whole island, whereas Luna is unknown. In fact, not long ago he was a clerk in a chemist's here in Manila. Moreover, Luna rules entirely by fear, he has his men and even his officers, shot on the slightest provocation. Some day one of *them* will shoot first. I think that there is no doubt that nine-tenths of the insurgents would gladly lay down their arms, if their leaders would let them, but they will not. When we first came over here we made the mistake of treating them too well, which, of course, their leaders told them was done

because we were afraid of them. They thoroughly believed this when they began the war and even now it is only those who have actually fought with us who know better.

June 7. Since writing the above, I have been off on a little trip on one of the armed launches which we use as gunboats for river work, the tinclads, as they are called. We went to the Laguna de Bay, a great lake about ten miles from here, where we escorted the Washington regiment, towed on barges, to a town called Morong, which they proceeded to take assisted by the fire from our Gatling and Hotchkiss guns. It was rather interesting.

We ran hard aground one night, in range of a rebel battery, but too far off for our little guns to reach it. After sticking there all night we were lucky enough to get off as daylight was breaking, which on the whole was much better for us. We did get hit by one shell but it was just in the stern and the thing did not explode anyway. It is the first time that any American vessel has been hit by Filipino artillery.

MANILA CLUB, *July* 3, 1899.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — The American Government has decided to send the mails home from here by the returning army transports. The beauty of a transport is that no one ever knows when it is going. It waits until it is good and ready and after that, well it just waits. Then it goes off in a bunch of two or three at a time and there is none other available for six weeks.

Everything has been very quiet for the last week or two as our Government has been busy shipping home the volunteers and substituting for them the newly arrived regiments of regulars. Aguinaldo in the meantime, has

been surrounding San Fernando, which is General McArthur's headquarters for the rainy season. They are supposed to have seven or eight thousand men while we have almost half as many. We expect a general attack at any moment now and it may be a great opportunity to give them a crushing blow.

The chief hemp ports have been declared open, to the great joy of the commercial community here. I should like to make a tour of them but they are in the hands of the rebels. In fact, it is impossible to do any traveling now. I could go to Iloilo and back, or to Cebu and back, but I could not go a mile out of the town in either place. Even here in Manila it would be perfectly easy to be captured or shot within five miles of the city. This, however, is not a serious matter, as most of the enemy would gladly lay down their arms at once if we could capture or kill Aguinaldo. Of course, we could buy him off as the Spaniards did before but that does not seem quite consistent with our self-respect.

The rainy season has pretty well set in by this time and I find myself about ready to move on. I want to go to Sydney *en route* to Samoa but it will be difficult to get there. There are boats from Hong Kong, the only trouble being that Hong Kong is in the opposite direction and is full of plague which causes quarantine complications wherever you go. Another way is to go to Singapore and pray to the Lord, for though there is no regular line except the British India which goes down the wrong coast of Australia, there would probably be occasional tramp steamers bound for Brisbane or Sydney direct.

There is a boat here in Manila now used by the Government for cold storage. The Captain expects to leave for Australia in about a fortnight. The accommodations are

excellent. Unfortunately, the owners have sent word that she is to take no passengers. I am trying to make the captain sign me on the the ship's company in some nominal capacity, such as ship's billiard marker.

From Australia, I shall go to Samoa, then back to New Zealand and Australia again, then across to the Cape and the Transvaal and back to Europe to join you. Of course, this is only a general idea of what I would like to do and may be modified or given up at any time.

Best love to all at home. Health good. Your son,

JOHN

P. S. They have just begun firing, across the bay beyond Cavite, and I can see the smoke and hear the guns in the distance. It is part of the movement of which I spoke to sweep the rebels out from this neighbourhood. I do not know what forces are engaged, but we seem to have a fair amount of artillery.

The rainy season is really setting in now, so that our operations will be much restricted for some time to come. This will give a chance to ship the volunteers home, and break in the new regulars before their really hard work begins, unless the whole business collapses, which may happen.

I rather like the Filipino, "half-child and half-devil" that he is, but the idea that he can govern himself, or that the great powers would ever allow him to try, is distinctly quaint. J. G. C.

FRAGMENTS OF A LETTER

ARAFURA SEA, *July* 22, 1899.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I shall post this letter at Thursday Island, in the hope that you may improve your mind

by finding out where Thursday Island is. This should prove a pleasant pastime for you and a means of whiling away the long summer evenings at Hillfields or the farm.

I was sorry to leave Manila for many reasons but it seemed to me the wisest course to pursue. In the first place, the weather was impossible. It rained for ten days almost continuously and in forty-eight hours alone, over twelve inches fell. No troops in the world could fight under such conditions and these conditions are likely to last for the next two or three months. In the second place, there is so much that I want to see out here that I can lose no time if I am to get back to Europe this winter.

I was very glad to hear of Roosevelt's appointment to be Secretary of War. It ought to lead to a more vigorous policy out here. At the same time, it seems a little hard on the State of New York.

One of the unfortunate features of the situation in Manila is the lack of sympathy, to put it very mildly, between the army and the navy. The naval men seem to have been exceedingly selfish. They have wrapped themselves up in a cloak of conceit and they stand aloof as much as possible, with the result that the army men hate them and no harmonious coöperation can be expected.

I may have an exaggerated idea of this matter. In any case, I do not think that anything can be gained by talking about it.

I have been at sea for the last week on board the *Duke of Westminster*, a cold storage boat, with comfortable second-class accommodations for a few passengers. There are only three of us, a Catholic priest from San Francisco, a good man though rather naïf; a Scotchman, called Fleming, and myself. I first met Fleming on the boat from Hong Kong and have seen him almost every day in

Manila. He is a good fellow and a gentleman. He came on this boat because I was going on it and he shows signs of wanting to go farther with me. If he tries to go too far I may perhaps lose him.

We have been jogging along at the rate of ten miles an hour through the Mindoro Sea, the Celebes Sea, the Banda Sea, and other little frequented waters, passing by islands, usually densely wooded, which the guidebooks tell us are the homes of head-hunters and cannibals and suchlike unconventional people. We have passed the Spice Islands, the native heath of the festive clove, and are now between New Guinea and nowhere.

It is a little dull, the more so as I have not much to read. I could buy nothing in Manila, except old magazines, and so have fallen back upon the ship's library which contains about eight books. I am reading *Northanger Abbey*, and now and then I come across some little passage which fills my soul with joy, such as the following, referring to Catherine's home. "Her whole family were plain matter-of-fact people, who seldom aimed at wit of any kind; her father at the utmost being contented with a pun and her mother with a proverb." What a hilarious household! . . .

AUSTRALIAN CLUB, SYDNEY,
August 10, 1899.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I sent my last letter to you on shore at Thursday Island when we passed through Torres Straits. We were unable to land; in fact, only stopped for a pilot and then went on for three or four days down the coast of Queensland to Townsville where we left the *Duke of Westminster*, and I was honourably discharged from my position of purser, with a salary of one shilling a month

which was not paid. My tame Scotchman was paid off, too, in the same way and together we made a trip to Charters Towers, the chief mining city of northern Australia. I, there, went down into a gold mine to a depth of over two thousand feet, but was unable to get away with any of the gold and was misled into buying some shares instead.

On our return to Townsville we took passages on a coast steamer for Sydney. The voyage lasted nearly a week and with the exception of a few hours' stay in Brisbane was uninteresting.

Sydney is noted for one of the finest harbours in the world. It is exceedingly picturesque, being narrow and winding about, with many bays and inlets running out on either side but as far as grandeur goes, it is not in the same class with Rio.

It was a pleasure to get once more to a good hotel, for I had not had anything fit to eat since leaving Paris. It is also satisfying to be in a climate where the air invigorates and you can walk hard and long and feel the better for it.

The town itself is in no way remarkable, except perhaps for a magnificently situated park overlooking the bay. It is not laid out with much judgment or taste but it cannot be really spoiled without pumping out the bay.

The Australians form a distinct type of Anglo-Saxon, resembling more the western Americans than any other people. They have an accent quite of their own with more of the cockney in it than is pleasant. In fact, the general impression that I have formed is that the higher class here consists of a rather small minority.

I expect to be in Sydney and the surrounding country, which is said to be fine, for about a fortnight and then to

sail to Fiji and Samoa. The round trip can be made, returning to Auckland in four weeks, but I may be longer about it, although my time is very short for all that I want to do.

F. is going with me and I do not know whether to be glad or not. In one way it is an advantage to have him for he has the Scotch gift of extreme prudence in money matters and is not very rich, so I find that I travel much more cheaply when he is with me. He is fairly energetic about sight-seeing, *etc.*, which I am not. He is also the only gentleman that I may see for many weeks. Unfortunately, he is occasionally as great a bore as the great bore on the Hooghly.

I wish I knew a little more about your plans but I am afraid that it may be a very long time before any letters can reach me. F. who has been to a bazaar, has just presented me with a chocolate cigarette expecting me to try to smoke it. (Loud tears.)

I am feeling well. I have been gaining weight rapidly since leaving Manila but I needed it a little. I find it hard to get good reading matter and, as for news, the only foreign intelligence which is of any interest to the people here, is that concerned with the progress of the Australian cricketers now making a tour in England.

Good-bye. With best love to father and the boyses.

JOHN

APIA, SAMOA, *September* 7, 1899.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I arrived here yesterday after a voyage of over ten days from Sydney. The steamer was comfortably fitted out but a bad sea boat and the weather was very rough most of the time. It was rather unpleasant, especially at meals, for the food would not stay in the

plates and the plates would not stay on the tables. It was a sort of hand to mouth existence.

We stopped at two ports in the Fiji Islands, Suva, the capital, and Lavuka, a very little town on the island of Ovalau. There is not much to tell about them: around Suva the scenery was not remarkable and the chief interest centred naturally in the inhabitants.

They are of Papuan or Melanesian stock, ugly but big and burly withal, and their hair stands out in all directions like quills on the fretful porcupine or the other Circassian beauties of our childhood. They have a fancy for treating it with coral lime, which turns it red and the result is a misfit. They give the impression of being rather soft and lazy and generally harmless, though even at this day, there are a certain number of them in prison as a result of having eaten their friends or respected progenitors. I do not suppose that there is a middle-aged man among them who has not tasted of human flesh. This sounds a little strong but I think that it is true.

I have not been long enough here in Samoa to know much about the place. The situation is a very peculiar one and the end is not yet. In fact, we may see some trouble tomorrow as there is going to be a great feast and many hundreds of natives have flocked into town from the surrounding districts. There is very general dissatisfaction felt with the measures adopted by the commissioners and some protest against the present order of things is sure to come before long.

The story is long and complex and I have not learned it in its details as yet, but when I write to you next I hope to be able to give a fair idea of the situation.

Father or Archy could tell you about everything now, excepting the undercurrents and that is where my oppor-

tunity will come in. It is a terrible tempest in a tiny tin teapot.

One rather curious point is that the natives seem to feel absolutely no animosity against the resident white population. They are not like our friends, the Filipinos, who would live in your house for years then perhaps kill you if the fit came upon them.

These people are Polynesians and very big and fine looking. The women are pretty and seem to be bright, but they are short as compared to the men, with very coarse hands and feet and you never see a thin one. They have plenty to eat, little to do and nothing to worry about, so why should they be thin?

I have had no word from home since I left Manila and cannot hear from you before reaching Auckland, which I expect to do in about six weeks. Of course, this is inevitable but that is poor comfort. I wish that you would let me know as far as possible what your plans are for the winter so that I may shape my own thereby. I am somewhat afraid that I am attempting to do too much out here but so far I have had a most pleasant and instructive journey. . . .

P. S. F. has but a limited sense of the jocose.

APIA, SAMOA, *September* 19, 1899.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — This letter though written only about ten days after the last one will take much longer to reach you as it is going round the world the other way.

I have now been a little over a fortnight in Samoa and shall stay as long again before I move on. It has proved even more interesting than I had anticipated and I would readily stop over another four weeks if I could afford the time. The one thing that we lack most here is news of the

outside world, for there is no cable and the steamers seem to arrive in a bunch, then there is a long interval before the next lot.

The only other person living in the hotel is a German correspondent of the *Cologne Times*. He has been here for several months and has traveled through most of the islands, so that he is an interesting companion. We made a trip of four days together last week to the western end of this island. Almost all travel here is done by boat, as the population all live on the coast and there are practically no roads. The whole shore, moreover, is protected by reefs, so that you can go almost anywhere safely even in a very small boat. We had a sort of gig with four rowers and a steersman, and starting soon after lunch, we made twenty-five miles before dark. For much the greater part of the way we kept close to the shore and passed within easy view of an almost continuous line of native villages with their churches and mission houses conspicuous everywhere. The missionaries are, of course, mostly natives, but native or foreign, they always have the best of everything obtainable.

That night we slept at the house of the manager of a very large German plantation, a curious man who for several years has made it his practice to eat but once a day and then most sparingly. About noon he has some bread and ham, or dried beef, and that is all. He looks starved but even this allowance is often too much for his digestion.

The next day we rowed five or six miles across the open ocean to the little island of Apolima, which is nothing but the summit of an extinct volcano with a village situated in the crater. We were steered over by the chief of the village, for the entrance to the little harbour is difficult and dangerous. There is an opening in the wall of the crater,

perhaps a hundred yards wide, which is all guarded by reefs, except in one spot where there is a breach of not more than twenty-five feet in extent. The sea is always dashing over the reef and rushing through this little entrance into the cove beyond. It is not exceedingly difficult to enter but any mistake would be fatal.

In the village we were entertained with the *kava* ceremony which consists of making speeches, giving and receiving presents and drinking *kava* (the product of some root). It tastes like soapsuds and is about as exhilarating. After this debauchery we climbed to the top of the crater where we had a fine view of the ocean and the different islands. Nearly the whole village accompanied us and after having made us eat some shockingly bad food, saw us off through the little hell gate at the mouth of the harbour.

We then made our way back some three miles to the island of Manono, a small place, though much larger than Apolima. This island has been quite prominent in the history of Samoa because of the turbulent nature of its chiefs.

On our way across, there fell one of the wettest showers which I have ever seen. It only lasted for about half an hour but the water seemed to come down in a continuous stream.

At Manono we had more bad food followed by a native dance and lay down thoroughly tired out, only to be awakened about midnight by a blind boy some twelve years old, who proceeded to sing, dance and tell stories for about three hours, which of course we could not understand. At last we went to sleep on mats on the floor which is made of not very small stones.

Next morning we started early on our return to the

German plantation and after a short rest I climbed up to the ridgepole of a high horse and cantered for miles and miles through shady alleys of cocoanut palms. We visited all the outstations, saw the copra making and, in fact, did the place thoroughly.

About an hour before dusk we set out on foot for a village some five miles away. On arriving, we found that the chief whom we had hoped to meet was away, so we imposed ourselves upon his family, and went through the same story once more — the *kava* ceremony, bad food, dance and stone-ballasted beds. The following day we returned to Apia, partly on foot but mainly by boat.

We have now had a few days' rest and are thinking of a trip to the other end of the island to call on Mataafa, much the most striking figure in the country; but I will not say anything about politics now for it is too long a story.

Vailima, Stevenson's home, is the show place of Apia: it is the one sight and the steamboat people always make a rush for it. It is pretty well riddled with shot and shell, as the natives used it as a refuge during the last war. A German now owns it, and I believe that he means to pull it down as the arrangement of the house does not please him. The grave is on the top of a high and very precipitous hill not far from the house. Stevenson chose the place himself, but it is too difficult of access, so that if the house is pulled down it is likely to remain unvisited and the wretched little path which leads to it will soon be swallowed up in the jungle. The idea of the deserted grave surrounded by an impenetrable forest may be poetical but I do not think that it was his idea. He took too much care in composing his epitaph which I copied from it as follows:

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
  Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die
  And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
  "Here he lies where he long'd to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
  And the hunter home from the hill."

One of the minor inconveniences about Apia is that there are no banking facilities of any kind and I have really no idea of what I shall do when it comes to settling up. I suppose that the same thing must happen to every traveler who stops here for any length of time, for it is no longer the fashion to carry round bags of gold in your luggage.

MAKING FIRE WITH TWO STICKS

On one of these expeditions I was crossing the island alone with two native bearers who carried my possessions on poles. Happening to want to smoke, I stopped to light a cigarette and found that I had no matches and was somewhat disturbed till one of my native bearers told me in the most matter-of-fact way not to trouble about the matches, for he would give me a light. He took the pole from his shoulder and cut a notch near one end, he also cut off a small wedge shaped piece of wood and sitting on the ground with the pole firmly braced, he began running the wedge up and down in the notch. The wood was dry and fibrous and very soon small particles of it were pushed to the end of the notch and began to smoke. They acted like tinder and by blowing upon them he soon produced a spark and I lit my cigarette.

The next day I asked him to do this again and this time

he blew on the spark till it glowed, then applied some dry bark which quickly burst into flame. I tried it myself afterward, but only succeeded in producing a little charred impression and a faint smell of smoke, which shows that a certain amount of skill is necessary for success.

The stick is still in my possession so that I can say with Herodotus, "I know that fire may be produced by rubbing two sticks together, for I have one of them."

At Sea, *October* 12, 1899.

My dear Mother: — I am now about three hundred miles from Auckland on my return from the South Seas. The trip has been one of the most interesting that I have ever made and I would gladly stay longer in these regions, but as my latest news from home is four months old, I feel that I must get back into touch and there are so many more places I want to see that my time is all too short.

We did the Samoa business pretty thoroughly, going from one end of the main island to the other and right across the middle to the farther coast, where we stayed for two days with a high chief whose motto is "Death to all white men." We also called in state on Mataafa, the man who ought to be king. We went down to his village on an English man-of-war at the invitation of their consul who went to call for the first time since the late unpleasantness. The Germans were wild with curiosity and irritation about it, and their man-of-war followed as soon as it could half decently, to find out what we had been saying and to allay, if possible, any favourable impression which we might have created.

Tamasese, another would-be king, invited us into his hut one morning as we were riding by and we had a very pleasant talk. Tanu (Malietoa), the late King, we saw

several times around the streets but never went to his house. He is, however, personally insignificant, being very young, and unduly swayed by the missionaries.

The Samoans as a race impressed me very favourably; which was rather a surprise as I am not given to exaggerating the merits of the lower races.

After leaving Apia we touched at three ports in the Tonga, or Friendly Islands, at the last of which we went to church and sat directly opposite the King. Georgy the Second is six feet six or seven inches in height and broad to match, but rather too fat and a trifle soft looking. He is only twenty-three and has just made the mistake of marrying the wrong girl, so that the high chiefs are much incensed and during the last few days several houses have been burned. The last day we were there the King retaliated by announcing that if any incendiaries were caught they would be shot, so there is the possibility of a row but, for once, the white men have no finger in the pie.

The Tongans are like the Samoans but inferior to them, being dirtier and much less polite. They also wear more clothes and in consequence are more consumptive. They are even more Christianised than the rest of the South Sea islanders and their religion is a misfit. While in Nukalofa, the capital of the Tongan group, we drove to a village about twenty-five miles away to see some monumental stones of the Easter Island variety, the last traces of a prehistoric race. The stones were rather curious but the drive was mainly notable for the badness of the road, which was beyond belief, although the island is perfectly flat. We broke the harness to pieces but by some miracle or other the carriage escaped and we had plenty of rope. The disquieting part of it was that we knew that if we came to grief we would miss our steamer with all our

worldly possessions on board and no other boat to follow for months. We had as guide and servant a young chief, the brother of the girl the King ought to have married. He was a fearful blackguard, a liar and boaster, full of sailors' oaths, and choice selections from the beach combers' vocabulary but he was just as pleased with himself as could be. It was almost pathetic.

There is one very good law in force both in Samoa and Tonga which forbids any man either to sell or give any form of liquor to a native under penalty of a fine of fifty pounds. The law is evaded but I should say not often.

In Tonga all of the land belongs to the king or nation and is parcelled out to the natives, but no foreigner can hold any, whereas in Samoa, most of it has been acquired by more or less fraudulent means by the white men and notably by a German firm which owns almost all that is worth having in the island.

JOHN

It was about this time that we heard of the outbreak of the Boer War.

MELBOURNE, *November* 14, 1899.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I arrived in Melbourne about a week ago and shall leave here toward the end of this month for Natal. Of course it is impossible for me to form any idea of what my plans will be on arriving there. I shall be guided by circumstances, trying to see all that I can in the space of two months, then on to London and Rome. I have had no new clothes for more than a year, so that probably when I reach England, I shall have to lie by for a short time for repairs.

We had to gallop through New Zealand but enjoyed it all

the same. After about three days in Auckland, we went up to the Hot Lake district, a desolate region, full of geysers and earthquakes and mud baths and Maoris, all abominations. We drove on and on through this till we came out in the southern part of the island. Thence by boat to Lyttleton and by train the whole length of the South Island to Bluff, where we took the boat for Tasmania and Melbourne. Of course we stopped at the principal towns but seldom for more than twenty-four hours.

The finest scenery in New Zealand is on the southwestern coast where the Sounds, as they are called, are supposed to be quite equal in beauty and grandeur to the Norwegian fjords. Unfortunately, they cannot be reached at this time of year, as no boats are running yet.

We arrived in Melbourne after a very rough voyage at the beginning of the race week, which is the one week of the year as far as gayeties go. The city was very full of people from all parts of Australia, gathered together to see the race for the Melbourne Cup, a form of sport which interests them much more than religion or politics.

We went, of course, but it was not wholly a success, for the clerk of the weather served up that day what he called "A slight cyclonic depression," which seemed to be in excellent working order. Result, the rain came down in bucketsful, and transformed the whole course and the lawn into a sea of liquid mud. I tramped about in the wet and the dirt and thanked heaven that I wasn't born a girl with a white frock.

I do not like Melbourne as well as Sydney because the situation is not so beautiful but it is the finer city of the two and more like a big place.

Fleming, my old man of the sea, has just received letters from home full of parental wrath because he has been

butterflying about the South Seas, instead of sitting on a high stool behind the desk chasing the homely but useful bawbee, which seems to be the purpose for which he was sent to Manila. He is consequently much depressed and is thinking of going to South Africa on an embalmed beef boat to fight for Queen and country.

He is practically without means at present and I am rather sorry for him but I knew that it would come to this, whereas he just shut his eyes and opened his mouth and expected that some plum would drop into it.

I feel very sorry that Samoa has been given to the Germans, for I do not think that they are wanted in that part of the Pacific. I am sorry too for the natives, who really are most amiable and attractive children. They will soon die out before advancing civilisation and perhaps it is as well.

JOHN

We did not try the embalmed beef boat but, after looking over one or two other vessels we took passages for South Africa on the *Damascus* of the Aberdeen White Star Line, a steamer of something over three thousand tons which sailed from Melbourne near the end of November. After touching at Albany we crossed a dreary stretch of lonely ocean and finally reached Durban on the twenty-sixth day out. The ship was old and crowded, the weather was bad and the distance long and I have never looked back on this journey with any satisfaction at all, but I learned one thing by it, that it is about as far in a straight line from Melbourne to Durban as it is from London to Shanghai.

XIV

1900 — SOUTH AFRICA

To the front and back — Short journey to Eshowe in Zululand, then to Cape Town where I saw Adelbert Hay and Sir Alfred Milner — Back through Durban and Lourenço Marques to join Hay in Pretoria — Began work there as Vice Consul February tenth — The charge of British interests and prisoners — Funeral of General Joubert — Arrival of foreign contingents — On June fourth the part of the town in which we lived was shelled — June fifth, British occupation, Lord Roberts, Kitchener, entry of the troops — In September journey to Lourenço Marques via Durban, thence to the Boer country to see Botha — Final interview with Mr. Kruger — Return to Pretoria — Messages to Mrs. Kruger — Left South Africa December sixteenth for Naples via Mozambique, Zanzibar, *etc.*

VICTORIA CLUB, MARITZBURG,
January 4, 1900.

DEAR MOTHER: — It is rather a long time since I have written but most of it has been passed at sea, so that it does not count. We only stopped a few hours in Albany, where there is nothing to see or do, and then ran out into a fierce gale. The steamer was badly loaded, being deep and three feet down by the head, so she made very bad weather of it. It lasted three days and I could not help feeling that if it went on much longer she would shake herself to pieces, but it did n't. The rest of the voyage was fairly comfortable. We arrived in Durban on Christmas Eve, twenty-five days out from Melbourne, and were very glad to get there. Christmas and Boxing-day, being holidays, there was nothing to do, but I called on the American consular agent, a local man, who told me that it was practically impossible to get a pass to go to the front unless on some business with the military authorities.

Our next step was to move up to Pietermaritzburg, where the headquarters for Natal have been established. Fleming wanted to join some local force, with a commission, if possible, for he was a volunteer officer for years at home, but, if necessary, as a trooper.

The same story was told me at Maritzburg, passes were refused to everyone except for cause.

Fleming got into communication with the colonel of the South African Light Horse at Chieveley, who telegraphed to come up and see him at once. So of course he got a pass and I went up with him to the Commandant's office and had a little talk and showed some letters with the result that, much to my surprise, I too was granted a pass, the only condition being that I would give my word not to remain there.

We left in the middle of the night and arrived at Chieveley station at about daybreak. There are no houses there, so we had to wait at the station till about half past eight, when we thought we could present ourselves with decency. We then walked over to the camp, about a mile away, and looked up a certain Captain Anderson of the South African Light Horse, to whom we had a letter of introduction. He took us in and presented us to his commanding officer, Colonel Byng (of Vimy), of the regular army, who was the man that Fleming had to see. It turned out, strangely enough, that I used to know Byng's half-sister, a Lady Victoria Fuller, now dead, who frequently bathed in Bath. He received us very kindly and made us eat some breakfast, then turned us loose for a few hours, as of course everyone was busy.

The camp at Chieveley is situated on a high plateau, surrounded by rolling hills, with gently rounded outlines. The country is perfectly open, grass land or veld, with

hardly a tree in sight. In front of the camp there is a slight elevation, beyond which the land slopes down quite gradually to the Tugela River, some three miles away, with Colenso and the broken railway bridge on the right and hills rising rather abruptly from the river in front.

It was here that the unfortunate battle was fought about two weeks ago when the English lost half of their artillery and many good men. This little eminence is where the two big naval guns are posted and we were fortunate enough to be there while they were in use. We could see perfectly where every shell struck and exploded and it seemed to me that the shooting (I refuse to use the word "practice," for I am tired to death of it) was remarkably accurate. They were using common shells for the most part, with lyddite every now and then when they thought that they had found the range of some particular point.

The Boers were lying low in their trenches and did not respond at all, in fact there were only a few scattered men to be seen, so our experience was incomplete in that respect. But after that little episode near Manila, I was quite satisfied to take the Boer shells for granted.

We returned to the camp and lunched with the mess and Fleming had his talk with the Colonel. Byng said, very naturally, that he could not give him a commission at once, but if he would join as a trooper, on trial as it were, he should have no fatigue work to do, except taking care of his own horse and that probably it might be arranged that he should share a tent with one of the junior officers. He was to provide his own outfit, uniform, saddle, bridle, *etc.*, but not his horse. F. asked for a day or two to consider the matter and we bade them good-bye.

In the afternoon we walked back to Frere where there

is another large camp, and on the way passed the spot where the armoured train came to grief in the early days of the war. Here, too, the railway bridge has been destroyed but the train crosses on a temporary structure which was no joy to me because of its open character.

Many of the troops have been sent back to Frere on account of the difficulty in obtaining good water at Chieveley. General Buller has also transferred his headquarters to this point, which makes it look as if no further aggressive movement would be attempted until reinforcements, or at least, till more guns arrive. There seems to be no great feeling of anxiety about the safety of the garrison of Ladysmith which is able to communicate by heliograph with the camp at Chieveley. The town itself is not in sight but a high hill which overlooks it was pointed out to me. The Boers, too, have been doing a little heliographing on their own account. The day before I was there, they sent the ironical message, "Why is Lord Roberts coming out, isn't Mr. Buller well?"

From Frere we went back by a military train to Estcourt, where there were more soldiers, and thence after a dreary delay of several hours to Maritzburg.

It was only a flying trip, but a most interesting one, and I was very lucky in getting so good a chance, for they told me in camp that civilians were very rare birds up there.

After thinking it over for a day or two, without finding anything better worth doing, Fleming accepted Colonel Byng's offer and we had a busy day buying his kit. I presented him with a revolver, almost the only one to be had in the town, it was good but disgustingly dear and this morning he started off for the front to fight for Queen and country.

We have been traveling together for six months, a longer time than I have ever traveled with anyone before and though bored and irritated at times, on the whole it has been a very pleasant and satisfactory experience.

I shall go back to Durban in a day or two and try to arrange a short trip to Zŭluland, then go on as soon as possible to the Cape. I do not expect to get up country there, unless I stumble across a chance to see something, which is very unlikely, so I shall return to Durban or Delagoa Bay and then take a German steamer along the east coast of Africa to Aden, where I can shift into a modern boat that will carry me to Naples. I should like to run up to Cairo for a week but I doubt if I have the time.

The trip up the east coast should be interesting, for the steamer touches at all sorts of out-of-the-way places but a bad German steamer is not a cheerful residence for a long voyage through the tropics.

As to the situation here: I think that the Boers must collapse before very long. Every man in the country is now in the field and when one is killed there is no one to take his place. They have plenty of meat, but no vegetables or bread, so that there is sure to be a good deal of sickness among them. They have undoubtedly done very well so far as the two thousand British prisoners in Pretoria indicate. They might have done even better had they not placed too much reliance on shells made in Germany which do not explode. This is a fact.

The English now outnumber them two to one and more are coming every day. Had it not been necessary to relieve the beleaguered garrisons, they might already have turned the more difficult positions and by this time be far on their way to Pretoria.

I think that when the war is over, it will be found that

the Boer forces were much smaller than they are now commonly supposed to be, but in any case, they have made a remarkable fight for life. I do not feel much confidence in the Free Staters. Your son,

JOHN

CAPE TOWN, *January* 23, 1900.

DEAR MATER: — In the hall next to me I can hear the tootling of the band, intended to cheer up the people who have come to an afternoon tea given in honour of Lady Randolph Churchill and her tame corps of nurses, who arrived yesterday on the *Maine*.

I sent you a telegram this morning, indicating a rather serious change in my plans. The way of it is as follows: I arrived here last Saturday intending to spend a fortnight and then to return to Durban in time for the German steamer to Naples. On Sunday, after lunch, I talked with Slocum, our military attaché, and he happened to mention the fact that young Hay, our new Consul, was passing through on the way to his post at Pretoria. He also said that Hay was very young and inexperienced and would be alone up there.

I asked him if he thought that I could do any good, and he jumped at it. So he introduced me to Hay and I said "Can I help?" and he said "Yes," so this matter was settled.

I am to be Secretary to the Consulate, a position that I would not touch with a stick in ordinary times but these are not ordinary times.

The American Consul has charge of all British interests in the Transvaal, to say nothing of the welfare of some three thousand prisoners to watch over. It is a very difficult position and our dear Government has sent an abso-

lutely green boy of twenty-six to do the trick and I am to be there to rock the cradle.

He sailed about an hour after our talk, too soon for me to go with him, as my trunk was not yet landed. So I shall follow by the next boat and possibly catch him in Durban.

My address for the future will be United States Consulate, Pretoria. It will be better not to write anything in your letters that you would mind having the Boers read and I shall adopt the same precaution.

I am feeling a little blue at the turn that things have taken, as I was looking forward to a very happy time this spring and summer but that will come some day later. I shall not stay any longer than I think that I can be of use.

If you find that you have money burning holes in your pockets (such a pity for those nice Paris gowns), send it to me and I think that I can use it where it will do most good. Your son,

JOHN

PRETORIA, *February* 22, 23, 1900.
Consular Service, U. S. A.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I will begin this letter with a quotation from the U. S. Consular Regulations:

"The statute prohibits a consular officer from corresponding in regard to the public affairs of any foreign government with any private person, newspaper, or other periodical, or otherwise than with the proper officers of the U. S." [REVISED STATUTES, 1751: 18 Stat., L. 77.]

So you see how I am bound down by the iron laws of the service. I shall sadly miss the opportunity of corresponding with the "other periodical," but must try to worry along without it.

I have now been in Pretoria for a little over a fortnight and in harness for about ten days.

The consulate is a small suburban cottage, about a mile from the middle of the town, with an unkempt garden tied to it and four hens, a dog and a nigger that go with the property.

The house is not big enough for Hay and myself to sleep in it at the same time, so I am still at the hotel. We hope, however, in a day or two to acquire two good bedrooms in an unoccupied house next door and as soon as we are installed in these we shall consider ourselves fairly settled.

I have secured a sort of Danish paragon as cook and housekeeper. We are a little afraid of her but I am inclined to think that we have been very fortunate. A nigger boy waits on the table, blacks boots and eats what is left over.

We have also a coachman and a victoria and a pair of good American horses, but these do not belong to us, so we only have to pay for their keep. They are absolutely necessary because of the rather remote situation of the house.

The washing is done at a steam laundry, managed by an American, and my bill for the first week was ten dollars more than my salary for a year.

There is another vice consul, but he is a Hollander fighting at the front, so I have been appointed Acting Vice Consul, and accepted as such by the Boer government, which is satisfactory because it gives me an official status and yet does not tie me down enough to make it difficult to get away when the war is over.

The work consists in writing, any amount of it, interviewing officials and listening to the people who come here to see us. The greater part of it is more or less connected

with questions about the British prisoners, or British subjects still living in this country.

In ordinary times a consulate is but little more than a purely commercial agency, which would be quite unbearable but as things are now most of the questions which come up before us have some very human interest attached to them.

One strange and distasteful part of the work is that we have to read a great number of private letters. The Government allows us to send out certain letters under our official seal, so we are bound in honour to censor them to make sure that nothing prejudicial to the interests of the country goes out through our agency.

Of course, everyone who writes a letter in these times knows that it must be read by two or three brands of officials before it can get anywhere, so that it is not as dirty work as it looks at first sight.

We have no regular office hours, but one of us (Hay or myself) is always supposed to be there between nine and five. We lunch at one and dine at about seven, and work when there is work to do, without reference to the time of day or night. Some days there are a great many things to attend to and other days next to nothing of any account, though we can always find work without looking very far for it.

Hay has gone over to Johannesburg today for the first time, so I am holding the fort alone. I have not been there yet but I may go some day next week.

Almost all of the stores and business buildings are boarded over up to the second story. Of course many of the shops here are shut too, but there is no necessity of boarding them over.

There does not seem to be any scarcity of food as yet,

excepting coffee and sugar which are rather dear, but the stocks on hand of all kinds are gradually running low and cannot be replenished. I am afraid that there is bound to be a great deal of distress as time goes on and that I shall not be able to spare very much from my own means in the hope of alleviating it. If you want to do anything to help, I can draw the amount and you can pay it in at home.

Most of the people that we have met here have been polite and friendly and we have some very pleasant neighbours, many of them ladies, with whom we sometimes pass the evenings, but I find that Hay is keener about it than I am which may not surprise you.

Yesterday being Washington's Birthday, we sent over a couple of bottles of champagne to Dr. Reitz, the Foreign Secretary (Prime Minister) man and he sent us a very polite little note in reply. Under the circumstances, we did not think it proper to give a reception. The American colony here consists of about twelve people. Next Tuesday, the anniversary of the Battle of Majuba Hill, is to be observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout the Republic.

J. G. C.
U. S. Vice Consul at Pretoria.

My dear Mother: — I am a little blue tonight at the thought that if it had not been for my change of plans, I should now be within two or three days' journey of you. Think what a good time we could have had together, but that must be for later.

The work goes on as usual. One of us, Hay or myself, drives downtown about ten o'clock every morning to get the mail and do whatever has to be done at the Government offices, while the other stays at home and receives

all comers. In the afternoon we are apt to go out together soon after four and have another go at the downtown jobs.

Telegrams and cables come frequently, say about six a day, and as for letters, the place is a regular post office. Most of the prisoners' letters have to pass through our hands and the other morning we received seven hundred and fifty of these in one batch. They are turned over to the war office, so that we do not have to censor them, but all civilian letters going either way must be read by us, as we assume responsibility for their contents.

There are also those directed to us, making inquiries of all sorts about wounded prisoners, missing relatives and so on. Of course these things have to be found out if possible and the letters answered. Hay does most of the finding out and I do most of the answering.

I am happy to say that we have not been much troubled by those questions of a purely business nature which form the ordinary routine work of a consulate, for these are the matters which we are least qualified to deal with. The other day we had an inquiry as to the market for sheep's casings in Pretoria, I have not yet found out what sheep's casings are, nor can anyone tell me.

After the war there will be a great rush of such things but about that time I shall be pointing for home, or at least for wherever you are, for that means home to me.

I took a day off and went to Johannesburg the other morning. It is a journey of about two hours and a half by rail and for the last half hour or more you are on the Rand and do nothing but pass mine after mine. I had no idea that there were so many in the world and almost all of them have been very profitable. They are shut down now, except four or five of the best, which are worked by the Government with most satisfactory results to the workers, though the shareholders may feel differently about it.

I lunched at the Rand Club, once noted as the hotbed of treason and Reform Committees, and was shown the table at which Lord Randolph Churchill was said to have lost a huge sum at cards.

It is now deserted, as is the whole town in fact, the shops are all shut and it is very forlorn.

In Pretoria we have some life, such as it is, for though many shops are shut, the Government offices are open, and President Kruger may be seen any day when he is not at the front, as he is now, poor old man, driving backward and forward between his house and the Capitol with his mounted escort.

Then, too, there are burghers preparing to join their commandoes, or back on leave, prancing about the streets on their ponies, with rifles on their backs and cartridge belts running across them in every direction, and there are hospital nurses, so demure, and now and then a foreign officer conspicuous by his uniform, but I don't see most of these things for I am away at the consulate in the suburbs, writing letters and still more letters, and wondering what the next few weeks will bring forth.

JOHN

PRETORIA, *March* 11, 1900.

DEAR BOYS: — About three-quarters of our work here is connected with British prisoners, or interests, of some kind, and the rest is American. We can only visit the officers by obtaining special permission and mentioning by name in the application those that we desire to see. All interviews are in the presence of the Commandant, who sits between us, a nice way to treat gentlemen. I have not tried it yet, hoping that the conditions may improve later. Most of the officials here are friendly and courteous, which is very pleasant but cuts no ice.

We have hundreds of letters passing through our hands for prisoners and civilians in this country. The ordinary channels are closed, and everything has to come through us.

I like Pretoria, it is not too hot, and the air and water are good. I like the Boers, they are a simple and manly people, a little rough but very genuine, and I feel dreadfully sorry for them in their present distress. I have not yet met the President though I have seen him frequently. He is better to see than to meet, though not much.

We have some pleasant acquaintances among Boer ladies and consular families, but thank goodness there is neither time nor inclination for social gatherings. There are no idle people in Pretoria now.

JOHN

Our pleasantest official relations were with Dr. Reitz, the State Secretary of the Transvaal. He was very courteous and almost always ready to meet us halfway in any suggestions that we might make with regard to the treatment of the British prisoners or kindred subjects. His position was rendered more difficult by the fact that Hay's father had just retired from the post of American Ambassador in London where he had been altogether *persona grata*.

He is still going strong and is now President of the Senate of the Union of South Africa.

PRETORIA, *April* 8, 1900.

MY DEAR FATHER: — I have just received a very welcome letter from the mother telling me among many other pleasant things that you have decided to put two hundred pounds to my credit at Baring's. As it happens, I do not

think that I am in any way short of money myself, but it will be very useful here, and much appreciated. I shall give it to both sides, the Boer part to widows and orphans, and the English part to provide more comforts for the sick prisoners, who might be much better off. I shall also keep a little for individual cases of distress, which are sure to come to my knowledge. I thank you very much for your generosity.

As for our work, it increases always. In fact, there is no possibility of its diminishing, except in case of a siege.

A batch of about four hundred and twenty prisoners, with eleven officers came in last week from Sannahsport, and as many more are expected today or tomorrow from some other place, which will bring the total here up to about four thousand men and one hundred and fifty officers.

We went out to Waterfall to see the prisoners the other day for the first time. This is where the rank and file are confined. It is a great camp on a treeless plain, with a little dirty stream running by one end of it. The men do not live in tents, but in long one-storied barracks, with iron roofs and open sides; they lie on the ground of course but most of the sick in the hospital are now in cots.

The bad points are that the place is very bare with no shelter from the burning sun and the water is bad, but winter is coming soon, the healthiest time of the year, and a new well is being dug, so that conditions are improving.

The good points are that the air is very pure and there is plenty of room for exercise. The men have a large field for cricket and football and there is a swimming pool of sorts.

The men seemed all of them adequately dressed and their boots especially were good. As far as their food is

concerned, I do not think that there has been much complaint. We went through the hospital but were not allowed to go through the body of the camp. We were allowed, however, to send for whatever men we wanted and to talk to them freely, of course, in the presence of an official.

The whole enclosure is surrounded by a web of barbed wire and is guarded by a force of about two hundred burghers with two Gatlings.

While on the subject of prisoners, to show you one side of our work, we received this last week a shipment of one hundred and twelve cases, weighing over thirteen thousand pounds, containing comforts and delicacies for the men here. There was sugar and tea and clothes and books and tobacco and jam, but mostly jam. This seems to be the English idea of what a prisoner most craves for, just jam and more jam.

All these things have to be examined by the Government to see that there is no dynamite in the jam, then repacked and sent on to their destination. They are consigned to us, so we have to watch over them and, as far as possible, see that they go through all right to their various destinations. Otherwise they would be put in a corner and left there to await the issue of the war.

What is more, we have to pay for their transport from Pretoria to Waterfall, or the Race Course, or the Officers' Quarters, or wherever it may be, a contingency not properly provided for in my salary of nothing a year and pay my own expenses.

I represented the United States the other day at General Joubert's funeral, as Hay had a pain inside and no black clothes.

I was with the Portuguese Consul, who is also a diplo-

matic officer, and the Doyen of the Corps, in the first carriage, behind President Kruger in his state coach. It was our own consulate carriage and the horses are very high-strung.

There was a great crowd about us and I thought for a while that our horses would bolt and knock over the state coach, thus changing the course of history but they decided not to.

The ceremony was very interesting and on the whole impressive, the speeches referred to the present crisis and were intensely earnest.

The poor old President was quite pathetic, though I understood hardly a word that he said.

Hay is buying half a horse and I the other half, for riding purposes. We shall not use our respective halves simultaneously.

With best love to the *mater*, and kindest wishes to Miss Stevens. Your son,

JOHN

P. S. I think that we will stand a siege.

PRETORIA, *April* 25, 1900.

MY DEAR FATHER: — I have not had any news since I wrote last but take it for granted that you are working up towards Paris.

I have given fifty pounds in your behalf to Dr. Reitz, the State Secretary, who wrote in reply a friendly note which I inclose to you. I shall give some money to help the prisoners in the hospital at Waterfall and then lie low for a while as things will be worse before they are better.

Papers have been making their way out here lately, full of the charges made by that contemptible creature, M. Of course I can say nothing about it, but I think that if

the truth ever does come out, those who are now eager in his support will try to forget it as quickly as possible.

We have had an Irish-American ambulance corps pass through here this last week, of whom the less said the better, but I would give anything to have Hay and myself the only Americans in the Two Republics today.

Richard Harding Davis and his wife are staying here in Pretoria. He is clever, as you know, and conceited. The Government has given them a house and horses, *etc.*, . . . for it is wonderful how generous they are to all people who are supposed to be able to influence public opinion at home. As for us, we get on pretty well. The U. S. supplies two rooms for office purposes and we do the rest.

Things seem to be moving very slowly at present. There has been fighting for the last ten days around Wepener, but we can't make out that anything in particular has happened. Each side seems to be busy surrounding the other and winning important victories with the loss of two men.

The work in connection with the prisoners is interesting and shows an unfortunate tendency to increase constantly. We see practically nothing of them personally, because of the obstacles put in our way, but three-quarters of our time is taken up with their affairs. In the position that we are in, we cannot do right, for when everything goes well that is the end of it but when anything goes wrong then the noise begins. I have no doubt before this trouble is over that the Colonial papers will be hinting pretty strongly about the misapplication of moneys which we have never even received.

The rainy season is now over and the weather bright and clear with cool nights. I get no exercise, except occasionally a gallop before breakfast. The pony has turned

out well, being full of go. He is a captured Burma pony, stained khaki, and we are wondering what colour he will be when he fades. He is quite up to my weight but rather small for Hay who weighs almost two hundred.

I am not very cheerful which must account for this dull letter. This comes from lack of exercise.

HANDLE WITH CARE

PRETORIA, *May* 18, 1900.

MY DEAR PARENTS: — This is to be a short letter, just to tell you that all is well with us still and that we are very, very busy. I heard from the *mater* this morning from Perugia; such a nice, comfortable letter and very pleasant reading in these rather depressing times.

I think that we are reaching the closing chapters of this pathetic little story, but how long or how dramatic they may be no one can tell. There will be either a climax or an anticlimax, no safe and conventional finish to this business.

From my point of view, the sooner it is over the better, for I cannot forget that this is our presidential year and it seems to me most undesirable that the interests of sound government at home should be jeopardised by questions which have really nothing to do with the greater benefit of the greater mass of our people.[1]

If I have sympathies they are my own and cannot be allowed to influence my course in pursuit of what I conceive to be my obvious duty at this time. We are here to maintain the interests of the United States and we are left with almost as little direction from home as were our

[1] There was undoubtedly a considerable amount of sympathy for the struggling Boers throughout the United States and I thought it very undesirable that this should play a part in the coming elections.

representatives abroad in the days of sailing ships; therefore, we are nothing but Americans.

I may take an exaggerated view of the importance of my course of action here. I am a very small fish, but it is a very small puddle, very much smaller than the world knows and every fish counts for something.

It looks now as if Johannesburg would be destroyed by the Boers, both above and below ground, but whether this will be done officially as a protective measure, or unofficially as a vindictive one we cannot yet tell; after all, this universal talk of blowing up the mines may be nothing more than a last forlorn attempt to bring about foreign intervention.

Our military attaché, Captain Reichmann of the Seventeenth Infantry, is staying with us for a few days and has many interesting stories to tell of the front; there are also some newspaper correspondents still here, though many are leaving and I have been photographed several times to adorn the pages of sundry books and magazines.

It is possible that this may be the last letter to reach you for a long time, so remember that there is no truer saying than that "No news is good news," for bad news always leaks out in some way or other.

JOHN

PRETORIA, *June* 7 and 20, 1900.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I arrived here four months ago today and though the time has passed very quickly I feel as if I had been here always. What we came to do is done and the work in future will be wholly different in character and much less interesting.

The South African Republic died Monday night when Botha sent word to Roberts that he would not defend Pre-

toria and the Union Jack was hoisted over the Government building the following afternoon.

Our last week under the old régime was full of uncertainty and interest. Every one knew that Kruger and the Government were going to run away with all that they could lay their hands on but no effort was made to detain them. The morning after they left, the Government stores were looted but private property was not interfered with. In fact, to the end it was pretty safe, excepting that horses were taken everywhere, either with or without the worthless formality of a commandeering order.

In the first days of the week the Boers were coming in from the front in great numbers and flocking through the town, trekking to the eastward. After this we had a day or two of quiet, when five hundred men could have taken the place. Then the Boers, seeing that they were not followed, came back, so that in the end we did have a little fight in the neighbourhood, which came near having disasterous results as far as this consulate was concerned.

We had heard firing in the distance all the morning but supposed that it was done by the Boer gunners. At about one o'clock, after a temporary lull, we were disillusioned by a loud report followed by the bursting of a shell in our immediate vicinity. We at once ran out and warned our nearest neighbours, in the small district where we live, to move to a safer place. I then locked up the consulate, putting a silly message on the door as follows: "June 4. Closed on account of bombardment. The consul can be found across the street. J. G. Coolidge, U. S. Vice Consul." Hay and I removed our headquarters to a neighbour's house across the street which seemed to us of a solider construction.

All this time lyddite shells were falling and exploding

around us in a trying manner. Our idea in moving across the way was that it put us a little farther from the direct line of fire, and that, being a better house, it would afford us more protection against the flying splinters of steel, which seemed to constitute our principal danger. Of course, if a shell had struck the house, it would have been no more useful than the other, but the British had no intention of shelling the town and it was only through a miscalculation that our poor little suburb was endangered. This sort of game lasted with short intervals of quiet, till sunset, and Hay and I, for I believe that we were almost the only people who stayed behind, sat under the lee of the friendly house with our eyes on the consulate and just waited. At sunset the firing ceased and after a while the late residents began to reappear.

Some sort of a detective man, a friend, rode up and told us that there was talk among the rougher element in the town of coming to loot the consulate, where there was thought to be much gold, which was actually the case.

Hay at this time was called away to confer with General Botha and others with a view to surrendering, so as to save a further needless bombardment of an undefended position. He was out all night on his mission, which fortunately proved successful and I watched alone, surrounded by arms and ammunition, awaiting the arrival of looters who never came.

At sunrise when theshooting did not recommence I knew that the crisis was passed. General Botha and Lucas Meyer left at about six and the English appeared on the scene by half past nine or ten o'clock. The other flag was hoisted on the Government building in the afternoon and about twenty thousand men marched past before Lord Roberts and his staff in the public square. Best love,

JOHN

I stood at a point of vantage on a building in the great square, Lord Roberts and his staff were just below, and the tattered remnant of a band with battered instruments played the national anthem, when a small silk flag, the gift of Lady Roberts which he always carried with him, was raised above the Government building. The troops filed by just as they came from the veld, grimy, torn and unshaven after ten days of almost continuous fighting, marching and sleeping in the open. These men whom I had known so well in all their military smartness! And this it was that impressed me most, it revealed at a glance the whole difference between peace and war.

Kitchener was in the lead and soon after him came a high officer on a great white charger, a most conspicuous figure. It had been sent to him by his wife, and his friends had begged him not to use it in time of danger. He would not listen to them and was killed very soon after. Even while the parade was passing there was an alarm of some kind and a number of the mounted troops galloped away to seek the enemy.

In the evening we ran across two young officers, took them home and offered them some champagne, for they were very tired. It seemed to them almost too good to be true but they soon left and went off to find their men and sleep with them on the ground.

PRETORIA, *July* 29, 1900.

MY DEAR FATHER: — It is now more than two months since I have had news of any kind from the family, either in Europe or America, so I have to fall back on the idea that "Ill news travels fast," and consequently that all is well with you as it is with me. Mr. de Wet of the Free State is in some degree responsible for my troubles.

I have had a most interesting and valuable experience here, though a most expensive one, yet strangely enough I hear from home that my affairs are in excellent condition. The two hundred pounds which I drew from you and the third hundred which I owe you as well, have been very useful, for I have had occasion to help people of all kinds and even now there are a great many cases of hardship coming up before us almost daily.

The price of living, too, is wholly abnormal, with eggs at five shillings a dozen and butter at eight shillings a pound. The things that we lack most in the town are eggs, butter, milk, flour, meal, potatoes, tinned goods, salt, tobacco, matches and forage for the horses. Most of these cannot be obtained at all, the others only at intervals, and for very high prices.

We can still occasionally hear firing in the neighbourhood and in certain directions it is not safe to go five miles out of town. Besides this, the highways are strewn with dead horses and cattle, so that there is no pleasure in riding or driving.

We are practically without news of any kind, for no paper is published here and the one which arrives spasmodically from Bloemfontein is so strictly censored that there is no health in it.

Yesterday we were much shocked at hearing of the murder of the King of Italy but no details have reached us.

The surrender of Prinsloo with so many men brings us much nearer to the end of the war. Fighting began yesterday to the west and north of Pretoria and they are still at it as we can hear the reports of the big guns. I have just heard one this moment. It seems such a ghastly pity to keep on shooting holes in each other when it can have no possible effect on the ultimate result.

The weather has suddenly turned quite warm for mid-winter, the thermometer standing at about 75°, yet it is scarcely over a week since an officer, whom we knew, and three men, died of exposure near by, having lost their way on the veld one cold, wet night.

The city is still under the strictest martial law, which is uncomfortable but absolutely necessary and it is likely to remain so for some time to come.

The ordinary white dweller in Pretoria must first have a residential permit which allows him to exist, then a night pass if he wants to go out between sunset and sunrise. He must also have a permit to keep horses, carriages and bicycles, and another permit to ride or drive them, as the case may be, and another for his coachman to do the same.

He must also have a permit to buy wine and get it from a man who has a permit to sell. Every one of these is rather hard to obtain unless you can show cause, so that the life of a peaceful citizen at the present time is not really worth while, and if he tries to go away his troubles are worse than ever in the permit department.

These things luckily do not apply to us, as we, of the consular body now have general passes of sorts though it took us some time to get them.

We have had a great many people come to see us; of course, most of them on business but no one has turned up yet that I have ever known before with the exception of one young officer who came across from Australia with me and I might add a youth from Boston, who, being noted for drawing the long bow, naturally became a war correspondent. I only met him once for a few minutes, in the street, then he disappeared much to my regret, as he certainly could have given me some news even if it were not true.

Consular Service, U. S. A.
DURBAN, *September* 3, 1900.

MY DEAR FATHER: — Owing to the inevitable complications out here, I have not received any news from home since the British occupation of Pretoria. I had intended to resign at the expiration of six months at my post but when the time came, everything was still so unsettled that it seemed better to stay.

Then an idea struck me and I volunteered to come down here and go round to Lourenço Marques and thence up to the seat of the Boer Government which is probably at Lydenburg, in the hope of making things a little easier for the British prisoners who still number almost two thousand, and of looking out for the welfare of any stray Americans who might still be struggling against the inevitable.

The idea was good but it came too late, for the first news that I heard on reaching Durban, after an arduous journey, was that the prisoners had been released.

Now I do not know what to do, but as there is no boat to Lourenço Marques for almost a week, I have plenty of time to watch events and make up my mind.

Before leaving Pretoria I had two pleasant interviews with Lord Roberts, as well as a very courteous letter from Sir Alfred Milner at the Cape. I also called on Mrs. Kruger, Mrs. Botha and Mrs. Lucas Meyer with reference to taking letters to their respective husbands.

If I do go round and make my way through, it is possible that I may be lost for some time, but the end seems to be approaching so rapidly that I look upon this as a most unlikely contingency.

I cannot accomplish much by merely proceeding to Lourenço Marques, for I have an enemy there in authority,

a most uncomfortable man who may be counted on to do his best to interfere with anything that I may attempt to do. Luckily, I have nothing to dread beyond a little nastiness on his part, which worries me not at all.[1]

Whatever course I determine to pursue, I shall have to return to Pretoria for a little while; then, homeward ho!

I now weigh one hundred and fifty-nine pounds and if the war continues, with luck my weight may fall to one hundred and thirty.

PRETORIA, *October* 4, 1900.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Letters have at last begun to come in again after an interval of about four months. Last week I received one from you and one from father, dated July 1 and 8 respectively.

My trip round to the other end was not a success, as it was made in the interests of certain prisoners who were released before I got there.

I went up, however, as far as Hectorspruit where I found Generals Botha, Lucas Meyer and Ben Viljoen, with whom I lunched and had a good talk. They were preparing to break up camp and trek away from the railway and as there was no reason or even excuse for going with them, I returned while the going was still good to Komartipoort and thence after a while to Lourenço Marques.

When I left Pretoria I brought a message from Mrs. Kruger to the President which I delivered to the Transvaal Consul at Lourenço Marques hearing that Mr. Kruger had arrived the night before. I also said that I would call on him if he desired to receive me. On my return from the lines, I was told that the President was anxious to see me, so, after certain preliminary steps which I need not go

[1] I did him great injustice.

into, I had quite a long interview with him, through an interpreter, of course. He was looking quite well and strong, better I thought than when I had last seen him some months before.

The next day I started on my return to Pretoria via Durban and I got back here without incident or undue delay, after an absence of a little less than a month. On my return I presented myself to Lord Roberts and had some talk with him and some tea with Lady Bobs and the daughters Bobs. I also called at once on Mrs. Kruger, who was not well, but was so keen that she got up and dressed on purpose to see me, which was not necessary and I am sorry to say proved rather too much for her strength. I also saw Mrs. Botha, Mrs. Meyer and others, to give them the latest news of their wandering husbands.

I am now at work trying to put a little order into the wild confusion of this amateur consulate. Of course we are not as busy as we have been but there is always enough to keep us going.

The first trainload of supplies for the shopkeepers arrived this week, which will afford some relief as they were short of almost everything. We have had no war news of any kind lately and everyone is dreadfully tired of the situation, the question on their lips is, "When will it end?" and there is no answer.

I take my exercise as a rule by riding before breakfast, as it is now too hot to do much in the middle of the day. The rains have not begun, so the country is still all brown and the dust at times dreadful.

I am much in doubt about when to leave and must be guided by developments, but it must be before long. If the war were over I would leave tomorrow. With love to all,

JOHN

In my interview with Mr. Kruger, after I had given him the messages from his wife and family, we had a general conversation and he appeared to be particularly interested in the conditions now obtaining in Pretoria. Naturally I had to be very guarded in my replies and he did not seem at all pleased. He was much blamed at this time, and most unjustly, for leaving his country in her dire distress. The truth is that he left by the wish of the Boers themselves. He could no longer be of any service, for the civil Government was dead. He was too old to fight and when they finally left the railway lines, destroying all their material, and took to the open country, he actually became an incumbrance. People too readily forget that after the fall of Pretoria the burghers no longer fought with any hope that they might win unaided, their one idea was to maintain some form of warfare until the miracle of intervention brought them victory and peace, and what could better plead their cause abroad and win this intervention than the heroic figure of Paul Kruger, as it was to them and as they believed it to be to all but his bitterest foes. He was also severely criticised, and equally unjustly, for abandoning his wife in Pretoria and leaving her to the care of the enemy. The truth was that she was suffering from heart trouble and could not be moved with safety. As for Mrs. Kruger, she was a short, plain woman of the simpler kind. She was devoted to her husband and I was told that when she heard in the night that I had returned from seeing him, she became so excited that she could not sleep until I had been there the next day. She died not long after.

PRETORIA, *November* 2, 1900.

DEAR MOTHER: — Another short note about nothing. The last incoming European mail was completely des-

troyed in the old sweet way. I met a man who was on the train and he told me that the Boers had only about twenty minutes to do the trick, but they are so used to it now that they don't waste much time.

First they stopped the train by shooting, then they turned the passengers out and began a search for specie and ammunition; then they sprinkled about kerosene and set fire to the whole business. By this time an armoured train, which was supposed to be protecting the other, appeared in the distance and began shelling and the Boers scurried off. They did not take any prisoners with them as they did not want them, although there were three or four officers on the train. There were two women traveling and one of them was frightened into hysterics and managed to get wedged in between a fixed table and the seat in her compartment so tightly that there was great trouble in extricating her. Only one man was shot.

The Rand refugees in Cape Town and Durban are howling to be allowed to come back. To be sure they are almost starving where they are, but they would be much worse off up here, as there is no work to be had and very little food except at ruinous prices. It would be sheer folly to let them return.

Yesterday I took part in the funeral of Prince Christian Victor and a week before saw a great parade, the raising of the Royal Standard and the presentation of Victoria Crosses.

I hope to sail from Durban via the east coast on December fifteenth.

JOHN

PRETORIA, *November* 15, 1900.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I have taken a passage on the German east coast boat which sails from Durban a month

from today and this time I do not believe that there will be anything to stop me. I shall arrive in Rome about the third week in January, almost one year late.

Life changes little here. We are still dreadfully cut off and rather short of everything. It took us five days to hear the result of our elections, which was satisfactory and about what I expected.

De Wet had a nasty knock last week and lost more guns than he was supposed to have. If he could only be caught, I think that it would be the beginning of the end. Botha and his people made a sad show of General French, not that they hurt him much, but they kept him on the run for weeks. I do not think that this is likely to figure prominently in the English illustrated papers.

The Boers have been fighting much harder of late, now that all of the foreigners are gone, a rather curious commentary on the theory that it was the foreigners who did most of the work. Every day that they hold out means just so much more injury to the country, without any possible advantage.

Railway travel on all of the lines is still dangerous, or at least uncertain, and the trains do not run at night even between here and Johannesburg.

SON JOHN

XV

1901 — SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND

ARRIVED in Naples January fifteenth — Death of Queen Victoria — To Rome, Nice and Paris — London and the State Procession at the opening of Parliament — Reached Boston in March — Went with the family to Washington and thence to Tuckahoe — Commencement Week in Cambridge with Hay — His sad death — The summer spent mainly yachting — Visit to Hay's family at Lake Sunapee and offer of a diplomatic appointment.

I LEFT Pretoria after a residence of about ten months and sailed from Durban as planned, on December fifteenth. The steamer proved fairly comfortable and we proceeded up the coast at a leisurely rate touching at several points in the Portuguese colonies such as Lourenço Marques, Beira and Mozambique. In the latter, I saw a very interesting old fortress built of stone transported from Portugal in very early times. We next came into German waters and after stopping once crossed over to Zanzibar. I landed here and left the boat for a few days while it crossed again to Dar es Salaam, the capital of the German colony. Zanzibar was a pleasant Arab town of a type quite new to me. The streets were narrow and the houses were low and white and flat with very few windows. The people lived mostly on their roofs. I stayed with our consular representative, who was the agent of an American firm trading largely in ivory, and he showed me a number of very fine tusks stored in his warehouse. The palace had been shelled by the British a few years before and had not been repaired. What impressed me most in the town was a garden filled with very fine clove trees, for cloves form one of the most important exports of the island. I did not see the

Sultan because it was the month of Ramadan, and he was in seclusion; but in his place I saw some of his tame ostriches which roamed about the streets and almost blocked certain of the smaller ones. Another man whom I desired even more to see but could not find for the same reason, was Tippoo Tib, the famous slave raider, so prominent in Stanley's time; a man of great wealth and much esteemed. On the other hand, I was fortunate enough to meet Sir Harry Johnston, who had just arrived on a special mission. I much enjoyed my short visit to Zanzibar. Our next stop was at Aden, where I went on shore and got caught in the first shower which had fallen there for seven years; just my luck.

We reached Naples on January fifteenth, one month from Durban, at the same time as George Meyer, our newly appointed Ambassador at Rome. He poisoned himself there with some local delicacy, a very poor beginning of a very successful mission. In Rome it was, I think, that the news came of the death of Queen Victoria and I remember attending a ceremonial service on that occasion. Thence to Paris by way of Nice and across to London where I met Hay. He had left Pretoria at about the same time and had come back by the direct course up the west coast of Africa. While there I saw the State Procession on the opening of Edward VII's first Parliament. I arrived at home in March, this time only two years out, and the most interesting two years of my life so far. This was the end of my masterless wandering. I had burned my fingers in the candle of officialdom and had not failed to appreciate its privileges and exemptions and the next eight years I passed mainly abroad as a labourer in the vineyard, with the Government label on my back. First, however, came a period of rejoicing, not to say revelry,

and I spent most of the summer racing or cruising on the yachts of well-disposed friends and gained an intimate knowledge of the ins and outs of our coast from New York to Bar Harbor.

I passed Commencement Week at home and Hay came on for the occasion with his sisters, for he had many friends in Cambridge and we were often together. I spent the last morning of his stay with him and he went on at midday to New Haven for the corresponding ceremonies at Yale, which were only just beginning. That night he returned to his hotel and went to his room in an upper story, and tired by a long day of travel and excitement, to say nothing of excessive heat, he fell asleep in his chair beside the open window. Awaking a little later he arose, toppled over the low sill, fell out and was instantly killed on the stones below. Never was a more promising career more suddenly and more tragically cut short. I did not go to the funeral which was in Cleveland but two or three months later his parents asked me to stay with them at their country place on Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire. It was here that I first mentioned to Secretary Hay my desire to enter our diplomatic service. He promised to befriend me and did so most effectively. This autumn and early winter were spent quietly at home in Boston.

XVI

1902 — IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

CRUISE with the Larz Andersons on *S. Y. Virginia* to Bermuda, West Indies, Venezuela — To Tuckahoe in April, then Washington on my appointment to be Secretary of Legation in China — Left home in June — In London at the time of the postponement of the Coronation of Edward VII, thence to Paris and Berlin; with my brother to Petersburg, Moscow and across Siberia via Irkutsk and Manchuria to Newchwang and Peking — Arrived August sixth at the American Legation and began work next morning — Lived in the first secretary's house in the Siege Legation.

WASHINGTON, *January* 9, 1902.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I arrived here at about eleven o'clock yesterday morning after a fairly comfortable night journey and came at once to the hotel. After lunch, I looked up the Larzes and they took me to inspect the yacht, which is lying in the river off Georgetown. We went in a devil-carriage full of strange noises and smells.

The boat is very handsomely fitted and comfortable, but looks rather small for deep-sea sailing, more like yachting than cruising.

This morning I got my passport and some books, *etc.*, and lunched with the Hays *en famille*. They were very friendly and I had a little talk with the Secretary, who said that there was no vacancy as yet.

The guests on the cruise are to be Miss McMillan, daughter of the Senator, a Mr. Hellen and myself. I worked out a plan with Larz last night which is quite complete, the only trouble being that if we do it all we shall not get back to the U. S. till about the fifth of April. We sail tomorrow for Old Point, where letters will reach me

for the next two or three days. I will send you a sort of itinerary before long. With love to all,

JOHN

HANDLE WITH CARE

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO,
January 27, 1902.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We left Washington as you know on a Saturday, January eleventh, spent Sunday at Old Point, made a pilgrimage on Monday to Tuckahoe and back, very pleasant, and went to sea that night.

We arrived in Bermuda Thursday morning, after one day of bad weather and one of good and immediately proceeded to call on, and be called on by about every white person in the island, spending the rest of the time in teas and dinners, very much to my sorrow.

A telegram came from Mr. Hay asking whether I would take a second secretaryship in Tokyo or St. Petersburg, as both were available. I wired back that I would like the Japanese one and asked whether I should return immediately. He answered not to return and that he would write, so that I am now looking for a letter by the next mail which may give me some idea about what to do and when to do it. At present I do not know whether the appointment has been made or not.

We took several very pretty drives about Hamilton and I enjoyed them thoroughly.

The British authorities rather churlishly, as I thought, refused to allow me to see the Boer prisoners, but I have an idea that the matter was spoiled by a kindly but injudicious consul man of ours, whom I ought to have known enough to leave alone. I tried to stop him when it was too late.

We left Bermuda Wednesday, the twenty-second, in bad weather, and for a couple of days it was very uncomfortable. I was seasick for the first time in thirty years. It grew pleasanter, however, as we drew near my old pals, the tropics. We anchored here yesterday morning and commenced our social duties, one of which I am now pleasantly avoiding, otherwise I should have no chance to write to you except at sea and there it is too rough.

We shall spend our time eating and drinking tea till Friday, when we are to drive over to Ponce, some seventy miles or more, right across the island. The yacht will wait for the mail, then go round and pick us up and we shall start for St. Thomas or elsewhere.

This island of Porto Rico is quite attractive. The town was founded by Ponce de Leon, in 1509, and though small is interesting. I think that our people are doing well here in their experimental governing, in any case they are trying very hard. This island will never be of any great importance and consequently has a rather good chance of becoming in time almost a model colony.

St. Pierre, Martinique,
February 10, 1902.

My dear Mater: — Still no word from home, only a silly tailor's bill and a list of members of the Rats' Club came to cheer my loneliness in Porto Rico.

Secretary Hay's letter had been waiting here for some days when we arrived last Saturday and I telegraphed to him declining the Petersburg offer and have this moment written confirming the telegram and explaining my reasons for preferring to wait.

We drove across Porto Rico to Ponce and from there sailed for St. Thomas, our next possession. From St.

Thomas, we went on to St. Kitts, then Antigua, then Montserrat, then Guadaloupe, then Dominica, then Martinique, where we have been for three days.

Tomorrow we start for St. Lucia, Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, *etc.* It sounds like the old nigger announcing the trains in the Albany Station, doesn't it? These islands are all of them very beautiful and very fertile, but practically bankrupt because they rely on sugar which cannot be sold advantageously owing to our tariff. The only future for them is to join us, or grow something else which they may be able to sell at a profit.

ABSTRACT LOG

MARTINIQUE, *Sunday, February* 9, 1902.

We went on shore in the morning to buy carnival clothes but found almost everything shut. In the afternoon we walked through the Botanical Gardens, which are very old and attractive, though much neglected, and returning met the carnival procession.

The maskers were all of the lowest class but very well behaved considering the circumstances.

This evening we had a fancy dress dinner of the buccaneers in their cave with revelry (paper confetti).

Monday, February 10. Mrs. Prentice, the consul's wife and her two daughters lunched on board, and gave us a rather forlorn picture of their life here and told some startling snake and centipede stories.

L. and A. drove to the top of the Morne Rouge and found it very fine, while I went in swimming.

That night we all went on shore to look for a ball (just a plain ball, neither a high ball nor a low ball). Everything was very quiet.

Tuesday, February 11. Paid our bills and went to sea about noon and reached St. Lucia in the early afternoon. We looked in at Castries without stopping for fear of quarantine and skirted the coast until we reached the Pitons. These are two inaccessible mountains, or great masses of rock, rising straight out of deep water to the height of over half a mile with a beautiful bay lying between them. We waited here for some hours, steaming slowly backward and forward.

Wednesday, February 12. Arrived at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, at sunrise and found the roadstead full of shipping.

The Andersons went to a Lenten service and toward dusk we took a long drive through miles and miles of sugar plantations with factories and quaint old stone windmills scattered about here and there. The people whom we met in numbers along the road seemed better fed and more cheerful and polite than in the other islands. We lost our way coming home but not very seriously.

Thursday, February 13. A very pleasant drive across the island to Bathsheba, where there is a good lonely hotel at which we lunched. The hills are much higher on this side and the country more picturesque in consequence, but we found some difficulty in persuading the horses to mount them. We did not care for Bridgetown, which is a large, ugly place with hot and bare looking streets. Went to sea at nine-thirty.

Friday, February 14. Some mysterious valentines appeared early in the morning and more kept happening throughout the day. We awoke in the harbour of St. Vincent, a very pretty island of the rugged volcanic type. The capital is Kingstown; small, but rather neat, with the inevitable botanical gardens for chief attraction. L. and J.

went to the Club for the latest telegrams, and after lunch took a drive behind two disreputable mules, but discovered some good views.

An Italian man-of-war and a Royal Mail steamer arrived in the afternoon and the whole population turned out to greet them.

Saturday, February 15. Arrived in Grenada in the forenoon. The chief town, St. George, is very well situated at the base of a promontory, facing on one side the sea, and on the other a picturesque little harbour.

We walked about the town, then drove some miles through the hills to a small pool and cascade and on our return visited the Botanical Garden which is not especially notable. At dusk we steamed out of the little harbour and anchored in the roadstead. This island is very beautiful.

Sunday, February 16. After a night's run we dropped our anchor in the wide, shallow bay which forms the harbour of Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad.

L. went on shore to the Cathedral, and brought back with him the two de Wolfs, the Surgeon-General of the island, and his brother.

In the afternoon we drove to the water works at Maraval and to a valley called Moka, where by climbing a hillside we found a rather fine view.

We were much surprised at the size and importance of this town which seems far more prosperous than the other West Indian cities.

Monday, February 17. Got our mail and shopped. After lunch Dr. de Wolf brought some friends to see the boat and Major Rafferty, the manager of the Asphalt Co. also called.

We drove with the de Wolves to a very pretty little gorge leading up to a waterfall. Two officer boys from the

Prairie dropped in at dinner time and proved most amusing.

Tuesday, February 18. This day we sailed across the bay of Paria to Labrea and Brighton, where the famous pitch lake is situated. We walked over this and found it very curious but very hot. Unfortunately, no work was being done.

At dinner were Major Rafferty, who told of many remarkable experiences, and the two young officers from the *Prairie*.

Wednesday, February 19. In the morning many errands and after lunch L. and J. went to see the last of Mr. Halsey de Wolf, who was starting for a trip up the Orinoco. At dusk we drove to the Botanical Gardens, where we wandered about among the big trees till dinner time. Had a jolly dinner at the Queen's Park Hotel and Dr. de Wolf introduced us to some strange local drinks. Bade good-bye to Trinidad, which is the most attractive and livable place that we have been to as yet and sailed at midnight.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, *March* 4, 1902.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We arrived here yesterday evening from Port au Prince, Hayti, too late to go on shore, but in some mysterious way a letter found its way on board; no one else had any and I don't know who brought it, but it came. It was yours of February fourteenth, and such a nice letter, too, full of good news and interest, and the first word that has reached me from home for almost eight weeks. Everything has gone very well with us; pretty scenery, curious places, pleasant weather.

The last time I wrote to you I think I didn't write, but in a hurry at hearing of a steamer that was about to leave I just enclosed some scrappy notes, used as the basis of a

log which for some reason I am expected to keep for the benefit of the ship's company and of posterity at large. I have forgotten how far I had gone at that time, but sooner or later we went to Trinidad and liked that and thence to La Guayra, and up by a very beautiful climbing railway to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, where we saw President Castro surrounded by many other curious and absurd people. We then clumb down again to the boat and sailed to Curaçao, a little Dutch toy colony, where they live by taking in each other's washing, and from there to Hayti where washing is the last thing which interests them, but we did not see President Tiresias Augustin Simon Sam and his Simon Simian suite. More later.

JOHN

HAVANA, *March* 22, 1902.

DEAR MATER: — I found here on my arrival your letter of March ninth, the rainy day, sore-eyed one, so that I think now that all of them have reached me though in a spasmodic sort of way. I hope to be at home pretty soon, probably in less than a fortnight. We leave here in two days for Nassau, where we shall make but a short stay and then cross to a Florida port.

We shall go thence to Palm Beach for a day or two, then on to Washington arriving there April second or third. I think that we shall live on a private car,—so stuffy.

We had an unpleasant experience crossing Jamaica, as one day when out for a walk at a place which shall be nameless, we fell foul of a species of wood tick, almost invisible and very numerous. They burrow and then die. I still have hundreds of marks all over me and this happened a fortnight ago. The others luckily came off rather better.

From Port Antonio we went across to Santiago, where we were taken in hand by General Whitside, the commanding officer, who took us round and showed us everything. We had a narrow escape from being put in quarantine here because there is yellow fever at Kingston. From Santiago we sailed to Cienfuegos where we landed and came across the island by rail to Matanzas which is pretty and picturesque. After staying there two days to give the yacht time to go around, we came on here to Havana last Tuesday. We have had a very good time but much too social. The Keans live out of town at the Columbia Barracks, rather far away, and I have only seen them once, but they are coming to lunch on board today. As usual, everyone seems to like them.

We enjoyed our stay in Havana very much and met a great many most hospitable people, but our time was drawing to a close, so we left with reluctance and went on to Nassau. We remained there for three or four days and were a little disappointed in the beauty of the island, then crossed the Bahama Channel and bade good-bye to the very attractive and comfortable yacht which had been our home for the last two months. A special car was waiting which took us through Washington, where we parted with Miss McMillan and George Hellen, to Boston. The cruise had lasted almost three months and I enjoyed every minute of it. Soon after my return in April I went to Tuckahoe with one of my brothers and staid there till May when I was appointed, as I learned through the newspapers, First Secretary to the American Legation in Peking, just what I wanted most. I went to Washington immediately to thank the President and Mr. Hay, and to be inducted into the duties of my new office. On present-

ing myself at the Department of State, I was told that the first thing to do was to take the oath of allegiance and that it would be better to be sworn on the spot. I was a little surprised at the urgency of the request and asked the reason. The reply was "Why, as soon as you are sworn your salary begins." Thus did I obtain the first inkling of the mysteries of my future profession. A month was allowed me to make ready and two months to reach my post, so I sailed for England in the latter part of June, having decided to make the journey via Europe and the partly opened Trans-Siberian Railway. My brother Archy had promised to go with me across Asia and we arranged to meet in Berlin.

CARLTON HOTEL, LONDON,
June 29, 1902.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I had a fairly good passage, smooth enough, but a little cold and damp. My fellow travelers were perhaps not very interesting.

We arrived in Liverpool Tuesday evening and were met with the news of the King's illness and the postponement of the coronation. The special train for London left at eleven, arriving at three a. m., and as we passed through Crewe a rumor came to us that the King was dead.

The hotel people had written to me on the boat that there was no possibility of a room, but that I could have a seat in a window for ten guineas. W. A. on the other hand offered to put me up, but in the station a fellow passenger, who had engaged a room at the Carlton weeks before, said that he would transfer it to me. So here I am.

I have been very busy since my arrival buying things at vast expense and arranging to have them go to China by sea.

I hope to leave on Wednesday, though I have been much

delayed by the holidays. I shall go to Paris for a couple of days, then on to Berlin to wait there for Archy. The weather is hot for London (85°) which makes it boresome to wear a heavy winter frock coat but it must be done.

London was very interesting at this moment for most of the princes and potentates of the earth had gathered there from its four corners for the coronation. When this was postponed they soon melted away. I only remained long enough to order or buy such things as seemed most necessary for a protracted stay in the Far East. I next crossed over to Paris for two or three days, where I had some minor business with our embassy, then went at a jump to Berlin and joined my brother and a young friend named Fryer who was traveling with him as his secretary and we proceeded together to Petersburg. My brother had been there before in our legation and had many friends, among whom was Prince Khilkoff, the head of the Russian railways, who received us with kindness and did much to facilitate our journey.

SIBERIA, *July* 21, 1902.

DEAR MOTHER: — I am writing this in the train and find it rather jigglety. You will be pleased to hear that we are somewhere between Omsk and Tomsk, which defines our position to a T. I did not care for Petersburg at all, a great forlorn place without people enough to fill the streets, but Moscow was somewhat better. (We have this minute crossed the River Obi on a great iron bridge, almost half a mile long.)

July 22. We left Moscow last Wednesday night and this is Tuesday morning. The through express to Irkutsk, which goes twice a week, consists of five cars, one first-

class, two seconds, a baggage car with a kitchen at one end of it and a dining car in which there is also an excellent bathroom with tub and squirt baths and tiled all round. The cars are like those of the Wagons-Lits Company, with little pens for two or four people and a corridor running along side.

We usually get up at nine or later and have coffee and eggs, then at about half past one we sit down to a *table d'hôte* meal of four courses, very Russian, and this keeps us alive with the help of lemony tea until about half past seven, when we have an *à la carte* dinner usually consisting of a steak for me and a *schnitzel* for Archy, with perhaps an omelette or some sweets to follow. I drink Crimean and Bessarabian wines, but the others prefer a species of local raspberry shrub called *kvass*.

The train stops five or six times during the day, never less than ten minutes, nor more than half an hour, so that we manage to get a little exercise. On the whole it is a comfortable and civilised way of traveling, much better than we have at home with the unspeakable Pullman sleepers, and the chicken *à la Marengo*. After Irkutsk it will not be so easy and after Manchuria Station, no man knoweth, for the line is not supposed to be really open yet. I am trying to have a special car sent there for me.

The scenery so far has been very uninteresting, with the exception of the Urals which faintly suggest New Hampshire with the mountains reduced by one half. The rest is all plain, beginning in Prussia and stretching across Russia and through Siberia to the River Obi. Much of this, too, is virtually treeless, except for scattered patches of birch. Today we have at last reached a slightly undulating country with thin woods and I believe that it will be better as we go along.

The weather has been favourable on the whole, a little too much rain at first, but that was better than dust and the last two days very fine, with the nights clear and bright.

Strangely enough we may meet at the next station some friends of Archy's, Harvard youths who came out here gold mining two years ago. He has telegraphed to them that he is passing through, but as their place is several miles from the line perhaps they may not be able to come.

Just now we stopped rather suddenly and on looking out found that half of the train had passed over a small bridge on which some men were at work and a violent discussion was in progress. It turns out that the bridge, some thirty or forty feet long, is being repaired and is not safe, so the train was signaled to stop and we might have been delayed for hours, but for some reason the train could not be stopped until half of it had gone across, so they stood there and discussed whether it should go on or go back and wait. The trainmen wanted to go on and the bridgemen were very angry, saying that we had no right to be there and must go back, with part of the train resting on the unsafe bridge all the while. Luckily, we went on.

We have just passed the station for Archy's friends and no one was there, but the station master told us that three new Americans had arrived on the last train; that is, four days ago, which is very curious as we did not hear anything about them either in Petersburg or in Moscow.

Our train went no further than Irkutsk because the part of the line which skirted Lake Baikal was not yet finished as there are many tunnels in this section. We crossed the lake in a sort of a large ferryboat, in a matter of three or four hours, and found our new train awaiting us. It was

more primitive than the other, but not uncomfortable and it carried us as far as Manchuria Station, as it was called, which stands on the frontier between Siberia and Manchuria, Russia and China. Here all was confusion but we succeeded in finding our car just in time, before it was taken away somewhere. It had been sent to meet us by the order of the railway authorities in Petersburg and was generally used by engineers of the line on their tours of duty. It was a small blue box on wheels and was divided into three or four compartments but I don't remember that there were any springs. A servant and a samovar went with it. In this we lived for the next eight or nine days, not only sleeping but eating in it as well. We had heard in Irkutsk so much about the prevalence of cholera in Manchuria that it seemed wiser to take with us our own supplies of eatables and drinkables and to rely entirely on them while passing through the infected district. So we made a provision of tinned meats, eggs and bottled things and bought a small spirit cooker with which to prepare them. The line was so rough and the car so springless, that it proved impossible to keep anything on the table when we were in motion and all cooking had to be done when the train came to a stop which was all very well, except that we had no possible means of knowing when we were coming to a stop, nor how long we would probably remain there. The cholera was about as represented and the train halted not infrequently along the line to pick up victims and take them in a little sort of an ambulance car, at the end of the train, as far as the nearest hospital. If any died on the way we did not know it. The train service throughout this whole district was unorganised and wholly irregular, so that our car was simply tied on to anything going in the right direction. In this way

we journeyed as far as Newchwang, where another change had to be made. Henceforth we were again to travel on a regular railway with a regular schedule, but there was much difficulty in finding where it was and how to get there. To all our inquiries the only answer was that it was far, which was strictly true. We got up between night and morning, were driven slowly a long way, crossed a great river and finally found our train which took us as far as Shan hai kwan where the Great Wall of China ends in the sea. Here we stopped for the night. The town was still in the hands of the Allied troops accompanied by rather more than the usual amount of the dregs and scum of all nations and races. I think that we went to an Austrian hotel and found it not uncomfortable, but my room opened right into the street and I felt a certain lack of privacy in it arising from the fact that it had no door. The next day's travel brought us to Peking.

At the time of my arrival in China the personnel of the American Legation consisted of the Minister, Mr. Conger and Mrs. Conger, the Military Attaché and Commandant of the Legation Guard, Captain Brewster and his wife and daughter, the Chinese Secretary, Mr. Williams and Mrs. Williams; Mr. Bainbridge, the Second Secretary, and myself, the Secretary. There was also a naval attaché who did not reside in Peking and one American clerk. We were joined soon after by five or six student interpreters.

The Chinese staff was composed of two Chinese writers and some clerks.

As for the foreign diplomats: Great Britain was represented by Sir Ernest Satow, Minister, with Mr. Townley, Secretary, Mr. Cockburn, Chinese Secretary, and Col. Bower of the Guard. The French and German interests

were in the hands of Chargés d'Affaires, Mr. Cazenave and Baron von der Golz, but the latter was soon succeeded by the new Minister, Baron de Mumm with Count Max Montgelas as Military Attaché. The Russian Minister was Mr. Lessar; the Japanese had Baron Uchida for Minister and Mr. Matsui, Secretary; the Italians, Count Gallina and Baron Romano; the Austrians, Baron Czikann de Wahlborn, Minister and Doyen; the Netherlands, Mr. Loudon, Chargé d'Affaires and Mr. Oudendyk, Secretary; and the Belgians, Mr. Cartier de Marchienne as Chargé d'Affaires, the Spanish, Mr. de Corcer, Minister, and the Portuguese, Baron Castello Branco.

The legation quarter was like an armed camp surrounded by walls and on three sides a glacis, and most of the legations were separately fortified for self-defence. The great powers all had their own guards of soldiers, sailors or marines, which were limited by the Peace Protocol to a maximum of about three hundred and fifty officers and men for each.

The British, French, Germans, Russians and Japanese always maintained their full quotas. The Americans, the Austrians and the Italians had about half-quota guards, the Dutch and Belgians still smaller contingents and the Spaniards and Portuguese none at all. The total armed force protecting the foreign legations must have been of over two thousand men. It must be remembered that Peking was not a treaty port. It was not open to unrestricted foreign residence nor trade and in consequence contained no consular establishments.

The most notable Europeans residing there more or less permanently at that time were Mgr. Favier, the dominant Catholic prelate in China; Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs; Mr.

Poukatilow, manager of the Russo-Chinese Bank, subsequently Russian Minister and Dr. Morrison, the famous correspondent of the *London Times*.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
PEKING, CHINA, *August* 9, 1902.

DEAR MATER: — Arch is sending a good letter by this mail, but I have only time to write a few lines.

We got through our long journey pretty comfortably in twenty-two days from Moscow to Peking, including one day spent in Irkutsk intentionally, and one at Harbin, where we missed our connection, but we would have been badly off without Archy's ability to speak Russian, because we did not run across a word of anything else for weeks.

We arrived here on Wednesday, August sixth in the evening, and since then I have not had time to turn round. In the office from nine to five, and after that leaving millions of cards. The Congers have been very kind and friendly and I am staying with them, but hope to get into my own house in a few days, although it will be like camping out until my things begin to arrive. Archy and Fryer have gone up country to Ming Tombs and such. Fryer has not been very well, he is not strong enough for rough and tumble traveling, and all the work falls on Arch. I have had no chance to form any impressions yet, as my mind is in a whirl, but there is plenty of time ahead of me for that.

PEKING, CHINA, *August* 16, 1902.

DEAR MOTHER: — I have again a few minutes in which to write before the closing of the official mail bag. It is two months today since I left you all at home, though it seems more. I am very busy in the office all day, and

after that calls must be made. There are no amusements — nothing but dinners. There are seven diplomatic and seven military ladies. There is nothing to do in the Chinese city, and no place to go. Archy will tell you all about it. A large house has been allotted to me by the Government, very shabby and ill-furnished. I have many servants, I don't know how many or why, but that is the affair of my headboy, an elderly gentleman called Liu. While I am in the office, curio dealers come and fill all the vacant spaces, which form the greater part of my house, with pots and pans and silks and jades (the other kind), hoping that I may buy some of them, but I have not even had time to look at them yet. My predecessor bought something like one hundred thousand dollars' worth of these things, but there are some left and the dealers evidently think that as I live in the same house I should do the same thing; I am afraid that they will have some trouble carrying their stuff home again, because there is so much of it.

PEKING, *September* 3 and 4, 1902.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — The last letter which I had from you was an interesting one, addressed to Archy. Unfortunately, he had already gone on so I had to forward it without knowing its contents, rather tantalising, was n't it? However, I see by the *Gazette* that Gen. Curtis Guild has dined with the Chickatawbut Club, so I am not wholly without news of the great world.

Everything is very quiet here, I am happy to say, and the warm weather still holds. The nights are pleasant, except for the mosquitoes, which are almost as bad as at home.

The Congers were away for five or six days, having gone down to Taku for a change, and to meet two ladies who

have come to pass the winter with them. One of them is the friend to whom Mrs. Conger wrote letters in the Boxer crisis and who always published them with such cheerful alacrity.

We all went yesterday to a garden party at Sir Robert Hart's. He is the only man in Peking who can make grass grow, and also has a tame brass band, so every Wednesday in the summer he gives a lawn party. We supplied four ladies and there were five or six others and some thirty men. We had had about twenty minutes' worth of tea and tattle, when the sky became very black and we decided to make for home. We had hardly started when the wind met us, bearing along most of the loose soil in the Desert of Gobi to mix with the large local supply of dirt and dust. For a while you could hardly breathe or see, and it was almost dark, then came thunder, lightning and a muddy rain. We reached home before the worst of it luckily, but this sort of thing is rather trying for ladies in white clothes.

Time slips along quickly and pleasantly enough, the only trouble being that I get no exercise. My work is not finished till five or after and then there is nothing for me to do unless I go tea drinking, as the walking is bad and the riding worse, for you have not time to get out of this enormous town.

I have just had my first lot of monthly bills, and I will send you specimens later to give an idea of housekeeping as she is kept in this country, or rather, in my model establishment. . . .

JOHN

PEKING, *September* 18, 1902.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I do not seem to find very much time to write, yet I hardly do anything else, and

I have always believed that the more you write the easier it becomes. I have given up my attacks on the typewriter for the present, partly from an inherited dislike of new-fangled things and partly because I am busy.

The weather has been very fine for some time now, not too hot in the daytime and cool at night. We have had some glorious sunsets, too, which I try to see when I can from the city wall, the famous wall just back of the legation. It is the only place really suited for walking as the streets are either too dusty or too muddy, according to the weather. By going away from our part of it you can be absolutely alone, for the Chinese do not use it to walk on. I dislike meeting people, because half the time I do not remember whether I know them or not, but this is bound to cure itself as time goes on in a small community like this.

My tablecloth, linen, sheets, *etc.*, arrived this week, two months out from London. There is nothing more to come now, but a great deal to buy here if possible. I have been somewhat tempted to purchase curios of all sorts to make my house more livable. The dealers were very numerous and persistent, at first, but by this time most of them are discouraged.

One day is much like another on this general plan. I am called at half past seven, but as a rule sternly refuse to get up before eight, which gives me an hour to dress and to eat my breakfast, and this means hurrying. I go to the shop at nine and stay till five or a little before, taking out the time from half past twelve till two for lunch. After five, if I must, I make calls and drink tea. If I am free I walk on the wall till dark, then read till dinner, which is at eight, and from then on to bedtime at midnight or soon after. Quite often I have to go out to dine and this

will be worse when the other people come back from the summer places, but I shall not mind it much when I know them better.

Sundays I don't stay very long in the office and sometimes have some one lunch with me or even dine. What I miss most is an agreeable place to ride or drive in, for there is nothing of the sort. As far as the work is concerned there is always enough that is interesting to justify the selection of this as a desirable post from my point of view, and the more I get in touch with things the better it will be. A great deal of my work could be done in half the time by one more accustomed to it, but just now it is more essential to have the work done *right* than to have it done quickly.

I must now go and have tea with a swarm of missionaries, about a million of them.

JOHN

September 26, 1902.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We are sending out a mail, so I will scribble a few words. We had a rather cold spell of three days, but that is over and it is delightful now. The climate, as far as the temperature goes, seems much like our own.

This week I spent two days with Mr. Conger calling on missionaries. There are three lots of them with large establishments in Peking, I refer of course to Americans only. These are the Methodists, the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians. Many of them, especially those who were here during the siege, are quite interesting, though they are not always beautiful.

Next week the Dowager Empress is going to give a garden party for the legation ladies at the Summer Palace,

a new departure; the only fly in the ointment is that they have to start at about eight in the morning and do not reach home till dark, having spent almost seven hours of that time being carried out and back in chairs. Many of them don't want to go, but must, and there is an awful lot of feeling caused by deciding who can go and who cannot, the invitations being a little vague on the subject, which shows that the dear old soul has some sense of humour.

Sunday is the birthday of the King of Portugal and I have to go to the minister's house to express my sympathy for his royal master for having been born. It is no joke being born a Portuguese. Sir Robert Hart has two Drew girls staying here and I get them in a corner and talk about Newton.

In great haste,

JOHN

PEKING, CHINA, *October* 24, 1902.

DEAR MOTHER: — This is to tell you that I am alive and well and constantly occupied. Now that the days are short it is almost dark when we get through, and then I must make calls, and then go out to dine, as a rule, and there is no end to it, for the same thing happens the next day.

I went to my first Imperial Audience recently at the Summer Palace. We started, Mr. Conger and myself, in evening clothes, at seven-forty-five in the morning, and were carried out there in sedan chairs, arriving at half past ten. The diplomatic corps to the number of about fifty were present in gaudy array, and after a few minutes we all flocked into the audience room. The ministers and chargés crowded up on a little platform, or raised space

in front of the throne, where sat the Dowager with the Emperor on a low stool on her left. Mr. Conger then spoke six or eight words saying that we were glad to visit her happy home. And an answer was read by a trembling interpreter to the effect that it was a particularly fine day. We then bowed ourselves out and sat down in an adjoining room to the joys of a Chinese banquet. It was eleven a. m. when we sat down to the feast which lasted nearly two hours. Some of the things were not bad; they were kind enough to give us knives and forks with which to eat their banquet, with warm, sweet champagne to wash it down, so that we might be pleased and not complain, but we did complain for reasons which may appear later, for we have an uncomfortable little suspicion that in this day's audience the Chinese were trying to foist a gold brick upon us, and that they succeeded. After the banquet we were towed about the lake on the gaudy imperial boats, and then conducted walking, or in chairs, through a most interesting part of the grounds not often shown, the famous Yuen Ming Yuen, destroyed by the French in 1860. We finally left after more refreshments, and reached home in our chairs just before dark.

The English Secretary here is a Mr. Townley who with his wife, Lady Susan, a daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, were in Rome when you were there. I wonder if you remember them; he also before his marriage was in Paris in Uncle Jefferson's time, and of course knew him and his family. There is also a German Secretary named von Bohlen who knows well many of my friends in Washington, and a little Belgian Count Lichtervelde, a playmate of others. Good-bye,

JOHN

PEKING, *November* 8, 1902.

MY DEAR FATHER: — There is no great news with me. I have been here three months now and everything seems to be running smoothly.

The second secretary is going home on leave soon, but that will not make any difference as he has hardly been in Peking at all since my arrival, having work to do at different places in connection with claims for indemnity for losses incurred during the Boxer troubles.

Tomorrow is the birthday of the King of England and the Empress Dowager of China, though in other years they would not necessarily fall on the same day, as his is governed by the sun, whereas hers depends on the moon. How touching it would be if they could spend it together and how they would both hate it.

Mr. Lessar, the Russian Minister, has been very ill but contrary to expectation is getting well again.

There are at the present moment actually only five ministers here in the thirteen legations, the others being in the hands of chargés. This sort of thing is not a bad barometer, for it shows that they are not expecting trouble.

Two of the new student interpreters have been staying with me for the last few weeks while their quarters are put in shape. They are recent graduates of Berkeley in California. Their names are Arnold and Haskins and they are nice boys, but they serve to illustrate a theory of mine that most of our colleges, especially those in the West, give a man education rather than refinement.

I have just bought a very handsome Chinese painting, on a silk scroll, of course. I obtained it through Dr. Headlands, the best judge of art among the missionaries, who considers it one of the finest works that he has ever seen. It was quite a piece of extravagance but probably

it will always be worth what I paid for it, and perhaps much more. I have also bought all that was left by my predecessor, Mr. Squiers, consisting of furniture, china, glass and household implements of all kinds. This was a necessity as there are no shops here. Unfortunately, he took with him everything of any account, so that what came to me was most of it rather rubbishy.

Winter is coming upon us fast now, the days are still warm and pleasant but the nights are cool. Later I shall have open coal fires in the house, but will do without them as long as possible. My office faces north and having four windows, none of them double, is, I am told, very hard to keep warm, in spite of a small grate. Luckily, I like cold rooms, a result of early Spartan training.

Thanksgiving Day all the American residents in Peking, except the soldiers of the guard, are invited to the minister's for praying and feasting purposes. We expect to be about seventy-five people, of whom fifty to fifty-five will be connected with the missions here and in the neighbourhood. Eighteen are attached to the legation or guard, and the rest, numbering two, are citizens at large, one in the customs and the other an engineer. There are one hundred and thirty soldiers in the guard. This gives a bird's-eye view of the American colony. . . .

JOHN

November 14, 1902. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and all sorts of good things and good times. It still seems a long way off but time passes very quickly here, I don't exactly know why, but I suppose that it comes from having something to do always.

We are going to have a quiet winter socially, for many of the ministers are away and there are fewer ladies than

last year; moreover, most of the legations are in temporary quarters.

A new French Minister, Monsieur Dubail, has just arrived from Japan, a fat, jolly looking man, and Mr. Joostens, the Belgian Minister who was here during the siege, has returned; to offset this the Japanese Minister has been called home rather suddenly. The British Minister is going to England for six months on leave, and the Russian must go away for his health; poor man, I am afraid that he will never find it.

The student interpreters who have been living with me for the last three weeks are now established in their own quarters, and peace reigns once more in my silent house. The poor boys came around today and wanted to know how much they owed for board, and I was rather brutal with them.

This morning Dr. Smith, the *China in Convulsions* man, came to the office. It is the first time that I have ever seen him as he lives in a village in a remote part of Shantung. He is a most interesting and amusing talker and he never stops.

Today the wind is blowing and the dust outside, I am told, is something dreadful. I must go out to dine, which is a nuisance, otherwise I am perfectly happy and comfortable. The weather is not quite as cold as it would be at home at this time of year and there are still a good many leaves on the trees.

Last Sunday I walked round the city on the wall, about fifteen miles, and saw among other interesting things, the ruins of the Observatory. It is absolutely destroyed and the instruments are most of them in Potsdam. The instruments are there and the Germans are here instead.

I cannot write more as there is too much noise around

me in connection with the closing of the mail. Everyone is sending home things for Christmas, but I have nothing to send but my love, and much of it. . . .

We have received word that the architect of the new legation buildings is on his way from Washington and work will be begun as soon as possible in the spring. I have seen the plans. The minister's house is not bad, being very large and well arranged though depressingly bare and uninteresting to look at. The three secretaries' houses are much alike, though mine is a little larger than the others. They are about the type of house that you would find on a side street in Malden. The worst feature of the whole thing is that the inclosure is absolutely bare, and as the chief ingredient in the soil is crushed brick, it will take some time to give it a parklike appearance.

If any of the family go to Washington they must call on the new Chinese Minister, if he is there, for he is one of the best Chinese that I have seen here and he speaks English perfectly. . . .

JOHN

P. S. I am very well and cheerful, though fat.

December 4, 1902.

My dear Mother: — I have received a number of nice letters from you and father about the farm and the family, and the skates which you sent me have come safely. I may soon have a chance to use them as winter seems to be upon us, for today we are having the first real snowstorm of the season.

Thanksgiving passed off successfully. The American colony to the number of about seventy, most of them missionaries, came to the legation at four and prayed and sang and praught for about two hours. We then had

a good supper, think of it, all seventy, and passed the evening with parlour tricks.

Sunday, the weather being fine and warm, I started at about half past nine and walked out some ten miles to a temple with a view, where lunch which had come by donkey power was waiting. Then home again by a longer way, stopping at temples and tombs. It was very pleasant. Willard Straight was with me, a young American with very long legs.

Our great excitement now is that we expect General Miles in a few days. We don't know exactly when, for he has not notified us, but the Commandant of the Guard received a telegram from some one in authority in Manila saying that he was on his way here. If he does come he will want an audience of course. That is what he comes for, and the Court is still out at the Summer Palace twelve miles away and only reached by sedan chairs through the snow and cold; the thermometer was 15° this morning. I hate to think of it. If he comes he will probably be accompanied by wives, and his staff, and his suite, and all his admirers and friends; we will have to put them up and entertain them. On the whole it ought to be rather amusing.

PEKING, *December* 16, 1902.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Last night we had the first ball of the season, and probably the only one. It was given at the British Legation by Mr. and Lady Susan Townley, whom you may have known in Rome. There were about twenty ladies, including some six imported from Tientsin, and about one hundred men, virtually all in government service of some sort. There were no Chinese present. Some leading ladies were conspicuously absent as there

are dissensions in our little camp, as sometimes happens I have observed, when two or three ladies are gathered together.

Tonight, Mrs. Conger has a dinner of twenty-two for the sake of the Tientsinners. It will be a young affair and easy. On Saturday she has a formal diplomatic dinner of twenty, probably about twelve men and eight ladies, very boresome and everything cut and dried.

All these things are part of the day's work but they are not the part that I care for.

General Miles and his troupe are coming about Christmas, I believe, and going home via Siberia — so pleasant.

The Emperor returned to town from the Summer Palace this week and goes on the twenty-second to offer the winter solstice sacrifices at the Temple of Heaven. He goes out in the evening, prays and fasts all night, offers the sacrifices about sunrise, then returns to Peking and presumably goes to bed.

December 24, 1902. This poor letter was laid aside, not being finished in time for the last mail and I have just found it.

We are still in the midst of our troubles; General Miles' advance agent has just arrived, but does not know any more than we do about when his chief will be here, which seems to depend on the grace of God and Mrs. Miles. He only expects to stay four or five days and the Congers, kindest of people, have sent out invitations for four dinner parties of twenty-four each on successive nights, one military, two diplomatic, and one for Chinese officials. Besides this, an Imperial Audience must be arranged which cannot be done until the General is certainly in China, and he does not even let us know where he is, but I hope that he is at sea today for it is blowing great guns.

His troupe consists of two officers, two wives, three civilians related to the wives, two servants and a secretary, eleven all told.

I shall not write any more for the thought of spending the Christmas season eating for General Miles' benefit makes me very disagreeable.

XVII

1903 — CHINA

In Peking — The Chinese New Year celebration and others — Dedication of the von Ketteler monument — Moved from the Siege Legation which had been sold to the Koreans into a Chinese house in the temporary quarters which I rebuilt entirely — Tourists and travelers come to Peking in increasing numbers — Mr. Conger goes to Shanghai to sign the new Commercial Treaty — Vacation in a hidden temple in the hills — Excitement over the approaching war between Russia and Japan — Fletcher, the new Second Secretary, came in October.

PEKING, *January* 11, 1903.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — The winter climate here is very fine; for about five days in the week the air is clear and crisp with no wind and the thermometer moving steadily up and down between 40° at noon and 20° at midnight. The other two days the wind blows and there is dust and misery unutterable. You cannot keep it out. The houses are supposed to be sealed up, but it makes its way in almost as it pleases and in the streets it is hardly worth while to struggle against it.

The Chinese New Year will soon be upon us, a period when not much serious attention to business is to be expected from the natives. Just now is the time to buy things, for the dealers often make great sacrifices to get ready money to settle up their accounts by the end of the year which is the custom with all reputable traders.

As you know there is a cloud on the political horizon which may easily darken the whole heavens, so it bids fair to be interesting for a while. Love to all,

JOHN

PEKING, *January* 17, 1903.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We have had rather a busy week, but it is a busy time of year all the world over.

The Russians had their New Year Wednesday and we went to call on all of them as they are our nearest neighbours and we are on very good terms.

Thursday the Military Governor of Peking had a birthday party and about thirty of us were invited to a feast and a theatrical performance. The feast lasted from two till five, but I imagine that the theatrical performance is going on still. It was rather amusing for we saw all his wives and children and grandchildren in gorgeous clothing. They are Chinese, not Manchus, and this is the first place I have been to where the women appeared.

Tomorrow there will be the formal dedication of the monument erected, under compulsion, by the Chinese on the spot where Baron von Ketteler was killed. The same prince who went to apologise in Germany and would not kotow is to perform the principal ceremony, pour out a libation, I believe.

We all go in state, that is in evening clothes, worse luck, and the German Army will be present. Fortunately, the whole show is not expected to last more than fifteen minutes. The story is going about among the Chinese today that six men are to be beheaded on the spot, to add éclat to the occasion, which shows how well they realise that we foreigners have come here for their good and not for our own.

JOHN

I do not know whether this is true or not. I was told in Peking that shortly before the siege began, the German Minister while walking upon the battlements behind his

legation, saw some Boxer youths doing their exercises, across the moat, in the Chinese city. He called some of his guards and they shot several of them. I sometimes feel that the Germans are an unlovely race.

We are now living through the Chinese New Year, which lasts from a day to a month, according to the wealth and inclination of the celebrator. They shut themselves up in their houses and gamble and feast and make noises on gongs, or else they go out into the street at night and set off cannon crackers. It is also a great time for calling.

Tomorrow we go to the Wai wu pu, which is the successor to the old Tsung Li Yamen of infamous memory. All the Boards will be gathered together there and I suppose that there will be a feast, worse luck. On Friday comes the New Year's audience in the Forbidden City. It is a rather perfunctory performance, I am told, but the only part I really mind is the evening dress. We are to go at half past ten in the morning.

We are preparing to move out of our present legation, which I am very sorry to say was sold to the Koreans a year or more ago. Our new place is not begun and will take two years to build. In the meantime we must live in some Chinese houses adjoining our present premises, which we are patching up for the purpose. It is not a pleasant prospect but there is no help for it. . . .

PEKING, *February* 27, 1903.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Yesterday we went to a banquet at the Prince of Ching's. There were twenty regular courses and eight extras. I tasted all of the regulars and one or two extras, by mistake. Many were really quite good, infinitely better than any Japanese food. We were

some fifty in all seated at one long table. The minister, first secretary and interpreter of each legation and perhaps a dozen Chinese officials. It lasted from one to four. The wines were all bad.

I see that our papers, which never lie, are doing a good deal of talking with reference to Tung Fu H'siang and what he will do, which is a thing which nobody knows anything about. The best authorities, however, are the most reassuring.

There was a long-distance race here the other day from Tientsin, some seventy-eight miles. The riders were mostly German officers and their mounts China ponies, the same pony to be ridden through. There were thirty-eight starters, twenty-seven of whom, I think, finished. The winner got here in seven hours and thirty-three minutes, with number two a minute and a half behind him, a very creditable record considering that such a dust-storm was blowing that even the train was an hour late. The winning horses had to trot two kilometres the next morning, to show that they were still alive.

March 3. The weather has turned quite mild and in the afternoon it is cloudy and threatening as if it would like to rain, but as we have had no rain for over three months it does not seem to know how to begin. The skating is all over and I have enjoyed it immensely and I certainly needed the exercise.

We are much occupied now patching up the Chinese houses which are to serve as our temporary quarters during the next two years or more while the new legation is being built.

I shall not be uncomfortable but I am sorry to move, for our present place is very attractive and I hate to give it up to the Koreans, of all people.

The new buildings when finished (they are not yet begun) will be quite fine, in a mistaken sort of a way, but it will be a very long time before the grounds can be made to look like anything as they are absolutely flat and bare and the soil is composed of broken tiles with a sprinkling of dead Boxers' bones.

The mail is waiting for me to allow it to go.

JOHN

AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING,
Sunday, March 15, 1903.

DEAR ELLEN: — It has been snowing here in a feeble, futile sort of way almost all day and I resent it deeply, for Sunday is the one day when I am free and I look forward to it as a chance to be out of doors for hours on a long walk or prowl through the devious ways of the Chinese city.

It is fair to say, however, that this is the first snow that we have had since November nor has there been any rain for months. The winter climate is very fine, clear and cool, and pleasant except when the wind blows, for then there is dust which bears the same relation to our Boston dust as the street cleaning department of Peking does to that of Boston. Peking somehow or other, does not give me the impression of a large city. There is no sense of indefiniteness about it. You do not feel as if you could wander on and on, for you always seem to be in touch with the walls.

The Forbidden City is closed again as in the old times and the only opportunity to see anything of it is on the occasion of an audience; even then you only go through a very small part of it, and always in just the same way.

The Empress Dowager is a very determined, forbidding looking woman, whereas the Son of Heaven has a poor,

wistful, rather kindly expression, feeble and very subdued. She is much younger looking than you would suppose and seems very strong and well. Prince Ching, the head of the foreign office, though only sixty, seems much older; he is small and frail and seems almost as if he would blow away. Jung lu, the greatest of them all, is also very delicate. He is the pleasantest, politest and most refined in his appearance and manner of all the higher officials but he avoids intercourse with the foreigner and is constantly ill, though just how ill, it would be very hard to say.

None of these Peking officials are progressive in the sense that some of the viceroys are. In China it is safer to be progressive at a distance.

Among the diplomats here are some pleasant people and interesting, too, though Mr. Conger and Mr. Joostens, the Belgian Minister, are the only two heads of missions who were here during the siege. I have a gossipy little Frenchman who comes to teach me on such evenings as I can spare the time. He fought as a volunteer and was wounded and through him I have picked up a good deal of the unpublished history of those days. The missionaries mostly live rather far and I know them all, but do not see them often. They are just now in the process of being paid indemnities which puts most of them in a very good humour, though a few are dissatisfied as must always be. They have to come to my office to sign receipts and vouchers and things for the red tape department. All of them are very fond of the Congers as they should be, for they could scarcely have better friends, though Mrs. Conger is a Christian Scientist and as for Mr. Conger, I don't even know what he is. A rather unusual and very creditable thing about the missionaries here, the Protestants I mean, is that though three different societies have large

establishments in Peking, they seem to work in harmony with each other and even to combine at times in their efforts to do good.

Mutual dislike almost always exists between the missionaries and the commercial classes but being almost entirely free from the commercial element in Peking we don't hear much of that story.

I have babbled rather freely through these pages and so must ask you to supply the discretion which I have lacked, especially with regard to what I have said about the Chinese authorities. The worst point always about talking too much is that you can forgive neither yourself nor the other person if anything happens. I am well satisfied without being boisterously happy.

Your affectionate cousin,

JOHN

PEKING, *April* 15, 1903.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — The spring refuses to come; we had two days of it early in the month, then the grey weather returned and there is hardly a sign of green yet. Today there is a duststorm, which means nothing more than a wind which blows up the dust in the streets so that you can hardly see or breathe.

I have not had time to do much with my new house yet, but I think that I shall like it after a while, because it is by itself and not in an inclosure with others. At present there is nothing to heat it except the weather which is inadequate. I had some men dining the other night and two of them had to keep on their heavy overcoats.

The United States being poor and economical I have presented it with some sixty young trees which have been set out in the streets bordering our domain.

They are locusts and willows which seem to do better here than anything else. What with the change of quarters, the accounts, the indemnity payments, *etc.*, I have had no time to go about lately, but Sunday I always manage to put in a pretty good walk. Things will not be any better for some months or until a second secretary arrives.

Saturday. It has turned delightfully warm, about eighty, and as a result I am pleased and encouraged. (WITH CAUTION.) Tomorrow we are going in state to pay a visit of condolence to the family of the late[1] Jung lu, so happily eliminated from the situation a few days ago. He was one of the most intelligent and quite the most gentlemanly of the high officials and I should judge him to have been wholly irreconcilable.

There are all kinds of stories going round at this time, the regular spring crop. I am told that last year there were even more and as usual most of them seem to have originated in the newspaper centres. I do not believe that any of the alarmist rumours published at home and abroad are derived from official sources. Unfortunately, the diplomatic body here, in the mind of many, is like the Christian Scientist shepherd, who kept on calling out "There is no wolf! There is no wolf!" until the wolf came to the door and well-nigh ate him up.

The Siberian railway service is being constantly improved and gradually accelerated. There is now or will be shortly, a weekly through train from Port Arthur to Lake Baikal, with dining and sleeping cars and through tickets will soon be sold.

A street rumour has just come in through the Chinese that Yuan shih k'ai has been degraded and, according to another version, he has been reduced three steps. Some-

[1] Grandfather of the last Emperor, through the female line.

thing seems to be happening anyway and I am afraid that it is not anything that will help the situation.

PEKING, *July* 25, 1903.

The Congers went away on a little vacation of six days, four of which were spent entirely on the train. It was not quite what they had planned, for I had to call them back by telegraph just when they were going to have a good time.

I have not been out of Peking myself at all and I don't care to this summer, for I am very busy with my house building; also, if I were to go away, it would take me no end of time to catch up again.

Mr. Second Secretary, his name is Fletcher, by the way, ought to arrive at any moment though we have not heard from him. I shall put him up for the first six weeks or so while a place is made ready for him.

Everyone possible is away now. In the twelve legations and the Imperial Customs, which may be said to constitute the society of the place, there are at present only eight ladies left in Peking. Last year there were as many as this in the American Legation alone, including the guard. It simplifies life very much because people don't bother to go and dine with each other.

Our friends, the Russians, have been making things very interesting for us at times lately and may not have quite finished yet, but, unfortunately, these are things which cannot be discussed with even the best regulated mothers. The poor little Japanese, I am rather sorry for them. Some people are very sure of war, including Dr. Morrison of the *Times*, but I never will believe it till it comes.

July 28. I was rather uncheerful when I wrote the first part of this, as I have not been too extra specially well

lately, as a result of frequent and protracted disagreements with my interior, which is getting altogether too particular and finicky. Today I am all right, thank goodness.

We have heard about the second secretary, he will not be here till October and I am glad of it, for I don't want to be bothered with anyone in hot weather.

The Havas Telegraph Company declared war yesterday, but the Japs and Russians do not seem to have found it out yet. I am sorry to say that I was not able to go to the mass for the Pope, the other day, the more so because Bishop Favier took part in it, almost his first public appearance since his stroke a year ago.

The Chinese Government is having rather good sport gunning after newspaper men, reformers and such, and quite right, too, dear mother. That is just the way that you and I feel toward innovators, busybodies and the like.

PEKING, *September* 23, 1903.

I have just come across a letter which died young, over a month ago. I shall send it as it is with a few photographs to show what the country was like. The trip was a success. I walked hard every day and kept near, or in, the water, and returned on the fourth day very glad to get back as people always are in such cases.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER

PEKING, *August* 20, 1903.

The summer is wearing away and in fact we are already in autumn by the Chinese standard, which also declares that the rainy season will cease on September eighth, and the Chinese ought to know as they have been here for a long time.

The house and grounds are almost finished, as much of them at least as I mean to finish at present, for I have spent far more money on them than I intended to and owing to the unnecessary rise in silver my income finds itself reduced by about twenty-five per cent.

After working for a little over a year every day, though less on Sundays, I took a vacation of four days. I started early with a friend, a young American named Straight, who speaks Chineasily. First we took a train for half an hour to a village just beyond a rather famous old bridge which is described with some care by the late Marco Polo. From this point we walked across the plain a dozen miles or more, through many villages, to the bordering hills which rise quite sharply and, a little farther on, play at being mountains. Once among the hills we made our way up the bed of the river, a very big bed and a very small river when we were there, then branched off when a big brook came in and followed the course of the brook to where it came out of the side of a hill. We could not see the spring itself for the water flowed through a tunnel over which there was a small temple, and where the tunnel ended, and the world began was a little pool, very clear and cold. . . .

The last month has been rather uneventful, politically speaking, and the work much lighter than usual, but in compensation we have been overrun with travelers of all sorts. New people come almost every day with letters of recommendation of one kind or another. They take up much time and necessitate certain social efforts.

In about a week or ten days Mr. Conger must go to Shanghai to sign our new Treaty. He will take with him the Chinese secretary or interpreter, Mr. Williams, so that I shall be absolutely alone in the office in Peking for

about a fortnight. There will be with me a white clerk who speaks no Chinese and two Chinese writers who know not a word of English. The one Chinese clerk who does speak English has chosen this occasion to get married.

On the tenth we are to have a Diplomatic Audience at the Summer Palace and the next day a Ladies' Audience, may their shadows ever grow less, and I shall represent the U. S. on the former occasion. The eighth is the day set for the final withdrawal of the Russians from Manchuria and we are looking forward with a certain curiosity, wondering what will be the upshot of it all.

The autumn has come, the best time of year in all countries that I have ever known. I do a good walk every Sunday and little ones in between. My horses are constantly falling lame for no reason at all, just as they do at home and everywhere else.

I am sending you a photograph of my newly constructed dining room, the show place of the house. The supporting timbers and the roof of the building are old, the side walls and the interior new. The tame idiot who took the photograph neglected to remove the *punkah* or hanging fan, so that it monopolises most of the picture, but by looking round it you can judge a little what the room is like.

PEKING, *December* 14, 1903.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I had such a nice letter from you a few days ago, dated November third; it does take a long time though, does n't it? I am going to send this by Siberia, posting another at the same time by the usual route across the Pacific, and when you answer it I hope that you will do the same thing, so that we may be able to decide which is the better way.

Everything is wonderfully quiet here considering the

possibilities of immediate trouble which still exist. The work, too, is much less than it has been at times and there are more to do it. I am still a long way behind in one department, besides my letter writing, which I am sorry to say has not been up to the mark.

You remember how much satisfaction I felt in making a handsome room out of my dining room. I had a housewarming in it the other night. It began at about four in the morning and was put out in an hour. It was caused by a badly built fireplace, too near to a big beam. The room was ruined and my beautiful big cloisonné vase, the joy of my heart, was partly melted and otherwise ill-treated.

On the whole it was a wonderful escape for we have no fire appliances, and if it had been a windy night instead of an absolutely still one, the whole legation might easily have been burnt at my expense!

Continued *December* 23, 1903.

DEAR MOTHER: — Your poor letter was sidetracked and staid there, and it was not the fault of the Siberian railway either.

My rebuilders have been doing famously and in two or three weeks more my room will be ready to use again, much as it was before, but I hope a little better. The cloisonné vase may be seen on the mantelpiece in that ridiculous photograph which I sent you. Things have progressed toward their logical conclusion since I wrote the first part of this letter and I do not see how war can be longer deferred, in fact I expect it to break out at any moment.

It will add to the interest of our position very much and should China be involved in it in any way, there would be

many curious and startling possibilities. It is not part of my job to have any views on this subject, but I am sorry for people who have to fight in such cold weather. I think that Chefoo will be the base of activity of the newspaper warriors, so that we are not likely to be much troubled by them.

The Japanese Minister has just come in and I am wondering rather hard what news he brings.

I shall send this now in the ordinary way, as the Siberian route is liable to interruption.

P. S. The Japanese Minister says, "Not yet."

XVIII

1904 — RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

In Peking — Outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan — Arrival of military attachés and war correspondents and their troubles — Early operations and progress of the war — Short vacation at Shan hai kwan spent with Edwin Morgan — Russian activities and Japanese prospects — The situation at Port Arthur — The Empress Dowager's seventieth birthday.

PEKING, *January* 19, 1904.

MY DEAR FATHER: — Another letter from you reached me not long ago with a very interesting description of the new house beautiful. I also received the Christmas books but have only had time to dip into them owing to the prevalence of the dinner party microbe which flourishes exceedingly at this time of year. I have read enough, however, to feel pretty certain that Mr. de Blowitz' modest account of himself will rank high as a work of fiction. Nothing pleases me more than to receive books even if I cannot read them immediately.

The war still hangs fire, though it is hard to see how it can be for the advantage of both sides to keep on postponing final action. I have long looked upon it as a logical certainty; that is to say, that there is no possibility of an agreement, unless one side or the other is prepared to abandon almost completely the position which it has maintained so far.

Of course Russia does not want war, if she can keep on doing just as she likes without it, and consequently will not fight until she is interfered with, so that Japan will be the one to strike the first blow and will be called the aggressor.

The position of China is pitiable and, as I have written

before, full of strange possibilities which I cannot discuss. Throughout this crisis the Reuter's telegrams from China and Japan have been quite accurate. Not much importance should be attached to public utterances of continental statesmen who will maintain that there will be no war, until it begins. There will be war unless Russia backs down.

JOHN

WITH CAUTION

January 30, 1904.

I have only time to scribble a few lines before sending out the mail.

The war has not come yet but may at almost any moment, unless the last reply, which must be reaching Japan at about this time, contains a complete backdown on the part of Russia, which I see no reason to expect, in spite of pacific talk, unless the Czar's love of peace prevails over all other considerations.

The Chinese Government is dreadfully upset at the prospect and very properly, for it is not in a position to force its neutrality to be respected and, in fact, it is likely to have the greatest difficulty in maintaining it. The war will probably be decided on its territory in any case.

Next day. I received a private telegram from Tokyo late last night from a friend saying that the British Ambassador (Scott) in Petersburg has telegraphed to McDonald in Tokyo that the terms of the Russian reply, which is not to be sent for a few days, are satisfactory. All is, if there is not war, next summer I am going for a cruise on the Grand Canal, but I refuse to believe it yet.

A solemn individual, named X., has arrived here ostensibly for the purpose of persuading the Chinese Government to make their currency conform to his views. It is

about as profitable as baying at the moon. At present his one thought is to obtain an Imperial Audience, which will do no earthly good to the currency but a great deal of good to X.

Prince Pu lun, who is to go over to the St. Louis show, is a cheerful little man, one of the better kind. Of course, he does n't speak anything or know much, how should he? and he is only about twenty-five and enjoys things. I believe that it was once thought that he might be designated as heir to the throne. I will send you some of my beautiful red cards to present and I hope that when any of you go to St. Louis you will look him up. I am going to dine with him this week and will warn him of the honour in store for him.

Wu ting fang, whom I dislike, has been put on the Wai wu pu which makes it easier to deal with them, when in a hurry. He is a no class Chinaman from the south and as such finds it difficult at times to make the Manchus understand him. Chang chi tung has at last been permitted to return to his bailiwick, but is still in town on account of illness. I think that he has quite outlived his usefulness.

It is Sunday and a fine day and I am going for a prowl round the streets. At this time of year it is the only day when I can get out before dark and there is no pleasure in trying to go round after dark in a Chinese city.

I have just seen Mr. Conger and he has trotted off to talk to Sir Ernest Satow and Mr. Uchida. He does n't believe it either.

War finally came on February fifth, when the Japanese Government in despair of arriving at any satisfactory agreement with Russia, ordered their minister to demand his passports, and the Russian representative was at the

same time recalled from Tokyo. Hostilities broke out at once, the Russian squadron at Port Arthur put out to sea and two thousand men were sent across the Yalu River into Korea. On February sixth, Admiral Togo sailed with transports, which were convoyed to Chemulpo and a force landed, which immediately took possession of Seoul. The Russian cruiser *Variag*, built by the Cramps, and the gunboat *Korietz*, which were lying in the harbour of Chemulpo, put out to sea, but were immediately crippled and driven back and sank soon after.

On the night of the eighth–ninth the Japanese attacked the Russian fleet lying outside of Port Arthur and damaged it so seriously that it was no longer able to interfere with the landing of Japanese troops in Korea. On February twenty-fourth, again on March twenty-seventh and May second, attempts were made with splendid gallantry to close the mouth of the harbour by sinking ships in the fairway, but though successful at the time, the Russians were finally able, in each case, to remove the obstructions. In the meantime their fleet had suffered serious losses, but it was not until May that the Japanese were essentially weakened by the blowing up of the battleship *Hatsuse*, with over four hundred officers and men.

On land General Kuroki felt his way slowly along the western shore of Korea, hampered chiefly by the condition of the roads and meeting no serious opposition till the end of April, when he took up his position on the left bank of the Yalu River, which the Japanese gunboats were patroling in its lower reaches. On the night of the thirtieth he crossed this in force at several points and attacked the Russians on the heights which defended it. The fighting was severe and with many vicissitudes, but the Russians finally fell back at all points, at some places the

retreat degenerating into a rout and the Japanese captured great stores of arms, gaining munitions of war and the command of the roads to Liao yang and Hai cheng. The first debarkation on the Liao Tung peninsula took place on May fifth and by daylight on May sixth the Japanese were in sight of the west coast and fired on the very train on which Admiral Alexeieff was making his escape from Port Arthur. After severe fighting around Kin chau, in the latter part of the month, Dalny was finally entered on May thirtieth. The harbour was cleared of mines, and became the new Japanese base. General Nogi advanced with the Third Army on Port Arthur. In the meantime General Kuroki had remained in his captured positions on the Yalu, while he constructed a light railroad to the sea.

On June twenty-sixth, he captured the pass at Fen shiu ling by a turning movement which laid open the road to Hai cheng on the southwest, and followed up this success by an advance on the Mo tien ling and Ta ling passes; the possession of which cleared the way to Liao yang and Mukden and threatened General Kuropatkine's line of communications. In the meantime General Oku advanced along the railway towards Liao yang and on July twenty-fifth captured Ta-shih-chao, where the line branched to Newchwang. This led to the abandonment of this port by the Russians and its immediate occupation by the Japanese. It was henceforth used as a base of supplies for the army on the Liao River.

From the *Annual Register*

SHAN HAI KWAN, *August* 1, 1904.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I have been fairly well most of the time except the first week in July when I felt very

forlorn, but I had a doctor punch me and thump me and listen to me and he could not find anything wrong, so I decided that it was all a mistake. I have now gone on a little vacation, not that I wanted to at all, being very much more comfortable at home, but I was getting on the nerves of Mr. Conger and everyone else by staying there always, so that I decided to go.

Morgan is here, Edwin I mean, on his way back from Newchwang where he had the most wonderful luck as he arrived the night before the Russians left and could see from far off the fighting at Ta-shih-chao.

The next day came the flight of the Russians and the arrival of the victorious army of five Japanese scouts who did not know what to make of it. Then the establishment of the military government and the beginning of the new era.

I find Morgan very interesting and full of stories from home that are quite new to me. He has a real talent for small talk. He staid about a week with me in Peking and I enjoyed it very much, except that it was hard to get to bed at anything like a reasonable hour.

We have had several people in town this summer but no travelers. I went down with a special car to gather in the Hon. Herbert H. D. Pierce, the Third Assistant Secretary of State, and took him back to Tongku a couple of days later. He is now on a tour through the Far East inspecting our consulates in China and Japan.

We have had, on the other hand, a needless number of war correspondents and newspaper men in general, some of whom I had seen before, but as for them, I know them as if I had made them, but I should feel rather sorry for myself if this had been the case.

The war goes on steadily, if not rapidly. I have come

to the conclusion that the Japanese are working on absolutely cut and dried plans and that they are annoyed rather than pleased, if anything happens before the time set for it. Take this Newchwang business for instance; the rest of the world, and most of all, the Russians and the inhabitants of Newchwang itself, had been expecting them daily since the ice went out at the beginning of March, and they could have gone there at any time, and have taken it without firing a shot, yet when they stumbled into it the other day, I think that they were more embarrassed than pleased because it had not happened according to the book.

Their attitude concerning Port Arthur is rather strange as none of them seem to feel the slightest doubt as to their ability to take it by storm. They expected to do this early in July, but the event did not come off and no one outside really knows yet exactly what happened at that time. The date was then changed, I have reason to think, to the fourth of August, which will be upon us very soon and then we shall see.

As for the Russians, it is hard for us to know their plans, because they are in the same predicament themselves. My advice to them would be to fall back to the other side of Moscow and trust to the weather as they did on a previous occasion.

It is quite possible that Kuropatkine may be cut off and his army smashed, but I do not see that that would necessarily make for peace.

It seems to me that the best chance of peace would be for Russia to misbehave, as she has been doing and irritate people until England was driven just to the verge of a war, which of course would involve France so that at the last moment these two might get together and arrange terms

of peace which Russia could accept from them, without great loss of face and which would yet be enough to satisfy Japan. It might not be so very hard after all, for Japan could tell England what she wants and Russia could tell France what she will give and as England and France are particularly anxious not to be forced to fight each other, they would work very hard to try to bring about some arrangement.

The murder of the poor Belgian bishop, Mgr. Verhaegen and his brother, the details of which have not reached us yet, happened at a most inopportune moment for France, for it is particularly hard for her to appear as the energetic champion of the Catholic Church just at present and in consequence it will be quite difficult for her to obtain the advantages from this incident which might otherwise have been naturally expected. Sad, is n't it! . . .

September 28, 1904. Things are going fair to middling well with us. Since the fighting around Liao Yang there has been no war news except such as is intended to fill space in newspapers. Most of the warriors of the pen are now on their way home and are rending the air with shrieks as they go. I had one little tame newspaper man here, whose loss I deplore. He was the Peking correspondent of the *Kokumin Shimbun*. Think how comfortable our newsboys at home would feel if they had to jump on to a crowded trolley car and yell, "Extry special of the *Kokumin Shimbun*, five o'clock." He was a gentleman and a scholar, in a Japanesy sort of way. He used to come to the office almost every day and tell me such things as could in all loyalty be given out. In the first place, the official telegrams which I knew already, in the second place, the so called Tokyo telegrams, which emanated from a press agency and required verification, for usually the

wish was father to the thought and finally the side lights as they appeared through the medium of the Chinese press. He was a good little man and I miss him for he has been absorbed by the Chinese Customs Service, with a view to the new order which shall prevail.

The other day I happened to run across a translation of certain directions, issued by the Russian Government concerning the laws of war for the guidance of officers and men in the field.

The part addressed to the officers was of no special interest, as it might have been the same in any other army, but the men's part was the teaching of children and kindly teaching, too. I cannot quote but can give the spirit. If you meet the enemy you must kill him for God and the Czar, but if he lays down his arms or is wounded, he is your brother.

What made me think of these rules was the question of war correspondents, for it was with reference to their status that I examined them. I found but one clause relating to them which ran as follows: "When correspondents or sutlers are captured they may be held as prisoners of war, if it is considered worth while." Between the correspondents' opinion of their own value and the official view, verily there is a great gulf fixed. But enough of them.

The simple-minded peasants of Chihli are just now actively engaged in fostering a new Boxer movement, rumours of which will probably reach you before this rambling screed. They are meeting by night, swearing strange oaths of destruction to us and to the powers that be and this, too, at harvest time when there are plentiful crops to be gathered. We are busy warning the Government and they are busy making promises in the old

familiar way. It will probably come to nothing but if the experience of 1900 has to be gone through again, the sick man of the Far East will be a dead man when the work is over.

Mr. Conger is thinking of making a two months' trip to the Philippines at the beginning of next year, if conditions are not too strenuous here, in which case I shall have a short run in charge.

JOHN

PEKING, *September* 13, 1904.

DEAR ELLEN: — I have been here now for over two years working for about six days and a half in a week and in the office from six to seven hours a day and it likes me well. They drove me away for a fortnight's vacation this summer and I think that it did me good, for I was getting a little stale but it was sorely against my will, for the days that I felt ill I was particularly glad to be living at home and the days that I felt well I saw no possible advantage in going away for a change. They were right though for I enjoyed it thoroughly and have felt better ever since.

Perhaps the most interesting time was last winter when the war cloud was over us and we were watching and waiting for the storm to burst. For a long time before I never felt any doubt of what the final outcome would be, except one night when we received some news which I could not reconcile in any way with my whole theory of the situation. I could find no explanation except that the news was false, though apparently from reliable sources, and I guessed right.

In the earlier days of the war the one object to be attained, for us here, was to bolster up the tottering neutrality of China, and thanks, in a great measure to the action

of our Government, I refer to the "administrative entity" note, this result was achieved for the time being. The fortune of war, too, helped to make the task easier until all was marred by the fatal Ryeshitelni business. Now I don't know what will happen. This view only represents my personal opinion and I speak as one without authority.

There have been many reports lately of unrest in the interior, but it must be remembered that the interior is very vast and it is always in a state of unrest in spots. I saw Mgr. Favier this afternoon and he was very calm and generally pleased with the situation in this best of possible countries; and he was the man, as you know, who sounded the unheeded note of warning in 1900, when Sir Claud McDonald wrote home that he thought that all that was needed was a little rain. (This was probably true.)

I was in Newchwang for a few days, during my summer vacation, just after the Japanese took it over and it was most interesting to see them starting the work of reorganisation. They were very keen, very serious and very severe.

On my return from there, I stopped at Peitaiho, a summer resort, and one day heard the distant but unmistakable boom of heavy firing at Port Arthur.

The Japs say that we will hear nothing more about Port Arthur until it falls, but I cannot help thinking that the Russian fleet will come out again and make another effort to reach Vladivostok. Today's Reuter announces that the Baltic squadron has sailed for the Far East which makes me think of a certain Spanish fleet which sailed for Manila and reached Suez. The Baltic squadron is too late. If it ever really meant to come it should have started two months ago.

My life here is by no means unpleasant; my chief inter-

est, outside of the work, is in walking about everywhere, for though I have horses I sternly refuse to ride them. My amusement is in puttering around and constantly altering my Pseudo-Chinese house.

Give my best love to the good aunt. Yours sincerely,

JOHN

PEKING, *October* 21, 1904.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I begin this letter with a great worry, not being able to find the gold pen which you gave me some years ago and which it has been my custom to use when writing these evening scrawls at home after dinner when the day's work is done. It may be lost but I am quite sure that it has not been stolen, for in my two years here, with a household of ten or more, there have been almost no changes among my servants, nor has anything disappeared.

I have had only three ponies in training for the races this fall. Two of them have gone lame and the other is slow, a very undesirable quality in a race horse, so that I am afraid that my efforts as a patron of sport will not be crowned with success, *ce qui du reste, ne m'intéresse que médiocrement*, as I have often remarked before.

The great game is absorbing as ever, the Russians with their reverses are inclined to misbehave. They show a tendency to stir up and irritate the Chinese in any way that comes to hand, in the hope that they may provoke some movement that can justify the cry of the Yellow Peril and lead to a broader development of the present crisis. The threats of trouble from the new Boxer sect have lessened since my last letter as the authorities seem to realise the necessity of keeping them in hand, instead of simply promising to do so.

As regards the war, the Japanese have again been fighting very hard with tremendous losses on both sides and not very much to show for it. They always win and advance a little, but the Russians manage to get away in good order without great loss of fighting material and the whole thing has to be done over again at the next stage. The Russians had almost their first success the other day when they got hold of a detached column of Japanese and gobbled up fourteen guns after killing a good many of their defenders.

A new lot of home papers came yesterday and I looked over some of the headlines relating to the war, but I cannot remember one that was not either false or misleading. The thing that strikes me most about this war is the absolute impossibility of guessing after so many months' struggle what the end will be. In fact, barring the unlikely contingency of the command of the sea passing to Russia, I can see no solution except a general cataclysm, or if we are spared this, a peace more in the nature of a truce, resulting from mutual exhaustion of the two combatants. Obviously I am reckoning with the facts as we know them here and taking no account of possible complications in other parts of the world.

As for the present campaign, I am inclined to think that the Japanese will go as far as Mukden, but not as far as Tieling as they had hoped to do before the close of the season, for the cold weather is already upon us and I cannot conceive it possible that they should fight through a Manchurian winter, though being very ignorant in military matters I may be mistaken.

About Port Arthur we know nothing; it might fall tomorrow or resist forever, as far as any authentic information which we have received is concerned. The Chefoo

reports are worth the paper they are written on, if it is a poor quality of paper.

Mr. Conger proposes to take a two months' leave at the beginning of next year, unless the situation here becomes too complicated, for the purpose of making a tour through the Philippines. He had intended to do this two years ago and permission had been granted from Washington, but when the time came we were too short-handed, so that it had to be given up. I have not looked into the regulations but I think that if he leaves the country he will have to turn over the legation to me during his absence, which will be interesting even if rather strenuous.

We had our regular autumn audience at the Summer Palace in beautiful weather. They are rather trying occasions, as we leave home at seven in the morning and seldom get back before dark. The Empress Dowager was looking much as usual. She reminds me always of Mary Timmony, whom you may remember in the days when we both were young. We are to go again next month, alas, on the occasion of her seventieth birthday to present letters of congratulation from the powers that be at home. Ours is characterised by its republican simplicity and has her name spelled wrong, or what amounts to the same thing from the Chinese point of view. Why did n't we send a postal card through the mail? Republican simplicity does not make a favourable impression upon the Oriental mind, it is regarded as cheap and easy.

October 28. I have held this letter for three days in the hope of sending you with it a really good photograph of the Empress Dowager, the first I think that has ever appeared, but it cannot be, for the present at least, though I may be able to obtain one later.

Today we had authentic news that the Japanese cap-

tured forty-three guns in the recent fighting. It was done by Kuroki's army but we cannot tell exactly when nor where.

The gold pen has been found and all is again serene in my small domain.

November 18, 1904. I am afraid that this will not quite reach you by Christmas but it should come not very long after and it carries my Christmas love and hopes to all at home. It will be quiet here for Mrs. Conger is away, and there will be no celebration in the legation, except the morning one, as follows:

All the servants in the different houses, and the gate-keepers, policemen and even the street cleaners, attached to our domain, put on their best clothes and march around in small consecutive groups to pay their respects to the different chiefs. This they do by filing past you, each one bobbing down in turn till his right hand touches the ground, and you stand and nod approval with a "Bless you, my children" sort of look. This happens again at the Chinese New Year when you give them a half-month's wages to celebrate the occasion.

Thanksgiving Day has always been the moment chosen, since the advent of the Congers, for an annual gathering of the Americans in and about Peking. Last year they numbered almost ninety, of whom perhaps seventy were missionaries. The soldiers of the guard, however, cannot be included, for many sound reasons. In the afternoon there was prayer and praise and in the evening after a dinner for all, imagine it, parlour games, and Christian jollity. This year, Mr. Conger being alone, it will only be an afternoon session with refreshments taken standing. It is rather interesting and intensely American.

The missionaries will never have a better friend than

Mr. Conger has been to them, yet he is not a church-going man and Mrs. Conger, who is almost as much beloved, is a high priestess of the order of Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy. Mr. Conger is here to help the Americans and four-fifths of the Americans in China are missionaries. They have a great fear of what will happen when he leaves, as leave he must some day, for his probable successor may hold very different views.

The day before yesterday morning soon after sunrise, headed by the Emperor, the Princes and very high officials of China to the number of more than one thousand, remained on their knees on the brick pavement of one of the great courts of the Summer Palace for twenty minutes, while a congratulatory address was being delivered to the Empress Dowager on the occasion of her seventieth birthday. It must have been a remarkable sight. We heard about it from Tang taotai, the Yale graduate who has been appointed to go to Calcutta and Lhassa, as a plenipotentiary to settle the affairs of Thibet. He was very much impressed. We had a story the other day that the Dalai Lama was about to arrive in Peking, which proved not to be true, but we managed to get some information about his movements. The British want him to come here and the Chinese, too, for that matter, otherwise he may go into Russian territory and prove a source of uneasiness. The Dalai Lama is the temporal Pope, the other man who has now been put in his place is the spiritual Pope. He now combines both functions.

Everything is still quiet on the Shaho, though the two armies are so well in touch with each other that some soldiers are said to have had a fight with their fists the other day, about whose horses should be watered at a certain pool. I don't believe any such rubbish.

Another Russian destroyer has arrived at Chefoo and has been immediately scuttled and blown up by her crew. People are doing a good deal of guessing about it with the most diverse conclusions. The American China Development Co. or Canton Hankow Ry. is in a very bad mess, which I am inclined to think that they richly deserve.

I told my No. 2 boy this morning to paint me a Christmas card for you which he seems to have done without overworking himself. Such as it is I send it with my best love.

December 1, 1904.

My dear Mother: — By the last mail I received a letter from you in which you blamed yourself for having allowed a certain interval to elapse without writing, though it was wholly through my fault. Anyway I was very glad to get the letter but please do not send any more through Washington, as I am far enough away as it is.

The result of the elections is very satisfactory, more even than any of us out here had deemed possible. The only point which I cannot as yet, in any way understand was the choice for Governor of Massachusetts of Mr. Douglas, whom I have only known before as the promulgator of $3.50 shoes, with his portrait thrown in, thereby showing great vanity or perhaps courage. Why should he have been made governor for that? It would have been quite as sensible to have made Lydia E. Pinkham governess.

It has been strangely quiet here for weeks as far as war news goes, which is due to the fact that there is no real war news just now and the lies only come to us on their way back. I see telegrams from Mukden, however, almost every day which give a fair idea of conditions and occa-

sionally a letter slips through to me from the other side full of interesting details.

When I wrote last I thought that the culminating fight of the season might begin at any moment and I still think that this is possible, but I am in more doubt now, being without means of judging the real reason for this pause in the Japanese advance. In the campaign so far they have several times fought very hard for many days, then quietly rested and strengthened themselves until they were ready for the next round, as it were. If they can be blamed, it is for never making the supreme effort at the moment of victory which might lead to the utter demoralisation and rout of the retreating Russians. The last battle seemed much like the others in this respect. The Japanese won and the Russians got away.

Now for weeks, the two armies have been lying so near to each other that if ammunition gives out they can throw bricks. The Russians will not move forward this winter. Why should they? They cannot hope to get to Port Arthur and for any other purpose it is better to wait till the spring, but what are the Jappers waiting for? They have had plenty of time to rest and pull themselves together since the last fight and when they started they certainly did n't plan to pass the winter in the open, in the middle of nowhere, with Mukden only a dozen or so miles ahead of them.

If they do not mean to go on it would seem better to go back to Liao Yang and hibernate there, for the Russians would not trouble them. My conclusion is that they still mean to attack, but what they are waiting for is hard to tell, for the common impression is that the Russians are being strengthened more rapidly than they are. I am quite sure that they would be pleased to have the Russians

attack them in their own position, but this will not be. An explanation which, in my great ignorance of the situation seems possible, is that they are waiting in momentary expectation of the fall of Port Arthur, when a large number of men could be diverted to them in a short time. One of the most curious features of the whole war has been the implicit belief of the whole Japanese nation that they would take Port Arthur.

They have expected to take it every day since early in June but the delay has not in the least weakened their confidence in the final outcome. On the whole I think that they are right. Love to all,

JOHN

P. S. Before this reaches you I shall be in charge, but only for two months, the extent of Mr. Conger's leave.

XIX

1905 — THE LEGATION AT PEKING

In Peking — Mr. Rockhill succeeded Mr. Conger — Left in charge through January and February, and in March and April — Phillips succeeded Fletcher as Second Secretary — The staff of the legation, excepting myself, moved into the new buildings — Arrival of Miss Roosevelt and her party at Peking and their reception by the Empress, *etc.* — Bomb outrage in the railway station — Illness of Phillips — Boycott of American goods — Journey to Newchwang, Dalny and Port Arthur in August.

PEKING, *January* 11, 1905.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I assumed charge here officially on the sixth, though as a matter of fact Mr. Conger left on the morning of the fifth. The sixth seems to be my auspicious day for I arrived in Pretoria on the sixth of February and left on the sixth of December. I also arrived here on the sixth of August and as I have just said was put in charge on the sixth of January, two years and five months later. As Mr. Conger's leave is for two months, it seems probable that my brief career of deflected glory will also end on the sixth, very soon after this letter reaches you.

In the *Transcript* which came by the last mail, full as usual of the wisdom and prejudices of the ancients, there was a long article on probable changes in our diplomatic representation. It said that there were to be no "third term men," one of those unlucky catch phrases which sway the imagination of our people at the expense of their reason. It simply means that those who have served longest and most faithfully are to be rewarded by being turned out.

In the diplomatic service, experience counts for more than in almost any branch of government work, because your dealings are with thoroughly trained and experienced men of other countries, but while the minister is acquiring experience abroad, he is losing political importance at home with the inevitable result, that when the rival's "pull," as the elegant phrase runs, becomes greater than his, he has to go and some catchword is invented to justify the proceeding, and thus stands the case.

The home papers, especially the Western ones, have also been full of silly rubbish to the effect that Mrs. Conger has converted the Empress Dowager to Christian Science. If this is true it must have been done by "absent treatment" and wholly without the knowledge or consent of the illustrious person referred to, all of which does not alter the fact that Mrs. Conger is one of the salt of the earth.

The fall of Port Arthur came in the end almost noiselessly. The capture of the 203 Metre Hill was the deciding cause, after that it really mattered very little how long the final defence was prolonged. The garrison seems to have been fairly well supplied with food and munitions of war, but the position was hopeless and the sufferings of the large number of sick and wounded, without adequate provisions for their care and relief, must have been terrible. We have not, however, as yet, sufficient data to form a just estimate of the conditions existing at the time of the surrender. The Japanese seem to have fought with an *acharnement*, which, I am inclined to think, is without parallel in the history of modern warfare. So much for my amateurish views on the military situation.

We have had a wonderful winter here, very mild, in fact not cold enough to feel quite right and normal and

almost wholly without the high winds and duststorms which are the curse of this otherwise excellent climate. The thermometer ranges with the utmost regularity between a maximum of 38° or 40° and a night temperature falling to 20°, or a little less, with the result that I can find but little excuse for wearing the fur coat which you gave me, of which I am perhaps unduly proud.

I am just now a little troubled with overwork, having my own job as well as Mr. Conger's, besides which, there is much added responsibility, but I expect to remedy this when I have the office machinery adjusted to the new conditions. I do not believe that in any of our legations there is a more efficient working staff. It is the largest, too, for owing to the nature of the work out here, we have a greater personnel than any of the embassies.

I have recently bought some very beautiful blue hawthorn jars, at vast expense, likewise some other gewgaws. The outlay is partly justified by my increased remuneration as chargé d'affaires, on the other hand it is very much unjustified by the shocking rise in the price of silver, which reduces my income by more than one-fifth, without affecting my outgo.

February 15, 1905. I have not written to you for some time, being very much engaged in writing to all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects which are of no personal concern to me, but merely a part of the day's work.

I have been very fortunate in my short run in charge in having some rather important questions to handle. I must say that I enjoy it thoroughly and like the responsibility though it weighs heavily on me at times. It seems to me a question of looking things straight in the face and knowing your own mind and the policy of your government.

The time is coming very soon when, judging by newspaper accounts, there will be many important changes among our diplomatic representatives. I sincerely hope that the report is well founded that Mr. Conger will be sent as ambassador to Mexico, for he will not stay here. It would be an excellent choice and a deserved promotion.

March 22, 1905. I am conscious that I have not written home for a long time, though maybe I have, for it seems to me that I spend most of my waking time in writing, which is not true for a moment. Of one thing I am sure, however, and that is that since writing last I have received several home letters, the news in which has been classified in my mind as all good.

My attempt to drive the chariot of the sun is suspended for the moment, as Mr. Conger is now here and exceedingly busy in arranging for his departure, which will take place in about ten days.

After his seven years in China there will be a great deal to do in the way of ringing out the old, which will be followed after a very short interval, by the ringing in of the new, all of which means strenuous work for the ringers that be. This growl merely arises from the fact that it is better fun to be charioteer than ringer and it should not be taken seriously.

Our Second Secretary, Fletcher, late of the Rough Riders, has been promoted to Lisbon and who his successor will be I do not know. I am sorry for I like him.

I do not dare talk of public affairs, having a rather bad conscience in this respect as regards the past, for it is forbidden not only to write about the country that you are in, but also, about any other. I am afraid that I have lost sight of this rule at times. That others have done so, too, is no excuse.

I expect to be in charge for about six weeks, after Mr. Conger leaves, though it may be less, for we have no information as to Mr. Rockhill's movements. The longer the time is, the more useless I shall be after it is over; that is the fate of all beggars who learn to ride, it spoils them for walking.

In the meantime I have a charming though solitary house and have been buying things, not to add to my store, but to replace the makeshifts with the real.

As chargé d'affaires, you do all the work and receive half the pay of a minister, but you are not expected to maintain a representative establishment; all of which is quite fair.

The spring came upon us a few days ago after a long, late winter, and I am busy trying to find places to plant new trees, to devise schemes for little rockeries and walls, with queer little gates and other things Chinesy. I am also considerably bored by the necessity of training a lot of racing ponies, which I do not care for, even a little.

PEKING, *April* 4, 1905.

I am once more the man at the helm, though probably for a very short time, not more than six weeks, as Mr. Rockhill will arrive soon after the middle of May. The motto in my case seems to be, "Go it while you are living for you will be a long time dead."

Mr. Conger left this morning at seven, under perfect conditions. The highest Chinese officials turned out, all the legations that count were properly represented, missionaries flocked, the soldiers formed the guard of honor and the firecrackers banged in all directions.

He has had an experience and has made a mark here, which put him head and shoulders above any American

representative who has been in China since diplomatic intercourse was first thrust upon that country. Our personal relations have been most friendly from the outset, though I was sent here to take the place for which he had strongly recommended another, and as for Mrs. Conger, I think that we really had no ideas in common except that we liked each other and you might do worse than that.

They were here on their return for seventeen days and he took charge of the legation and the decanate. She supervised the packing of over one hundred and thirty cases of household goods. They called on everyone and they received everyone of those entitled, besides making an *intime* farewell visit to the court.

We also had a final settlement of all the accounts of the legation which draws more money than any of our embassies, and the building account for the new legation which now amounts to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and which, for my sins, rests entirely on my shoulders, and you know how fond I am not of accounts. Luckily, it does not worry me, even a little.

The missionaries gave a great farewell reception to the Congers to which no other member of the legation was invited, which was quite wrong, as we have worked for them cordially and loyally. It simply shows the state of panic which they are in, now that they realise that the seven fat years are over. I am going to take them in hand, in an attempt to make clearer in some eyes, the difference between God and mammon, which seems blurred. Of course the great mass are above reproach, but unfortunately a few of their leaders are the most at fault. I want to do something in this direction before Mr. Rockhill arrives, for unfortunately they have such a strong feeling

about him that almost anything that he might do would be put down to prejudice, not to justice. I do not know what they will put it down to in my case, nor do I greatly care.

On Friday morning I went to a mass for the soul of the late Mgr. Favier, and in the evening to a dinner for a superfluous Prussian royal prince, whose arrival here means a decoration for his minister and a bore for everyone else. Your loving son,

JOHN

This Prince was a very great military personage and a near relation of the Kaiser. He was famous at home, among other things, for his great collection of boots, his own of course and perhaps it was to show them to better advantage that he used to stand for hours at a time in some place where he could easily be seen. He hardly ever moved and he never sat down. It was said that his brains had all run into his feet, but this was scandal.

This peculiarity soon became known to us and especially to the members of his legation. When he arrived at Tientsin, the most glorious private car obtainable was sent to the landing place, manned by almost all of the official staff of the German Legation to conduct him to Peking. On this occasion, he was persuaded to sit down, but his suite stood at attention for seven hours, while the train pursued its bumpy course to the Capital.

He had come for the purpose of joining the Russian headquarters in Manchuria, as some sort of an exalted military observer and to accomplish this a journey of almost a month was necessary through rather wild country, on the backs of camels.

All preparations had to be made in Peking, which

involved a stay of at least two or three weeks. When at length he left us grieving and disappeared into the unknown, his train consisted, so it was said, of one hundred and twenty camels loaded principally with champagne and boots.

My best friend in Peking during these two years and more that we were there together was Captain André W. Brewster of the Ninth U. S. Infantry who was attached to the legation in the double capacity of Military Attaché and Commandant of the Guard. He had been in China since 1900 having fought his way up with his regiment in the relief expedition which put an end to the Boxer rising and saved the lives of the beleaguered diplomats and their nationals after their plight had become desperate and almost all hope had been abandoned. The fighting during the advance was quite sharp at times and on one occasion when his company was in an exposed position one of his men was wounded and fell into a deep pool, whereupon Brewster jumped in after him, brought him on shore, and tried to carry him to a place of safety but the man was shot again in his arms and killed on the way.

That was the sort of man he was, and he had seen more active service than any American officer of his age that I knew. His great regret was that he was not a West Pointer, but while still a very young man, through sheer love of the career he had made his way into the army and so slow was promotion in those days, that in spite of his excellent record he was still a captain at the age of forty. In Peking at least he had an independent command. He was a king in his own little castle with no overlord in any troublesome proximity. We spent what time we could together, and especially when his wife and daughter were

with him, there was no place where I found a warmer welcome than in his quarters.

When the clouds were gathering that foreshadowed the Russo-Japanese War he was naturally my chief source of information and I remember that when the storm was about to burst he returned from a visit to Port Arthur and reported that the Russian officers there were still perfectly confident that nothing would come of it.

It was the ambition of every foreigner in Peking who owned a pony worth at least forty dollars to have a racing stable, and the race meetings held twice a year were considered the chief events of the season, unless there was a war or something on at the time. We soon established ours. It was called the A. B. C. (American Brewster Coolidge) stables, and at some of the meetings it held up its end, not without éclat, so we were pleased to think. All I knew about racing ponies was which end went first, and it did not always with those China brutes, so most of the work fell naturally on Brewster and the éclat, of which I took my whole share, would have been bestowed more properly entirely on him. It is fair to say that I always made a point of remembering our racing colours.

PEKING, *June* 3, 1905.

DEAR MOTHER: — On the first of this month the new régime began and it will take some little time for the machinery to adapt itself, the more so as Fletcher, the Second Secretary, and Aberle, a most competent stenographer and clerk, have left with no one to take their places.

The Rockhills are very nice and seem particularly well disposed, which I appreciate highly, but the conditions are still too new and the sincere friendship of the Congers too strong on me, to judge exactly how things will work

out. On the whole it seems less likely that I shall leave this year than I have thought at times.

The Baltic fleet catastrophe is so new that its effects cannot be properly estimated here, with the meagre news which comes to us from Russia, and the foolish guesses of the penny-a-liners do not often reach us before their absurdity is proved.

We are having quite a little flurry over the boycott of all things American, except our support. It has spread like wildfire and appears to be based on erroneous impressions of the proposed provisions of the new exclusion treaty. I look on it as a summer squall, which will do good by clearing the atmosphere, but it may develop into a real storm, then all sorts of things might happen. The barometer is not going up yet, quite the reverse.

June 23 and 26, 1905. All is going on well with me, if rather rushingly, but I seem to have lost all sense of time. The only thing that I remember is that it is now more than three years since I left home and the end is not yet in sight.

The success of Mr. Roosevelt's endeavours to bring about negotiations for peace is most gratifying, but somehow with my limited horizon, I cannot see any possible approach to an agreement, unless as a result of outside pressure.

When the war began, as you remember, negotiations had been going on for months, without for a moment ever even coming near to a settlement though once, and only once, there was a day when a false rumour apparently on good authority, made it seem possible that war might be averted.

As for peace, if the Russian Government and the

Japanese Government are left to themselves, they will not come within a mile of an agreement, but pressure from within on one side and from without on the other, may force them into some sort of a settlement, unsatisfactory to both, but particularly pleasing to the other fellows, who are tired of this horrid war and have nothing to lose by a false adjustment.

The Baltic fleet came and was not seen but was conquered. After so many months of waiting, of speculation, of earnest effort to judge the probabilities sanely and to deduce the logical results, the suddenness and completeness of the final disaster were almost ludicrous, or would have been, if you could forget the awful tragedy of the whole thing.

Before this reaches you, you will probably have had more than enough of the proposed boycott of American trade in China. I am tired to death of it, besides having a little grudge against it for not coming on a month or two sooner, when I could have had a try at scotching the snake myself. It is very much better though as it is, for Mr. Rockhill has come out full of knowledge of the situation at home and girt with authority to do all sorts of things which I could never have reasonably attempted. The return of Mr. Hay to Washington makes a tremendous difference, too, for the Department of State, *c'est lui*.

The meeting of the plenipotentiaries should be very interesting. Dr. Morrison has just been ordered to Washington by the *Times*, and from his great knowledge and ability he will probably play a most important unofficial part. Like most others of his craft, he shapes his facts to conform to his theories or designs, but what the others do in the interest of journalism, with him comes very near to statesmanship.

The spring this year was a windy, rainy mockery up to the end of May, since then, it has been rather pleasant weather and remarkably cool.

The new buildings will perhaps be finished in the autumn but I shall not move as I much prefer my own Chinese house.

I have just been through an epidemic of dinner parties, six in one week and I am as well as could be reasonably expected and much pleased that they are over.

SHAN HAI KWAN, *August* 11, 1905.

They have sent me off on a little trip again like last year, so here I am. This is my first day and it is raining as if it would never stop.

Phillips has arrived since I wrote last and I like him very much. He has been staying with me and I have asked him to keep house while I am away. His new quarters will not be ready for two months or more, for Fletcher's house has been given by Mr. Rockhill to Leonard, the Military Attaché, so that Phillips is talking of going to the hotel, but I mean to keep him as long as I can.

I have been exceedingly busy, but the time has now come for a general rearrangement of the work and I expect to turn over a great deal of what I have always done to others. The machine is naturally suffering from dislocation and things are bound to remain a little at loose ends until we are finally settled in our new offices.

Mr. Rockhill is having a very interesting and strenuous time. There has never been a moment when we have had more work to handle in our legation. The two main questions of course are the treaty and the boycott, which are closely related, but there are minor ones, such as the

Canton Hankow Ry. muddle, which makes a variety. The German Minister, our dear Doyen, is fortunately away at the seashore so we are spared a good deal of unnecessary work.

The burning question lately has been whether the Taft party would probably come to Peking or how much of it. The last news is reassuring but Miss Roosevelt seems to be an impulsive young person, so that we cannot feel quite safe while she is in this hemisphere. It would put us in a complicated position were she to come here.

Morgan seems to be getting on well and to be very much pleased with his new honours and dignity, which he seems to take quite seriously. We were much shocked at the death of young Dixey and Morgan feels it very keenly.

I am a little sorry to be away just now when important news of the peace negotiations ought to begin to arrive at any time. As you know I am one of those who still believe that the negotiations will only serve to show how far apart the two sides are, in their views of what would constitute a suitable arrangement. I decided to come here on my way to Newchwang whence I hope to be allowed to go to Port Arthur, but the answer which I received from the Japanese Minister after he had telegraphed about it was so evasive that I am afraid that there is no hope. I made the mistake of mentioning Mukden, too, against my better judgment, and I think that this is perhaps what spoilt the whole business. I shall go to Newchwang all the same and have a try, but it would be easier if I were not an official. I don't blame them in the least for not wanting to be bothered. The Newchwang consuls have just been sent to Port Arthur by the Japanese authorities on a personally conducted tour and I suppose that they consider

that in this way enough has been done to satisfy all legitimate requests.

The boycott question is now in the acute stage and it is very hard indeed to know exactly what to think of it. It is wholly new in the history of China and, if it succeeds, I don't see why they can't boycott all foreigners out of the country. They cannot be forced either to buy or to sell, so if they refuse and stick to it what becomes of the foreigner? The whole question hangs on the stick to it and no one believes for a moment that they will or can do so, but think how funny it would be if they did. The rival traders of the other communities who were at first disposed to rejoice at our perplexities are beginning to feel uneasy. There is something a little uncanny about the whole business. In my opinion no concessions should be made to them, at this time, which they could look upon as proofs of the efficiency of their new weapon. I think that it would be better perhaps to suspend negotiations altogether.

PORT ARTHUR, *August* 25, 1905.

By rare good fortune I have been permitted by the Japanese authorities to visit this place which is to me one of the most interesting in the world at the present time. I left Peking about a fortnight ago for Shan hai kwan, being turned out in the same way as I was last year, because everyone was tired of seeing me around the office in the hot weather. I stayed there for three days and then came on to Newchwang, which was nearer to my objective, and after waiting a week was informed that I might proceed to Dalny and Port Arthur in company with a Japanese official who was on his way home. After a journey of about twenty hours, most of it in a box car, we

arrived in Dalny Wednesday at noon (today being Friday), and immediately went round and called on the various persons in authority and they put us in the way of seeing things. Dalny is interesting from two entirely different points of view. In the first place as the Russian attempt at a ready-made city, whose existence it turned out was not to be justified by the course of events; and secondly as the base from which supplies of all kinds are constantly hurried forward for an army of half a million of men. The poor ready-made town is falling to pieces, but it presents a scene of intense activity for twenty-four hours of every day.

Yesterday morning they sent us round to Port Arthur by sea through very historic water, thus enabling us to form some idea of the problem which the Japanese fleet had to solve.

The thing that struck me most on arriving was how very much restricted the space was, at least the space available for the big ships. The vessels sunk in the mouth of the harbour seemed to be only a few cables length away from the town itself and with all the Russian ships lying in the basin, it must have been pretty hard to throw shells into it, without hitting something. It is perfectly protected from the sea, however, by Golden Hill and other great eminences, and it was only after the Japanese captured 203 Metre Hill that they were able to direct their fire, from the land side, in such a way that the ships could not live.

Yesterday afternoon we went through the little war museum which has been arranged here. It is full of the most deadly contrivances showing the enormous part which hand to hand fighting has played here, as compared with long range destruction.

Today we went to 203 Metre Hill. It is very steep and high and the summit very small. The ground is torn to pieces with shot and shell, but as there was no fort on it, the devastation is not as great as in many other places. In the afternoon we were taken to Golden Hill which lies on one side of the harbour entrance. On the top there is a battery with the guns pointing toward the sea. This is for defence against ships and was comparatively little injured.

Saturday. I have just returned from a tour of the principal forts. We went most of the way in a carriage but had to climb to the crests of the hills and we were gone many hours. The forts themselves are simply blown to pieces. Ehr lung shan was perhaps the most noted of them and it is now but an indescribable mass of ruins. It is hard at first to make out even what it was like and when you are shown what was done you cannot see how it was possible.

The mode of attack seems always to have been to work up the hill in zigzag trenches and then just to burrow or tunnel, until something was reached, then blow it up and go on. The fierceness of the close range fighting on both sides passes all belief, but the Japanese were the more resolute and in the end always won.

It would not be proper, even if it were possible, to give a detailed account of conditions here, but I believe that today there is some sort of peace news, so if we are really to have peace I suppose that this place will be thrown open to the impressionist writers who will tell you much more about it than I could ever discover.

Tomorrow I start for Peking which I should reach in four days.

In the late summer of 1905 the Roosevelt party, or Taft party as it had originally been called, made its appearance in Peking. It consisted of a number of high dignitaries, senators, representatives and others, who availed themselves of the Congressional recess to make a tour of observation through the Philippine Islands and to gather a passing impression of general conditions in the Far East.

Secretary Taft was the originator of this valuable idea and the most prominent member of the party, but the one who attracted most attention was undoubtedly Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of the President. They came to Peking accompanied by Admiral Train, commanding the China squadron and his daughters, General and Mrs. Corbin, and other high and military officers of different categories. There were many ladies, too, the wives of members and their friends, beside notable personalities like Miss Mabel Boardman, who became later the head of the American Red Cross. Of most interest to me was the fact that my brother Archy was among them and expected to leave the others at Peking and stay with me for some time while traveling in the neighbouring parts of China.

Unfortunately, we were but poorly equipped to receive and entertain so large a number of distinguished guests. We could not possibly put them all up in the legation and the one really modern hotel in the city had but limited accommodations to offer. Nor were there enough carriages and official chairs obtainable for their transportation. In fact, we were in despair, for never had anything like such a large delegation of foreign officials, I suppose they must have numbered at least seventy-five, visited Peking. To add to our difficulties, we could not exactly

know, nor could they themselves tell, when they would arrive in the city or just how long they could stay there. The Chinese Government, also, was in a flutter of expectation and feverish preparations were under way to afford them a welcome, consistent with its own dignity and the respect due to the official representatives, for such they considered them to be, of a great friendly power.

When the moment at last came, Phillips and I went down to meet them at Taku and here our difficulties began. The transport was lying five or six miles out in the shallow water beyond the bar and, at the last moment, the boat that was to take us out to the ship failed to materialise and it was not till towards midnight that we finally reached our destination. Even here, conditions were not perfect for we had to climb up a long rope ladder to the deck and pass the rest of the night on the cushions in the smoking room. We landed toward noon on the following day, and took the special train which was to convey the party to Peking.

The welcome began at once. Guards of honour, headed by local dignitaries, awaited our arrival in the various stations at which we stopped. Troops lined the railway, salutes were fired and banners were displayed at every point of vantage while abundant refreshments were served on the train. We reached Peking toward dark and our guests were distributed in their various quarters. During the five or six days that the party remained at the Capital, by far the most important event was the official reception given by the Emperor and the Empress Dowager of China at their Summer Palace of Wan shou shan, some fifteen miles out of the city. For the first time perhaps in the history of China, guests of both sexes were received together. The proceedings began with a formal audience

and their Majesties sat on a high throne while complimentary addresses were exchanged through interpreters. Next followed a banquet and later in the day we were taken to an apartment where a further light collation was served to the assembled guests and the Emperor and Empress attended by members of the court, circulated among us in a friendly informal way, asking polite questions and generally attending to our wants. After an interval of rest, we were shown over the palace and escorted to various points of interest in the grounds, such as the famous marble boat where tea was again served and the curiously attractive camel's-back bridges. We were also towed about the great lake in court barges and we finally assembled in one of the smaller palaces and took our leave.

We had come out over the road in our official chairs and whatever other suitable conveyances could be found, with the exception of the minister, and a number of the ladies, who had sought quarters for the previous night in the immediate vicinity of the palace. We went back for a great part of the way by a canal, very picturesque, but very long, and we finally reached home well-nigh exhausted, after a most interesting and almost unique experience. Another notable event was the state dinner given by Baron de Mumm, the German Minister, and Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, to the more distinguished members of the party; it was characterised by almost too lavish hospitality. There were excursions, too, to the notable sights of the town and I remember well an afternoon spent wandering through a vast park which surrounds the Temple of Heaven, perhaps the most famous shrine in the Chinese Empire. The city palaces also were thrown open to us and we were taken to see the famous dynasty tree, the existence of which is almost unknown to the outside

world. It was planted when the Manchus first established their rule in Peking, just two hundred and sixty-one years before and they believed that it would flourish with them and die with them. It certainly looked old, but showed no unmistakable signs of decay.

The little time left on their hands was devoted by our visitors to the purchase of Chinese curios, porcelain, silks and jade. On their return the party stopped for a day in Tientsin by the invitation of Yuan shih k'ai, the great Viceroy of Chihli. Not to be outdone, he served us with a great banquet followed by a gala entertainment which lasted till a late hour. Next morning Phillips and I embarked with our departing guests on an American river gunboat and accompanied them as far as Taku, then made our way back to Peking weary but satisfied. The visiting party was pretty well broken up by now, some staid in Peking and others went to Korea with our Minister, Morgan, who was present at the festivities and had been my guest. Secretary Taft, himself, had not come to China, considering that his work was done when the situation in the Philippines had been carefully examined and had hastened home to take up his new duties as Secretary of War.

A little later than this the Chinese Government decided to send one of the Princes, with an adequate suite, on a tour of observation to the United States and the principal countries of Europe. The determination excited great opposition, which resulted in the first bomb outrage in the annals of China. On the day fixed for his departure the Prince accompanied by his suite and a number of high officials, proceeded to the railway station in Peking to take the train provided to transport them to Taku, where a man-of-war was awaiting him. The Diplomatic Corps

had assembled in full numbers to wish him Godspeed, as was customary on such occasions. As he was about to start, a bomb was suddenly exploded in his car, killing and wounding a number of the occupants and giving rise to the greatest confusion. The Prince fortunately was uninjured, save for the shock. The diplomats, too, who lined the platform, remained unhurt. It appears that a Chinaman, in the garb of a coolie, bearing a bomb under his smock, had penetrated into the corridor of the carriage, intending to conceal it, but it had exploded prematurely blowing him to pieces and causing the injuries described. It was on a Sunday morning and Mr. Rockhill, Phillips and myself had met in the Chancery to complete some work in hand. We were delayed and started a little late for the station which was close by. As we passed through the Water Gate leading to the platform we heard a loud detonation, which we took at first for the explosion of a particularly large firecracker. When we reached the train an indescribable scene met our eyes. The dead were being carried out, and the survivors were hurrying to a place of safety. Of the people on the platform, few had been injured but all were suffering from the shock. It was indeed a very narrow escape.

Sir Robert Hart, too, had a similar experience. He was on his way to the Water Gate, when he suddenly remembered something that he had left undone and hurried back to his house to attend to it. In due time the station was closed and a guard mounted to keep everyone away, until some semblance of order could be established and we returned to our homes. In the afternoon Phillips and I having no further work to do, as it was Sunday, went for a long walk to dissipate the fumes of the morning's catastrophe. When we returned, we heard to our dismay,

that an important party of Americans, headed by Mr. E. H. Harriman, had arrived during our absence, in a special train and had been forced to make their way with great difficulty, unattended, and carrying their own luggage to the near by hotel. There was nothing to do but to present ourselves at once, to explain the situation and make amends as best we could for this unfortunate *contretemps*.

Mr. Harriman was accompanied by his family, his subordinates, his secretaries and his servants, a dozen or so all told. We knew of course that they were coming to Peking, but had no reason to expect them till later. He was making a tour of the Far East in connection with his numerous commercial enterprises and had been received with much distinction in Japan, where he held conferences with leading financiers and notables. He was very much disturbed, for his arrival had been announced and he felt himself entitled to a certain amount of consideration on our part, though he admitted extenuating circumstances. He remained for several days in Peking and we did our best to allay the unfavourable impression, but this was not easy, for the Roosevelt party had just left us, having seen everything and he was naturally desirous that some measure of the same courtesies should be extended to himself and his people. He was particularly anxious to be shown the inner precincts of the Forbidden City and Wu ting fang, whom he consulted on the subject and who saw a chance to make trouble, assured him that there would be no difficulty, if the legation were only to express the desire that he be admitted. This we did, much against our better judgment and received the inevitable reply, that while the Chinese Government had been only too glad to do honour to the daughter of the President of the United States, it could not see its way to extend the same courte-

sies to even the most widely known of American financiers. Again Mr. Harriman was very angry. There was at that time in Peking the most beautiful Lang Yao, *sang de boeuf*, vase that I have ever seen. It was in the hands of a dealer who guarded it with such jealous care, that he would seldom admit of its existence, or show it to anyone in whom he had not absolute confidence. Mr. Rockhill and I had several times stopped on our walks to admire it, and I had it sent to the hotel for Mrs. Harriman's approval. She saw it, but after due consideration, decided against buying it.

Most of our intercourse was not at very close range, for it was Mr. Harriman's habit to send his subordinates to the legation, to state his wishes and to make requests, which, unfortunately, could not always be complied with. When he left China for Korea, where everything went well, he gave orders to the agents of his steamship company that, in future, none of the customary courtesies or concessions should be granted to members of the Peking legation, so that thereafter we were forced whenever possible to travel by other boats.

XX

1906 — KOREA AND JAPAN

In Peking. — Great changes in the city — Journey to Japan and return via Korea — Journey to Hankow and down the Yangtse — Shanghai, Hangchow, Soochow — Return up the river and back by rail with the Phillips family — Visit to the Western Tombs, Ming Tombs and Nankow Pass — Resigned and was offered post of Secretary of Embassy at Tokyo which I declined and Secretary of Embassy in Mexico which I accepted — In charge October and November — Left for Shanghai via Hankow December twenty-fourth and sailed from China December thirty-first.

American Legation, Peking, China,
December 28, 1905.

Dear Ellen: — Your letter reached me the day before Christmas and was a very welcome present.

We have had a great many American travelers here in the last two months. I mean a great many for Peking and it is not easy to see exactly why. It may be because there is now a possible hotel or perhaps it is because there is an impression abroad that you can go easily by rail from here to Hankow. This is true, all but the *easily*, as to do it with any approach to comfort you must hire a car and take your own food, bedding and servants, which is a little laborious.

Phillips is well from his typhoid now, all but the lameness which comes from a complication which arose and he will be ready for work in a few weeks; this will make things a little easier for me but I do not expect to be idle for many things are happening out here in these days and strange times are coming on. There is a cloud spreading over the face of the heavens; what it betokens it is hard to say. Conditions are different from

what they have ever been before; there is a new spirit[1] abroad in the land and whatever it may lead to in the end, in the near future I can see nothing but trouble. I am a little sorry that this should have come on in my time as it is a new chapter quite distinct from what has gone before and I would have been well satisfied to close my experience here with the ending of the war and the negotiations resulting from it.

I cannot discuss public affairs because it is forbidden by the rules of the service but there is a great deal of thunder in the air. What we hear may be merely the preliminary rumblings of a storm which may be diverted or, if not, which may not burst for some time to come, but the electricity is there and the barometer is low.

For some months I have been very anxious to return home. I want to see my own people again and to live a little while as my own master. The new legation here is now completed after three years of rather tedious work and on the whole it is creditable. There are five buildings, a large house for the minister, three smaller ones for secretaries and an office building. Though not handsome, they are well built, but the offices are not adequately heated. There are only small open fireplaces and some days I cannot get the thermometer in my room which faces north to rise much above freezing point. The other houses have hot water radiators and are perfectly comfortable. I shall not move as I have adorned my present Chinese house to suit my fancy, a process which afforded me a pleasant pastime during the last three years and though I say it, it is unique in Peking.

With love, your cousin,

JOHN

[1] The birth of New China.

PEKING, *January* 6, 1906.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — A year ago today I took charge of the legation for my short run which, with an interval, lasted exactly four months. The interval was when Mr. Conger came back for three weeks to pack and say good-bye. I had just two months before this and two months after, for which latter period I have not yet been permitted to draw my pay as the money is needed presumably by somebody nearer home.

The aspect of things has changed tremendously in this time. The war has been brought to its unsatisfactory conclusion and China, to the outside world, must appear a little in the light of a beggar on horseback. But alas, poor beggar, the horse is unmanageable and the road ahead is a very hard one to travel. I can see nothing but trouble, but possibly it may not come tomorrow or the day after but keep on accumulating for some time longer. Everyone is crying wolf and that may have the effect of frightening it from the door.

The Peking Government is the best friend that we have here today, which is due to the fact that they are more afraid of what may be called the new spirit which is abroad than they are of us and quite right they are, too. The boycott itself when it starts again will probably be absorbed in greater issues. Almost the only real asset which the Manchu dynasty holds today is the great Viceroy Yuan shih k'ai with his army of modernised troops. If they can do nothing more, they should at least be able to keep the trouble away from here. A great uprising would be more likely to lead to the dismemberment of the Empire if successful, than to the continuance of the present régime under new leadership. There is another point to be considered. No great upheaval could take place in China

without destruction of foreign lives and property, which would result in the most serious complications and probably give rise to further intervention.

Such intervention would change the whole situation and what the final result would be no one can tell. The moral is that the New China people in the south would do better to wait a while yet to let the new ideas digest, and evolve some plan by which the foreigner may be thrust on one side without killing him. If they do this, they may have a chance to fight out their own battles and work out their own salvation.

Our position is a very weak one now that the territory grabbing period is past. At that time, we could say "We may exclude the Chinese but we are not trying to include China." Four-fifths of the Americans here are missionaries, many of them in distant upcountry stations. If we have trouble with China and make demands which must be backed up by force, or the big stick, or whatever we may call it, there is a possibility that all these people would be killed and this is a possibility which cannot be lightly faced. I hope that those at home realise this. . . .

March 8, 1906.

My dear Mother: — By the latest letters which have reached me I understand that the family is now divided, with the *pater* gone abroad to study the Montenegroes and you to follow later, with Archy somewhere between Asia and Africa, and the others in Boston, Cambridge and Peking. All of which may be remedied in eight months or less. I applied for leave at the beginning of the year, to be taken at such time as should suit the convenience of the minister. The permission ought to come in a very few weeks. I am sure that Mr. Rockhill

will tell me to go whenever I want to and I shall have to decide what is best to do. It is customary, and considered quite proper in our service, for a man to go home on leave, which is for sixty days only, in the United States and resign at the end of that time. When I return home it will be with no intention of going back to China as I feel that I have almost done my day's work out here. What prevents me from making a definite plan is the uncertainty of the conditions now prevailing in this country.

It is evident that I cannot go home if strenuous times are imminent; on the other hand if all goes well the sooner I leave and the interval is bridged between me and my successor the better all round. It is rather puzzling. Consulting my inclinations only I would stay until the summer, about July, and then go to the United States and probably join you in Europe.

We have been very much annoyed, not to say disconcerted of late by the wild rumours of trouble to come, which seem to have pervaded the American and, to a certain extent, the European press. A warning was telegraphed to people here from many different sources that they must flee from China before May twenty-fourth. It is more than a laughing matter that widespread alarm should be caused among the good people at home, by the irresponsible utterances of our sensation mongers. I am far from saying that things are in a state of stable equilibrium in China, for they are not, but I am perfectly confident that if there is an upheaval in the near future, hatred of the foreigner will not be the primary cause.

The idea of a concerted plan on a large scale for the killing of foreigners is absurd, for it would not serve the purpose of any of the elements in the present state of affairs. . . .

March 30, 1906. I am sorry that I have left such a long interval without writing or at least without sending you a letter, for I did write quite a long one about a fortnight ago. In reading it over it seemed to me that I had overstepped the limits of propriety in discussing the situation, so I did not send it, but when you do get it which will be at the same time that you get me, we will be able to judge with the wisdom of aftersight of the soundness of my opinions.

I have been quite well with the exception of my eyes, which have given me a good deal of trouble and have reduced my working efficiency to such an extent that I have at last written to a doctor in Tientsin to make an appointment for me to go down there and be examined, with a view to obtaining the glasses with which I should have provided myself long ago.

I have to thank the *pater* for an atlas which is the envy of my more cultivated friends, in spite of the boastful pretensions of Mount Rainier contained therein. Some other books came with it, the anonymous but welcome presents of, I hope, my mother.

I have been living the usual winter life, with long walks on Sundays and skating in a covered, lighted place, for an hour or so before dinner on ordinary nights.

We have been having a bit of a breathing space since the decline of the boycott manifestations and it cannot last too long to suit me; unfortunately, I have no confidence in its lasting at all, but I think that coming movements in China will be so much more far-reaching that this particular manifestation of the new era may be merged in greater issues.

There has been a most surprising change in Peking in the last eighteen months. Broad macadamised roads have

been built in many quarters and telephone poles pervade them in a hideous array. A great electric lighting station is almost completed and the little street lamps which only made the night look darker, will before very long be a thing of the past.

The curious part of it is, that all these changes are being made by the Chinese themselves, perhaps with Japanese influence underlying, but the rôle of the foreigners is conspicuously absent. The baneful automobile has not yet made its appearance and I take some comfort in this in times of depression.

Chinese art we have always with us, though it is the fashion to say that there is little to be found here. There is now in Peking the finest *sang de boeuf* vase that has been seen for fifty years and the modest dealer values it at only one thousand pounds. There is also a peachblow vase, probably superior to the rather notorious one, which I could buy for you for fifteen hundred dollars. It is five inches high.

I asked the modest dealer referred to if any Chinese paid great sums for curios and he said that there was one man only and he was killed in nineteen hundred.

Phillips is doing surprisingly well after the severe attack of typhoid fever which he contracted in my house. He already comes to the office in the mornings and before long will be working full time.

PEKING, *May* 10, 1906.

MY DEAR FATHER: — I have just received your interesting letter from Ragusa. I have lost all account of time. It seems to me only the other day that I heard that you were thinking of going abroad, yet I send this to Hillfields and feel no doubt but that you will be there long before

it arrives. Strangely enough in reading the letter what I envied you most was the rain. We have had a very dry spring and the prospects for the crops are bad over at least three provinces of North China; this means more here than in most countries, especially more suffering.

Things are much as usual, or in other words, uncertain. Yesterday Sir Robert Hart was rewarded for a lifetime of distinguished service by an Imperial Edict, creating two Ministers of the Customs to exercise full control of Sir Robert Hart and his whole establishment. The customs have always been under the Foreign Office, but it has left him free heretofore to develop and manage the system.

What this change means it is hard to say. The only thing obvious at this moment is that the Chinese Government is a cad. The edict came out yesterday in the written edition of the *Peking Gazette*. Up to this afternoon at least Sir Robert had not been notified; whatever he may have suspected or expected, it came like a bolt from the blue to all in his service; they are in a pitiable state of mind and have not yet found their footing, seeking in vain for a pedestal which no longer exists.

The question now is whether China will be allowed to make this move in the direction of China for the Chinese. The loans of 1896 and 1898 were guaranteed by the revenue of the customs and the question turns on whether there was any exact stipulation whereby China bound herself not to make any change in the system, which would jeopardise this source of income. This is purely a matter of fact. The nations concerned are England and Germany who took up the loans, they alone would have the right to protest.

The papers will probably talk about the agreement made

in '98 that on account of the preponderance of British trade, Sir Robert's successor should be an Englishman. I do not see that this has anything to do with the matter.

The prospect of a revival of the boycott in the spring has fortunately proved delusive, though such a contingency was between possible and probable. We hear no more about it except occasionally from the American papers.

Phillips has been away now for over a month on a Yangtse trip, mainly for his health, but incidently he has done some very good work in helping to settle two disputes of long standing which I have looked upon as possible sources of serious danger in troubled times.

One was between the Methodist Mission and the local gentry in Huchow, about the legality of their acquisition of certain parcels of land, and the other between the Standard Oil Company and the authorities at Nanking over a similar matter. Ever since I have been here the Standard Oil Company has been a source of trouble and danger. Their methods are high-handed and their agents as a rule unscrupulous and exacting. They seem to believe whether rightly or wrongly, that their power is so great at home that they can do as they want, disregarding all interests but their own, and if the breaking strain is reached can count on our Government to see only their side of the case. I feel strongly on the subject, if they knew it probably they would have me removed.

PEKING, *May* 25, 1906.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—Your letter of April twenty-second reached me two or three days ago with almost incredible speed and now I am answering with almost incredible promptitude.

You say that life is going on very quietly at home and I am happy to say that it is going quite as quietly here, comparatively speaking. About three weeks ago there was much agitation in the western part of the Tartar City, our happy home. Mysterious placards appeared and it was decided and announced that on the first day of the fourth moon, that is to say the day before yesterday, all foreigners were to be killed. The weak points in the plan seem to have been, that in the first place, the conspirators did not provide anyone to do the killing and in the second they did not obtain the consent of the foreigners to be killed. So it came to naught.

The Court went last week to the Summer Palace, and this afternoon I heard a rumour that the Emperor was very ill, so that the Spring Audience which is to take place next Wednesday was to be called off. Some of the ministers are said to have notified their governments, which I believe; but I don't believe the rumour. The most stirring thing that has happened lately was the adumbration of Sir Robert Hart, about which I wrote before, if my memory serves. No great progress has been made in the matter and I think that the Chinese will win in the end. Their action is rather to be classed as a dirty trick, than a *casus belli*, and they know it.

It has been reported in the Japanese papers that I am to go to Tokyo as Secretary of the Embassy. I heard a rumour of this kind indirectly from home almost two months ago. I would not think of it; it would be merely the poorest sort of a paper promotion. It would involve my staying out here two or three years more, with next to no prospect of being in charge and most important of all, it would take me to a place where the diplomatic work, though interesting, is of far less importance than

in China and where the hated social side of the job has already become very prominent. So Coolidge will not go to Japan as a Secretary.

Phillips has just returned from his Yangtse trip. He is the apple of the eye of the legation, the one member about whom there are no buts and ifs, except as regards his health and that is where the difficulty lies. He appears to be fairly well but by no means robust; nay, rather brittle. Your son,

JOHN

P. S. The story about people from the legation being arrested and kotowing was a common or newspaper lie.

June 6, 1906. Yesterday was perhaps the most unpleasant day from a weather point of view that I have lived through so far in Peking. About ten in the morning a hot, dry wind carrying most of the loose dust in the Desert of Gobi came in a great hurry and blew for about twelve hours without stopping to take breath. It blew the thermometer up to 94° in the most favoured place. It was so dry that I really did not suffer in the least from heat and the dust was so thick that we never saw the sun, although there is no reason to believe that there were any clouds to conceal it. Most of the time it was of a dirty orange colour, with nothing to be heard but the rushing of the wind. Today is delightful but we are gasping for lack of rain. The new trees which we planted this year in the new legation grounds and the new turf which we put down in sods, so expensive, are all dying or dead. We water them assiduously but the water is so alkaline that we are beginning to think that watering does more harm than good. They certainly couldn't look any deader if they had been watered with water from the Dead Sea.

A number of people have been passing through the town lately as a result of the more perfect communication with the Yangtse Valley, offered by the new Peking-Hankow Railway, which runs an express train once a week, making the journey in thirty-six hours. It is very surprising, for less than two years ago, as you will see by Mr. Putnam Weale's unfortunate book about the reshaping of China, it took eighteen days.

There are other people here on special errands. One is an American called Morley looking for a murdered brother, another an English lady, Mrs. Graham, seeking tidings of a lost son.

You will probably see some account of the Morley case in our papers sooner or later. The first Morley came to Peking a year or so ago and for no particular reason, wandered off into Mongolia with a nondescript Frenchman, who subsequently returned alone with a story that Morley had insisted on going farther and that he had turned back. The Frenchman disappeared and later drafts were cashed by banks in Shanghai and Colombo on Morley's letter of credit, with a signature which proved to be forged. The brother came out here and carefully traced the journey to the point where the Frenchman had returned alone to their servants, saying that Morley had gone off by himself in another direction, which he had, poor fellow, but I am afraid that nothing will ever be proved.

The Graham story is sad, too. He was an English officer, the most boyish looking that I have ever seen and he came here as many do, on special duty to study Chinese. He suddenly took it into his poor fool head that he would like to go up into Manchuria to play round on the edges of the war. He did not ask for any papers or permits and

foolishly enough tried to sink his identity under an assumed name. He drew a sum of money, rather larger than was his custom, from the bank and simply passed out into the night.

This was a year ago and his mother is here trying to trace him. The only hope is that he may be in some Siberian prison and think of calling that a hope!

KYOTO, *June* 27, 1906.

I have gone over to Japan on a short leave, having left Peking on the sixteenth and come by steamer to Chefoo and Nagasaki and by rail to this place, after stopping at Miyajima and Kobe. My letters are forwarded to Tokyo but I may not go there because of complications. You know well that some time ago I decided that I had been long enough in Peking, but my departure has been delayed for one reason and another. Of late it has seemed to me to be desirable to await the arrival of a successor before starting for home, or at any rate to stay through the hot weather, so that there may be no danger of the legation being short-handed.

I wanted to resign by telegraph so that the three months allowed the newly appointed man in which to reach Peking, might begin at once; but Mr. Rockhill asked me not to do so, as he wanted to make some recommendations about my successor, which could only be done by mail. So I wrote the thing and it was mailed about ten days ago.

This should reach home by the twenty-fourth of July and allowing a few days to make the appointment, my successor would be due in Peking at the beginning of November and I could reach home before the New Year.

A complication arose, however. The President for reasons which I can only surmise and which I do, decided

to transfer me to Tokyo. This I declined and Mr. Rockhill telegraphed announcing my resignation, so that a new appointment may be made at any time and my release will come sooner, especially if some one out here is promoted. This latest development happened after I left Peking and was telegraphed to me, but I have been looking for it for some time, as even the Japanese papers announced it a month ago.

I find Japan a good deal changed in the last fifteen years and traveling conditions are entirely different on account of the introduction of railways in so many places, but the scenery seems perhaps even more lovely than I remember it; this may be due to the contrast with North China.

Kyoto remains much as it was, not being a great industrial centre, though it is a great art centre. The curio business here presents a very striking contrast to what it is in China. Almost everything is new and is made right here for the dealers; in some cases by the dealers themselves. These things are for the most part exceedingly well made and sometimes very beautiful. They are sold to foreigners and are made to suit foreign taste. The Japanese claim that they can do just as good work today as they have ever done, and I believe them; as a result many of these things are very cheap, for there need be no limit to the supply. In China it is quite different, as very little that is good has been produced in latter days, all curios may be classed as antiquities and you must pay for both their merit and their rarity.

I have just been to the palace on the strength of a permit received from Tokyo. It is really hardly worth seeing, at least the part that is shown to you, for the living part is never opened. The buildings are only fifty years old, the former ones having been destroyed by fire, and

are exceedingly plain, with hardly any decoration, excepting some rather well painted sliding doors.

PEKING, *August* 7, 1906.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Strangely enough your letter addressed to the embassy in Tokyo arrived there just about as I did, much to my delight and mystification. I have since received another explaining it.

I was away from Peking for six weeks, more than half of which I spent in Japan, and the rest in Korea and at sea. I enjoyed it thoroughly although it rained much more than I considered essential, I should say about two-thirds of the time. On my return I found Peking very quiet and pleasant, with almost all of the dear colleagues at the seashore. Mr. Rockhill received a letter from a Mr. Moore, now Chargé d'Affaires at Bucharest, dated June twenty-third saying that he had been appointed Secretary of the Legation in Peking and asking whether there was any hurry about it, but no official notification has reached us yet with regard to him.

In the letter with my resignation I said that I would await the arrival of a successor but asked that he lose no time. I am sorry for this now, for Mr. Rockhill is going to Japan in October for six weeks or so and I would much rather stay here in charge till his return but unfortunately, as soon as the new man arrives I cease to exist, as there is no salary provision for both. I shall not bother my head about the matter till he comes, which may be at any time from the first of October to Christmas.

The chief interest here for the present is still the customs question, whether Sir Robert Hart has, or has not, been practically reduced to a much less independent position and what the outcome of it will be.

The dominating note in the present policy of the Chinese Government is the effort to have China follow in the footsteps of Western progress without the guidance or participation of the foreigner.

If you ask for anything, a concession for example, and point out the advantage that would accrue to China, in the old familiar way, they answer that it is certainly a good thing and they will do it themselves, which does not leave you much ground for argument.

As a matter of fact, they don't do it themselves, being perfectly satisfied with having got rid of you, but they will by and by and they are already trying to do it themselves in many places. They are now building railways without foreign assistance, either financial or technical.

There are ten thousand Chinese students in Tokyo today, and if, when they come back, they are satisfied to do something beyond agitating, their work will go a long way.

Dr. Tenney's boys, now in the United States, may have much to say some day about our future relations and if this experiment is successful many other students will follow.

We never hear anything more about the boycott and the danger of its reviving appears to be passed, but I am quite sure that it will be tried again, though not necessarily on us. The result was too nearly a draw for the Chinese not to regard it as having shown itself an effective weapon.

It has been a bad year by reason of both floods and drought. The price of food is high in many different places, including Peking, but the Government seems more vigilant and alive to conditions than has been the case in the past. The Yuan shih k'ai influence seems to be gradually over-

shadowing all others. It is the strongest and most enlightened that we can look for. With lots of love.

JOHN

P. S. I arrived here four years ago last night.

FRAGMENTS OF A LETTER

August 28, 1906.

The Chinese are in a queer mood and a most unsatisfactory one. It is harder to deal with them now than it has been at any time in my previous experience. They are no longer content with passive resistance to everything which seems necessary or desirable, they almost go out of their way to stir up needless strife and to alienate the sympathies of those who might be their friends in need. The customs case was the worst instance but it is only a part of the system which they are now pursuing.

The occasion is propitious for them, as there have been a lot of changes in the diplomatic corps and most of the legations are in the hands of chargés d'affaires who do not care, or new ministers who do not know anything, anyway. The new Japanese Minister, Hayashi (he of Korea) is a notable exception.

We have had a wonderfully cool and pleasant month of August and lots of rain.

October 7, 1906. I have just been away on a trip for three weeks or more as follows: First by the new railway to Hankow, then down the river, touching at the chief ports to Shanghai, where I staid for two or three days. Next I, or rather we, for John Phillips was with me, hired a house boat and steam launch and were towed through the canals to a place called Hay ning, to see the great bore and afterwards to the cities of Hangchow and Soochow, both of which are notable and interesting. On our return to

Shanghai we met the arriving Phillips family consisting of Mrs. Phillips, her two daughters and a friend, Miss Hyde, and I piloted them up the river and back by train to Peking. John accompanied us as far as Hangkow and was returning down the river, when he was taken with a severe attack of dengue fever contracted when we were passing through Hangchow, in which there was an epidemic at that time. One of my servants, too, very nearly died of it after my return to Peking.

This was nothing but a jaunt, but it was the first jaunt that I have had since I have been in China and as the legation work has not been urgent for the last few months, there was no difficulty about sparing me.

The Chinese Government is at present in a particularly unsatisfactory frame of mind. They are obstinate and perverse to a degree that would almost seem to indicate that they are looking for trouble and if they keep on in this way sooner or later they will certainly find it.

I am speaking of their relations with foreign powers, both their enemies and those who might be their friends. As far as internal affairs go they are very busy with the reconstruction which has been so lately begun and which may have such far-reaching results.

I believe that the awakening has come for better or for worse and that they can never revert to the old China, which after standing the test of many centuries has been for the last few decades tottering to its fall. In their desire to adopt a Western style of civilisation, I do not think that there is in the minds of most of them any liking for it, or any feeling that it is higher than their own form, but it seems to offer the only hope of putting them in a position to cope successfully with outside forces. In a word, they would put on the foreigner's armour to fight him on equal

terms. It is all very interesting and what the end will be no man can say. If the Russians had won in the late war, these problems would not have arisen, for there would have been no future for China.

November 21, 1906.

My dear Mother: — I have now been in charge again for the last month and I am glad to have had the opportunity, small as it was, for there have been some questions, not without importance, and it is better to return home from the top.

Moore, poor man, ought to have arrived here before this, but we have been having winter gales and the steamers have been compelled to put into Chefoo for refuge. He may come tomorrow and then I shall be out of it. Before leaving for Japan on his holiday of forty-five days, Mr. Rockhill telegraphed to the Department asking that I might be left in charge until his return, but they answered him that by Rule 15, or some other, in the absence of the minister, the first secretary shall be in charge, so that when Moore arrives he will be IT. He will have at most six days, which means a lot of trouble and red tape for nothing.

The Phillips family left two days ago, after a visit which was thoroughly successful and pleasant to us and to them, I hope.

I have before me the wholly disagreeable task of tearing my house to pieces and packing up the things that are to go home and selling, for better or for worse, others that I like equally well, but that it would not be common sensible to take with me. I refer mainly to my Chinese furniture, I have about twenty chairs and stools, fourteen or fifteen tables, four cabinets, two sideboards, *etc.*, all are very hard

blackwood, most of them carved, some very well. I hate to part with them, but they must go or, rather, stay. After all, they have served their purpose, for they have been a constant source of satisfaction to me for the last four years and they belong to the Peking chapter which is now closed. At home they would be just as incongruous, without a special setting, as would be my house, could I transport it bodily and put it down in the Back Bay. The packing and selling will take some time, so that I have not yet a definite plan about returning. I shall go to Shanghai by train and river and shall probably book thence for San Francisco. As I had my little run in Japan last summer, I see no point in traveling there in midwinter. I want to go by the southern route on account of the Sandwich Islands, to say nothing of the better class of temperature.

From San Francisco I may go direct to Washington and report, so that when I do reach you and home, my troubles will be behind me. All of this is unsettled, but at a guess, I should say that I ought to be in Boston early in February, four years and eight months out.

It is said here that Peking ages people tremendously and in my case I am sure that it is true. Not in the way of health fortunately, for I am quite as well and strong as when I came here; but, in appearance, for I think that I have changed more in this time than in any ten previous years, and I think that you will find on my return that I look much the oldest of your sons, in fact, unless you have hurried up very much since I left, I shall soon have caught up with you.

Moore arrived at last, almost suddenly, about three weeks ago and I stepped down and out, and since then I have been selling and packing, processes both of them distasteful to me.

Mr. Rockhill came back much improved in health and spirits by his six weeks' journey to Japan. I am to leave here, think of it, on the Hankow train of the twenty-fourth, it goes once a week, and I shall sail from Shanghai per *S.S. Korea* on the thirty-first, reaching San Francisco about January twenty-seventh, and home not more than ten days later.

This is the bright side of the picture, but unfortunately there are spots on the face of the sun (or flies in the ointment) whose magnitude I cannot properly gauge, though you may be able to do so ere this reaches you.

I received a telegram today from the Secretary of State asking whether I would go to Mexico as Secretary of Embassy. Having refused the Tokyo offer, as you know, I had no alternative but to accept, which I did. This probably means that I will get no leave for some time to come. Your son,

JOHN

Throughout the whole of my stay in Peking one of the men whom I saw oftenest and liked most was an American engineer named Charles D. Jameson, a picturesque warm-hearted personality, thinly disguised as a cynic, and a very present help in time of trouble. His house was in a compound adjoining my own and as we both lived alone we soon discovered that it was both easy and pleasant to drop in on each other and pass the time of night.

He had been for several years in China and had traveled much, usually alone and in remote places. He had a vivid imagination and very pleasing gift of humour which added greatly to the joy of listening to his glowing accounts of his varied experiences.

As a professional cynic, missionaries were to him anath-

ema and as luck would have it, in the darkest days of the Boxer rising he came across a party of them, mainly women and children, of course, far upcountry, helpless and bewildered, seeking refuge from the people whom they had befriended, and fleeing in terror from the wrath to come. He took them under his wing and bullied and harassed them and brought them a great distance through hardship and danger to safety and their friends.

He had contact with certain high Chinese officials and had worked for them at different times. When I left he was just completing a new building in foreign style for the Wai wu pu, or Department of State in Peking.

Another whose friendship meant much to me during those long four years was E. T. Williams, the Chinese secretary of our legation, a gentleman and a scholar and one of the most unselfish men whom I have ever known.

XXI

1907 — THE EMBASSY IN MEXICO

LEFT the steamer at Nagasaki and went by rail through Kyoto and Tokyo to Nikko rejoining the boat at Yokohama — Touched at Honolulu — Three days in San Francisco which was still in ruins from the earthquake, then east by Southern route with a stop at the Grand Cañon — Arrived in Boston February sixth — To Washington and the Department — Lunched with the President — Went to Mexico via New Orleans, San Antonio and Laredo — Arrived there March twenty-sixth — Mr. Thompson, Ambassador — Visit of Mr. Root — In charge for five weeks in October and November — Return on leave via St. Louis — Christmas at home.

I LEFT Peking mid the farewell rattle of fireworks on December twenty-fourth and traveled by rail to Hankow, then took a boat down the Yangtse and round to Shanghai, and finally sailed for home on December thirty-first, after four years and a half spent in China. When we reached Nagasaki I left the boat and journeyed overland through Japan to Tokyo and Nikko which was very beautiful in the snow and rejoined my steamer at Yokohama. Traveling with me at this time was a young French diplomat named Pierre Soyer, who was returning to Paris from the Peking Legation. We met in Shanghai and parted in Chicago and he proved a most cultivated and agreeable companion. The ship stopped but a short time in Honolulu and we rambled about the town a bit. What struck me most was the aquarium in which were a great number of very curious highly coloured fish. San Francisco was reached on January twenty-seventh and we stayed there three days. It was but a few months after the earthquake and fire, and the city presented an unequaled scene of desolation, covered with deep mud. It rained all the time and

apparently had been raining as long as anyone could remember. We came East by the Santa Fe route and stopped *en passant* to see the Grand Cañon in Arizona but unfortunately had not time to go down into it. It is magnificent beyond description. I reached home on February sixth (always the sixth) and went to Washington to thank President Roosevelt for my new post. He asked me to lunch and kept me after the others, when we had a pleasant and interesting conversation. No leave was possible at this time, so after remaining in the United States about a month, dividing my time between Washington and Boston, I went on to Mexico by rail via New Orleans, San Antonio and Laredo, and arrived at my destination on March twenty-sixth, 1907.

AMERICAN EMBASSY, MEXICO,
March 27, 1907.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — After leaving home I stopped one night in New York. Next day, after taking a look at the Peking loot collection of Mr. Chameau, which was not worth while, I went on to Washington where I spent four days, mostly in the Department. I also had a chance to see something of the Hales and Chandler Hales who were particularly friendly. I then went to New Orleans, arriving on Monday, a week out, and leaving again on Friday to catch the semiweekly train de luxe from St. Louis to Mexico, on Saturday at San Antonio. This brought me here Sunday night when I ought very much to have been dining with the family at number 130.

Unfortunately, my trunks stopped at the frontier and they have not reached me yet, partly because it is Holy Week and partly because it is Mexico. The first of these difficulties, however, is luckily not permanent.

I spent the night of my arrival with the Grews, who I regret to say are leaving just as soon as they can arrange it. Mrs. Grew has had a serious breakdown and it is a question of getting her out of this altitude without any delay. They would have added much to the pleasure of my life here but I am especially sorry for the cause of their departure.

Mr. Thompson who was away when I arrived came back yesterday and took me for a drive in the afternoon. He appears to be well disposed and the rest lies with me. His wife I have not called on yet, having neither time nor clothes at my disposal.

The Second Secretary, Hibben, is more of the continental type of younger diplomat. He likes teas but I think that we shall get on very well together. The work is absolutely different and the methods likewise. I am living for the moment at a shocking bad hotel. With love to all,

JOHN

April 18, 1907.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I have been a long time without writing; it is partly because I don't like to do it in office hours and there is not light enough in my room. I am still at my bad hotel where it must be said that I am not at all uncomfortable. I have a very large bedroom, a modern bathroom and a rather forlorn little sitting room. My breakfast, coffee and eggs, is brought to my room at eight, tiffin I eat at the hotel, the cuisine is Spanish and dinner I take at the one good French restaurant of the town.

I made an offer for a house today, the man wants to let it furnished for six months while he goes home, for one

thousand and fifty dollars, and I have just written offering him seven hundred and fifty in advance instead. The house is nice, as it was built by an architect for himself and is decidedly well furnished. It is a little like Hal's Exeter Street house, having a big studio on the top floor and seeming to get smaller as you go down. There is a little courtyard, a stable and a pen for an automobile (ugh!) but alas and alack no garden, which I greatly deplore. It is on a corner with buzz-cars passing on one side, which I hope I may get used to before long.

Sunday night I went to dine with a long lost cousin by the name of Maudslay. She is one of the Gouverneur Morris daughters who married in England. She remembers the *pater* more than several years ago. I had to find a place which I could not drive to, but which lay not far from a tram line. It was several miles out of town in an unknown country with an unknown language, on a pitch dark night in a pouring rain. All this I undertook and accomplished through cousinly love. It took me an hour and a quarter to get there and I was only fifteen minutes late.

As a reward of my labour it was there that I met the man who owns the possible house for which I am bargaining. On my way back in the tram car I underwent the earthquake which you probably have read about in our papers. I could not have chosen a better place because the springs made the motion more agreeable; of course, the car stopped and the lights went out and I was much afraid that we would get no farther, which would have meant a walk of perhaps three miles in unpleasant conditions. Luckily, this did not prove to be the case, for after ten or fifteen minutes, just as most of the people were about to abandon the car, the lights flared up and we went on to our destination.

Next day (19). The nice man has agreed to my offer for his house so I shall move in on the first of the month.

Tonight Mr. Thompson gives a diplomatic dinner to a lot of new ministers, *etc.*, twelve men and three ladies. They are rather short of wives. I suppose that it will be over soon after eleven. I know practically none of them. I have not yet made any friends here, that may come in time. The work is not as interesting in its nature as in China, but I find quite enough to keep me busy through the day and I study Spanish in the evening.

MEXICO, *May* 16, 1907.

This letter business, or lack of it, on my part is getting too shocking for words and something must be done to remedy it, so I propose to initiate a daily scribble, it may be a few lines only, but it will bring up the average. You are not supposed to answer necessarily in the same way. You can keep on as before, answering the letters which don't come.

It is a queer sort of a place here and I can't get used to the climate which seems rather abnormal and unnatural, for it ought to be hot and is n't. This is caused by the altitude which is made to account for everything that is unusual or in need of an excuse.

I am settled in my new house to a certain extent, though difficulties arise at times. The servants are very discouraging, the food is bad or uncertain, the washing is hopeless, but time will help in these matters and I will teach them in the end to keep things clean. For the moment I am a little hampered, for they refuse to understand my Spanish, based as it is on Portuguese.

The work in the office is more conspicuous by its quantity than its quality, though the Guatemalan episode is

not without interest. Unfortunately, I have not yet found my feet enough to judge things very competently. I have no friends as yet, but even so, the minor social worries cannot be wholly avoided. Some people think that I am going to their house tonight, to a sort of a reception, but I have my doubts. I usually spend most of the evening engrossed in the Spanish grammar.

May 17. I did dodge the party last night, but I was more or less justified as my head has been aching for three days. At the last moment I wrote a little note saying that my physical discomfort was only equaled by my mental anguish at the prospect of staying away. Before sending it I discovered, rather fortunately, that I had made a mistake in the name of my kind would-be hostess, mixing her up with a good soul who had informed me that she would be at home on the third Tuesday in July, or something to that effect.

One of the jewels of my household, she who serves the unappetising food, having worked for ten days asked for a two weeks' holiday to see the usual sick aunt. I am rather hoping that the aunt will die and leave her a big legacy and that she will retire. Her name is Trinidad which always makes me think of a postage stamp.

I have never yet found time to order my latter day photographs, whose beauty is only surpassed by their price, but they are here somewhere, at least the samples are and the data concerning them, so I will try to do it some Sunday when time is lying round loose, which does not happen in the week.

It is a great joy writing this letter because I ought to be studying my Spanish grammar, but I have a suspicion that these scribbles are not quite class enough to be read aloud to an admiring family circle.

May 18. I have spent an irregular and most reprehensible day. In the morning I went to the shop for an hour or so and then off into the country to the house of a Miss Nuttall, to see the sun pass this parallel, for today at noon it was in the zenith. She always observes this occasion because the Aztecs did so and she is one of the greatest living authorities on the Aztecs and their forerunners. A little stake was set up in one of the courtyards and we watched its shadow grow less until there was none at all, then the new one started on the other side. It was like watching an eclipse, that is all there was to it.

Miss Nuttall came here a few years ago to study Mexican antiquities on the spot, after having done so for a long time in the museums of the continent. She discovered five or six miles out of the city the great house of Alvarado, one of the lieutenants of Cortez, untenanted and in a state of absolute neglect. She bought this house and restored it thoroughly, besides filling it with things from her own collection and the garden which had become a jungle is now beautiful with thousands of roses and other creeping, flowering plants. The house, I hardly know why, reminded me immediately of Fenway Court and I told her so and she was much pleased, having been there once on a public day. She lives alone with her servants, in some fear and danger of robbers, and her friends go out on Sundays to see her. The rest of the time she studies, writes and takes care of the wonderful garden.

On my return, I did some perfunctory tea drinking at the Russian Legation and our own embassy, for Saturday is their day.

Sunday, May 19. I spent a very quiet peaceful day, partly because I don't feel awfully well and partly because it has been raining, with the usual accompaniment of

thunder and lightning, most of the afternoon. This I believe to is be expected every day for the next six months.

Our President has issued an order directing that Americans resident in foreign countries shall register annually at the consulates; such registration to be reported immediately by the consular official to the embassy and the Department of State. Most excellent you will say.

The Americans living in Mexico number from thirty to fifty thousand who, if they register, as they should, at their consulates annually, will be reported as having done so to the embassy. Do you see a prospect of a certain increase of work, or shall I say a curtailment of leisure hours for us, with forty thousand certificates of registration from twenty-five or more different consulates coming to us annually and the correspondence connected with them? They must all be recorded, alphabetically of course, or in some way so that they can be found quickly when wanted.

I am writing a memorandum tonight to be submitted to the Ambassador saying that we can manage it on the card catalogue plan but not otherwise, unless we can put more hours into the day, or days into the year. I don't know what he will think of it.

I was much shocked to hear of the death of Mr. Conger, for whom I had a very strong feeling. Now at last he will get the credit due him.

May 20. I am better today but I think that the real trouble is that I get no exercise. I walk to the office and back twice a day, which, all told, represents probably less than three miles. By the time that I have finished in the afternoon, it is almost dark and usually raining, besides which it is often somebody's day. Altogether it is a very poor chance for a walk.

General Wilson came today to call at the embassy and he included me. He was a very good cavalry officer in the Civil War, with a brilliant record for so young a man. He then left the army and went into trade or finance and was at one time President of the New York and New England Road. At the outbreak of the Spanish War he again became a soldier and was Gus Gardner's chief in the Porto Rico campaign. He has a great fondness and admiration for Gus and I remember once passing a Sunday with them and Cabot Lodge in Hamilton.

He went afterwards to the Philippines and commanded the American forces in the relief of Peking. Altogether a most valuable and interesting man. If he had only remained in the army he would now probably be Commander-in-Chief.

Judging from what I read in the papers, it may soon become necessary to establish legation guards in Washington. I know Radowitz well, he who was shot at by our police for speeding an automobile. Our people howl loudly against diplomatic immunity forgetting that this alone has more than once saved our representatives in foreign countries from painful and humiliating experiences.

May 21. All is going on well with me in this best of possible worlds. I have arranged a *modus vivendi* with my digestion which seems to be satisfactory to both of us. It has been a very quiet day of the kind I like, at the office till six, then a rather brisk walk for an hour, then light reading, the *Outlook* and such, till the dinner interlude which can be divided into dressing, dining and smoking. Then the letter to you, which is now, then the Spanish grammar, nightcap and bed. That is my idea of a pretty good day; you will notice that tea does not figure conspicuously in this programme.

I worked last night till one on my epoch making dispatch, showing that a certain recent executive order is impossible of execution. Rather to my surprise the Ambassador accepted it, fathered it and sent it off unchanged today. In due course the Department will acknowledge its receipt and that will be the end of the story. These are the inner workings which must not be revealed.

I wonder whether Phillips has reached home yet. If you see him tell him that I will write soon and the letter will be some months fresher than if I had answered him more promptly. Among his things he will probably have a blue and white jar which he bought for me. If he gives it to you, either put it somewhere in the house, or it can be lent to the Art Museum, for it is worth it, but do not leave it to blush unseen in its box as the rest of my things seem fated to do. It is an education in pure colour.

May 22. I am a little discouraged about my progress in Spanish. I read it easily enough, for the most part, but the speaking comes very slowly. I know a good many words and a good many more I build up out of Portuguese or French and sometimes they are all right, but more often they are not.

Of course in my house, no other language is spoken and I manage to get on fairly well, but the range of conversation necessary to give orders to your servants is very limited; you can almost do it by signs when you are used to living among strange peoples.

Teacher comes to the office three times a week, from four to five, which is very inconvenient, for I have always plenty of other things to do and interruptions are frequent. We begin by talking together, now that I can do it a little and finish with a regular lesson in the Berlitz Method, for which I feel unmeasured contempt. I look upon it as

belonging to the same class as a patent medicine. Teacher was bequeathed to me by the Grews, who I think took him seriously. He is a good little man, but lacks humour because he really believes in the Berlitz Method. I thought at first that this was his little joke but he is quite in earnest about it.

The latest novelty in town is a geyser of hot, smelly water which has thrust itself upon a poor man who was trying to dig an artesian well. I am told that it rises forty or fifty feet into the air and can be seen for miles if you happen to look that way.

It rained today before lunch, which is irregular and I was caught and got very wet.

May 23. There is trouble in the house beautiful, a rift in the lute, a cloud bigger than any man's hand.

In China I had a household of from ten upwards, I never knew exactly how many, all men, and in four years with one trifling exception I never had one moment's trouble with them. I don't count the grooms, for grooms don't count anyway. They are always a bad lot and have to be changed about once in so often.

Here I have been three weeks in the house. I was much pleased to take over the servants, three handmaidens, cook, parlourmaid, chambermaid and a very useless sort of a choreman. The maids had all been in the service of Mrs. Jerome, the wife of the British Consul, and were honest and capable, and the cook knew how to cook, a rare accomplishment in this country. A very alluring prospect. After working a fortnight the parlour girl asked for two weeks' leave to solace a sick aunt, or something. I told her to go but to send a substitute; she went, but did n't.

The chambermaid, who was really diligent, then did

the work of both and all went well until she and the cook fell out. As far as I can make out it was over who was to have the spending of the two dollars and a half Mex., which I give out each morning for food for the day. Today there was a battle royal, one is supposed to have threatened with a board and the other with a knife. One has called in her daughter to protect her and plead her cause with me. That is the cook, a sort of a wild Indian who speaks nothing but a jargon. The chambermaid has gone home for the night, being in fear of her life. I have promised to arrange it tomorrow, which I shall do by sacking them all; but after that, who knows?

May 24. This has been a day of *Sturm und Drang* in my happy home. *Sturm* suggests some meaning to me, it sounds like a muffled storm, but *Drang* conveys nothing, it just sounds German.

When teacher, the mild little disciple of Berlitz, arrived at the office, I brought him to the house and we held high court and listened to the stories of the warring factions. It turned out that the chambermaid's weapon of offence was not a board, I was mislead by the Spanish word "plancha," but a flatiron. In the end I dismissed them both without fear or favour and I have now some make-shifts under the parlourmaid, to try to keep things going till the end of the month. What I want is some competent *major* or *majoress domo*, to have charge of all details of the running of the house and let me live in peace during the few hours that I spend there daily. Oh, for the Chinese servants and the benevolent despotism of the number-one boy!

I went to tea fights yesterday and today, and am going again tomorrow and Sunday, all of them inevitable, which adds to my depression.

In the course of the investigation this afternoon one of the combatants testified that she was in fear that the other would blow up the gasoline tank in the hope of doing her grievous bodily harm. This was the first that I had heard of a gasoline tank, but it turns out that there is one, for my landlord had the automobile habit, and it is full and has blown up once before. I have ordered it unloaded tomorrow.

Things are running pretty smoothly in the office now and I really think that I have done it, for when I came they were in a shocking state.

May 25.

DEAR MOTHER: — You remember I wrote about Mrs. Maudslay, a cousin who has been kind and friendly to me here. She and her husband have an estate in Colorado and that may be their first objective, but in any case, they will be making their way to their home in England before long and it is quite likely that they will go to Boston to stay with the Cutts (the Moorfield Storey cousins) *en route*. If they do I hope you will manage to see them for she is sure to call on you. He is very interesting, a plain man somewhat in the style of Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, and a very great authority on the antiquities of Guatemala. He published a *magnum opus* which I believe that only the British Museum is large enough to hold, but there is a smaller edition in which she collaborated, and which is a wonderful piece of artistic bookmaking, probably achieved at their own expense, which you must make her show you and the *pater*. I only had time to look at the pictures but they are surprisingly good work.

I am happy tonight in being at home writing to you instead of at some sort of a great entertainment given by

the University Club, at so much a ticket, in aid of the Earthquakees. I believe there is even a ball tied to it. Tomorrow will be a lost Sunday because of a tea given by the Japanese Ministress and other distressing possibilities. Saturday is our official day and I try always to put in an appearance.

MEXICO, *Sunday, May* 26th.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I did rather well to stay away from the show last night promoted by the University Club for the benefit of the earthquake sufferers at Guerrero. Most of it was given in a tent and as it rained hard in the early evening, the tent was too wet for use until about half past ten. No one got away much before two, and they say that the Guerrero people were not the only sufferers.

I did a little walk this afternoon but had to cut it short to go to the Japanese tea. There is a minister and his wife, a secretary and his wife, and one or two chancery men, and they are beyond question the politest people in the corps. They give the impression of putting more good will into their efforts to be friendly and hospitable than all the rest of us taken together.

One rather curious feature of the social and commercial system here is the Canadian colony, a thing I have never heard of anywhere else in the world.

I suppose some early Canadians were successful, that others were attracted for that reason and they now form quite an important factor in the new development.

The electric lighting and tramway system which is very extensive, is wholly in their hands, as is, I believe, the telephone service, which does them little credit, however. They have banks also and other enterprises, usually with American names and in the minds of the Mexicans I

imagine that they are classed with us rather than with their British owners.

The American element, of course, completely overshadows all other foreign contingents, our colony numbering about eight thousand, most of them from Texas and the Middle West.

Good night, dear mother. With love to all,

JOHN

May 27. Today there was no tea fight, at least I did not go to one, as it seemed to me that it could be gracefully avoided, but I lost most of my walk because of the rain.

When teacher came, instead of applying myself to the works of Lydia K. Berlitz, I took him with me to the hotel where I spent the first month of my captivity and we had a talk with the housekeeper who seemed to me, while I was there, to be an efficient body. I have arranged that she is to come and take charge of my house, engaging and discharging the servants and running the machinery entirely. I care for results, not details. I want the place kept clean and the food such that I will not be ashamed of it, even if I invite anyone to come.

The servants must be tidy and as far as possible noiseless. I want to feel that I can leave anything anywhere, without fear of its being stolen.

In return, I am perfectly willing to pay good wages, to be liberal in allowances, to grant any little leaves of absence, *etc.*, and to treat them always with consideration. In fact, it is the Chinese standard which I am sighing for, but I fear in vain.

Teacher tells me that, at this season, there ought to be an interval of two or three weeks without much rain, and that, as a rule, in this time sunsets are very fine.

If this be true, I think that it must be almost the best time of year here, for the temperature is very pleasant and the insects have not yet come. It is a good time at home now, too, I hope after the desperate winter and mockery of a spring, which you seem to have had. I wish I were with you to enjoy it.

This afternoon there was neither tea nor rain, so I had my walk, only about an hour's worth, because it is dark before seven, but so much better than none. There is a very fine road called the Paseo de la Reforma, which begins near the Alameda and goes out a couple of miles or more to Chapultepec. It is like Commonwealth Avenue in that it starts from a downtown garden, or perhaps even more like the Champs Elysées and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, for it ends in a great park. Commonwealth Avenue never reaches a climax of any kind: it is like a river which flows into a delta with no particular mouth. The Park of Chapultepec is very beautiful because it is so thickly wooded. Near the entrance there is a steep bluff on which stands a castle, or palace, overlooking the city and the great plain of Mexico, and around this and beyond it splendid woods. This is the Park and in it are a number of cypresses, of what kind I know not, which are among the biggest and oldest trees in the world.

The avenue of which I have spoken has a wide road in the middle for carriages and on either side of this a strip of verdure, grass, trees and flowers, for the pedestrians, only there are not any, and again outside of these strips, narrower roads for the devil-carriages, which must go out and in on opposite sides of the avenue.

Two or three times a week, every Mexican woman whose husband has either money or credit, on fixed days, I forget which, drives out to this park, and while the band

plays, her carriage goes up and down a certain route in a dense crowd in the same way as we used to walk up and down Beacon Street, after church, in the latter seventies. I hope that they enjoy it as much as we did.

May 29. Tomorrow is Decoration Day and Mr. Thompson and the Military Attaché take command of a band of about twenty-five glorious old G.A.R. pensioner veterans and with representatives of the Mexican Government, go out and lay a wreath on the monument to the six or eight military cadets, who were killed in the storming of Chapultepec; a graceful tribute. They then go to the American Cemetery to honour the memory, I suppose, of the departed comrade pensioners and talk about themselves as they have been doing for the last forty years, in a modest tone of self-appreciation.

In the evening the Ambassador, taking Major Paxton, the aforesaid Military Attaché, and myself, and with the Governor of the state of Aguascalientes as his guest, starts off in his private car "Thompsonia."

First we make a night's run on the Mexican Central to Aguascalientes where we spend the day in hospitality and hot baths. Then we go across to San Luis Potosi where we call on the Governor, which will entail more hospitality, thence back to Mexico, where we are due Monday morning. We will see the towns by day and the country by night.

I am afraid that this may interfere a little with my daily scribbles, so you will know the reason if they are interrupted. By being away these four nights, I escape a Belgian and Japanese dinner, which would have been part of the day's work and a ball with some charitable excuse, given at your own expense, by a woman's organisation, which I would not have attended for twice the money.

AGUASCALIENTES, *Friday, May* 31, 1907.

I was a little wrong about my idea of the Decoration Day ceremony, for there really is a U. S. Government National Cemetery, where about seven hundred American soldiers are buried, I believe unidentified, in a common grave.

It appears that some years after the Mexican War, our Government collected the dead wherever they could be found, but instead of sending them home in tins, the way they do now from the Philippines and other such places, they buried them all here in a lot acquired for that purpose.

For a long time Americans residing here used to bury their dead in this place, which saved them from the necessity of hiring or buying a lot on their own account, but that is no longer allowed. It is closed to all now except the G.A.R. and as they never die it is not often used.

We started last night at 7.40 on the "Thompsonia," tied to the end of the regular El Paso express. The Governor of Aguascalientes with his daughter and secretary were the guests. We had some sort of a supper seasoned with ice water instead of dinner, but I had more or less provided for that contingency before leaving my house. The poor girl soon became seasick or trainsick and went to bed and the rest followed suit not long after, tremendously bored. I did not sleep much because it was too rough but in compensation saw a fine sunrise.

We arrived at eight and there was a brass band, *etc.*, to meet the Governor. We then went to the springs, Mr. T. and myself, and are going to lunch in town, he calls it dinner, at twelve. In the afternoon we shall go somewhere with the Governor and in the night proceed by a branch line to San Luis Potosi.

San Luis Potosi, *Sunday, June* 2, 1907.

After my letter of Friday, we started out in an automobile at a rapid rate over horrible roads, in company with the Governor to inspect an enormous smelter, the largest on the continent. It belongs to the Smelters' Trust, which seems to be an incorporated form of a certain Mr. Guggenheim of New York. It was pretty nearly my idea of hell.

In the evening the Governor gave a banquet for Mr. Thompson and the town was illuminated and the bands played, *etc.*, on account of His Excellency's return. It was a friendly little banquet organised in haste. There were about twenty-five or thirty present, Mexican officials, foreign residents and more besides. The first act was to serve brandy all round, then a lot of cold indigestibles, salads and suches, with light wines. Of course there were gushy speeches which had to be interpreted on both sides. After it was over, at about half past nine, we all went to the public square where the band was playing, and we walked round and round to give the populace a treat.

In the night a train picked us up and we arrived here yesterday morning. First we saw the consul, then called on the Governor, for this is in another state. In the afternoon a long drive to the penitentiary and water works and in the evening the Governor dined with us on the car. Today we lunch with him and start soon after on our return journey to Mexico, where we should arrive tomorrow morning.

Mexico, *Monday, June* 3, 1907.

When I got back here this morning I found a good letter from you, the first from Hillfields, where I think of you now, as probably shovelling snow. After writing to you yesterday I sat on the back piazza of the car with

Mr. T., waiting for the Governor to send his gilt coach to take us to his mansion (is that the right name for a governor's house?) for lunch, but it did not come. We decided in the end, that something was wrong and though we could do without a gilt coach we could not do without lunch, so we sallied forth on foot with a policeman to guide us, and after a walk of about a quarter of a mile, found the mansion.

The Governor received us with pleased surprise and it turned out, of course, that his messenger had quite misunderstood us and had said that we could not come. He gave the cook half an hour in which to earn fame and in the end we had a very pleasant, cheerful time and an excellent lunch. This Governor has been much abroad and in the United States and speaks desirable languages. He is quite young for his post, about forty-five, and impressed me very favourably.

We left San Luis Potosi about six in the evening, three hours late, and arrived here this morning at breakfast time. I enjoyed my little trip very much on the whole.

I found my house still here, but upside down, because the servants had not expected me till noon and had put off all cleaning, *etc.*, to the last moment, doubtless that it might be the cleaner when I arrived. They seem a little depressed, perhaps because they know that in another week they will have to find new situations in which they may be called on to work, or possibly, there is some new storm centre approaching, of which I know nothing as yet. A private car is better to live in than a bathing machine, but they are both in the same class.

The trial of Morales and Mora, the two men implicated in the murder of General Barillas, was concluded yesterday and they were sentenced to death and will be

shot. Morales, the man who actually committed the murder, had a personal grudge against Barillas and was probably selected for that reason to serve as a tool. Mora brought him up here from Guatemala to do the killing and kept egging him on until it was done. Mora was the instrument of the Guatemalan Government, so it is said, in the matter.

The whole question has made a good deal of stir in the papers and some in government circles here and at home, but as for touching the Mexican people as a body, even those in this city, the centre of everything and the place where the murder was committed, I don't think that it has done so in the least. Most of them are so little removed from elementary conditions that national or international questions pass entirely over their heads. They can be excited without much difficulty if they are told that they ought to be excited, but they seldom discover it for themselves.

That is the beauty of a strong government in these countries. It can suppress the agitators, and if this be done the rest do not even need watching.

In Guatemala twelve men have been sentenced to death for the attempt to blow up the President, but this is looked on by the people here as convenient rather than as strictly impartial.

I wonder who will be our next representative down there.

June 7. The week-end seems to be a dangerous time. I have just come from tea at Mrs. Spanish Secretary's and must go to dinner with Mr. Belgian Chargé d'Affaires, who is almost my next door neighbour, though not quite, for Mr. Japanese Secretary lives in the house between us. Almost all of the diplomatic people are near together in

this vicinity, which is certainly a great convenience in a place where it rains so often at dinnertime.

A rather busy day in the office, though just by chance, and not for any particular reason; you never can tell in the morning that it will be an easy day, but often you can tell that it will not.

We had a pouch from the Department; they come twice a week, as against once in ten days or so in Peking, five notes from the foreign office, a few consular and miscellaneous letters and a few callers. Personally I have very little to do with the latter element. Those who want passports, or notarial work, I send to Hibben, the Second Secretary, the others can usually see the Ambassador, which is what they all want. It is a constant wonder to me how some men can do a great deal of work in spite of frequent interruptions. I am sorry to say that I cannot and when I have something that requires attention, it annoys me very much if I am disturbed continually, this is perhaps because I am not really used to working.

The weather has been delightful today, a little warm and no rain.

June 8. We had a rather cheerful little dinner last night, just the Belgian Chargé, the Spanish Secretary and his wife, the Austrian Minister and myself. It was in French with occasional lapses into German.

The Austrian Minister, Baron Giskra is his name, came here from Chili, and when the conversation turned to earthquakes, as it still does quite frequently since our experience a few weeks ago, he gave a very interesting account of the Chilian disaster. It was very much worse, in some ways, than the San Francisco catastrophe. In the first place, five times as many people were killed; in the second, the shocks continued for days and weeks.

His wife is an American. She is coming here later. We shall then have three American Ministresses, the U. S., Russia and Austria, out of a total of seven. The others represent Germany, Japan, Guatemala and Spain, which I had almost forgotten, for the Spanish Ministress is a Mexican. The Spanish Minister, Don Bernardo Juan de Cologan y Cologan, I think that is it, is a simple, kindly, elderly gentleman who was Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps during the siege of the legations at Peking. I had promised to lend him Putnam Weale (Simpson's) new book *Indiscreet Letters from Peking* when it reached me, but after I had read it I tried to forget my word. In the end I had to send it, though. I saw him yesterday and he only said that he thought that Mr. Simpson had a graphic style and that it was a pity that such a young man would only see the worst side of things.

Tonight the English and Spanish colonies are having a tremendous love feast to end with a ball in honour of the Prince of the Asturias. It is a family affair, I am happy to say.

MEXICO, *Sunday, June* 9.

DEAR MOTHER: — I received your letter this morning about the Decoration Day spree of your horses and other topics. Take my advice, sell them, give them away, or shoot them, but in these days when automobiles are almost as common as lamp-posts, do not drive behind horses that are not absolutely indifferent to them, for why should you?

This morning's paper has a story that Mr. Root is coming here some time this summer. I know nothing about it but hope that it may be true and it seems not improbable, because he has been almost everywhere else in this hemi-

sphere. It would probably make a few rather strenuous days for us, but after the experience I had with the Roosevelt party in Peking I do not fear anything else of the kind. Seriously, I think that it would be an exceedingly good plan if Mr. Root were to come here, especially at this time when things are still unsettled south of us. . . .

Tomorrow the housekeeper body and new servants are supposed to be coming, but I have no idea whether they will or not.

Monday, June 10. This was the day set for the dawning of the new era in my household affairs. Today the body was to come with a staff of body servants, to start the millennium, but she did n't and sent no word, but I know the reason, it is because she is a Mexican. Unfortunately, so are most of the people here.

In the evening I sent a brief message "Tomorrow or never," but I don't know if it reached her as the bearer was a Mexican.

I went to a high tea last night at eight and got home at one, and as it was in the house next door, the time was spent mostly there. We were, I think, sixteen at the tea, which was not a dinner because it was Sunday and quite as many more came in as afterthoughts, and played baccarat, billiards and bridge, in batches, as I have said, till one. I suppose that as they did this, they played on Monday but began a little early.

They were all English speaking people of the foreign colony, and some were beautiful, and some were rich, and none of them were perhaps very distinguished, but they were one and all very kindly persons, a little perverted by their new-found wealth. I did not play at the games and was horribly bored before I got through, nevertheless I left with a very friendly feeling for the host and hostess.

Today a mail came in and brought a good deal of work which it will take some days to accomplish, so that I shall be a trifle busy until it is finished.

The Root story seems to be true, for the papers all announce that he has accepted an invitation to come here as the guest of the nation, in the latter part of the summer. They say that a personal letter was sent to him by President Diaz.

I wish I could tell you all that I think about the Guatemala question, but I cannot,—far from it. It is a funny business and we have not yet seen the end of it.

June 11.

My dear Father: — I had a very good letter from you this morning which suddenly appeared on my desk, in the midst of a lot of official stuff, to the great disadvantage of the latter.

It looks to me as if you were having the most unpleasant season ever known and the weather in many different parts of the world seems to have been *détraqué* for months. If this be the case, as abnormal conditions must produce abnormal results, and as the normal conditions have been almost the best possible during the last few years, as shown by continuous prosperity nearly everywhere, the present marked change appears to me, in the light of a barometric warning of what is to come. The weather cannot be upset without upsetting agriculture, and agriculture is the belly and all other things; even politics and trusts are only members.

The Central American story is the main feature of interest at this moment in our western world. Nicaragua thinks that the time is opportune for a union of the five republics with Zelaya in charge. Guatemala, having well-founded

suspicions that Estrada Cabrera might not be acceptable to some of the voters, thinks that the millennium should be deferred, and some of the other republics, not being quite sure as to who are actually their presidents, are not sanguine over the prospect of having them selected to rule the united nation. It all makes me think very much of the imperialist parable and of what happened to the man who had one talent and buried it in the ground.

I am afraid that it is not at all probable, or desirable, that I should ask for leave this summer.

June 12. There has been a bit of a flutter today, because of the news that a body of Nicaraguan and Salvadorean outsiders were brought yesterday by the Nicaraguan fleet, which consists of one vessel, to a Salvadorean port. This they proceeded to capture without resistance, as far as is known, though it had I believe a garrison of eight men. They then advanced to a neighbouring town and took that, too, so it is said, even though it was supposed to be guarded by a force one thousand strong.

These are the stories published of yesterday's doings; today there are others, but as I only know them officially they cannot be told. It does not matter much because all such news will be old before this letter reaches you and you will know by that time, not only what has happened today but likewise what will have happened tomorrow, and the day after, and later still.

In most of these affairs, both sides win continuous victories, until one suddenly collapses and goes out and then only can you tell which has been lying most.

The ludicrous, or perhaps I should say, the hopeless feature of it all, is that Nicaragua has within fifteen minutes, more or less, signed a treaty promising not to do such things, but to submit all grievances to the arbitration of

the United States and Mexico. This was done at Amalpala on April twenty-third last, and had been ratified by Salvador, but possibly not by Nicaragua.

The Salvadorean Minister came around for a talk. I am sorry for him, for if Nicaragua wins he will probably be without a job, and possibly be without a country.

The last Salvadorean Minister, who is now at home, made the mistake of acquiring great possessions in Guatemala, which Mr. E. Cabrera has just sequestrated because he failed to pay for his dog license, or something of the sort.

June 13. I wonder if your summer has come to you yet, it certainly has come to us, in the form of the rainy season. It is almost always clear and bright in the morning, with a rather hot sun because it is so nearly overhead. Towards noon the clouds gather in all directions, usually forming several more or less distinct groups, or minor storm centres, then come wind and dust followed by thunder showers. These last, usually with intervals, but sometimes continuously, till about the middle of the night, and when you wake in the morning, everything is clean and dry. It is really rather wonderful. It may rain for five hours in the evening and be dry in the morning and dusty at noon.

In this part of the town the streets are mostly paved with asphalt, and the soil, which is an artificial filling over a spongy bottom, seems to let the water run right through it in an incredibly short space of time. Many people believe that some day, when there has been a great convulsion, the whole city will sink into this spongy bottom and be replaced by a lake. This may be so, but I am not buying any boats yet.

The air here, owing to the altitude, is one-quarter less

dense than at sea level, therefore, it seems to me that all sound ought to be reduced in about the same proportion, but I am afraid that my science is at fault because I can perceive no difference. The ordinary city noises, caused by the traffic, appear to be just as loud, the voice seems to carry as far and no increased effort is necessary to maintain conversation in the same tones as at a lower level. I don't quite understand it.

On reading this letter over I observe that there is not much news in it.

June 14. Today there has been no word of any kind about the disturbance in Salvador, though at last accounts there were two alleged hostile armies, trying to occupy the same place at the same time, which is apt to lead to trouble.

Yesterday I walked for two hours in the rain and damaged my clothes. This afternoon, when I left the shop a little before six, it was not raining for once and a rare chance for a walk, but no, it was Mrs. Q.'s day, and as Mrs. Q. had asked me to dine last week, I must go straight home, change everything and put in an hour at Mrs. Q.'s, after which it is time to dress for dinner, and when that is over I write the letter, then study the Spanish grammar, and I read the newspaper aloud to myself till it is time to go to bed, somehow or other it is always pretty near midnight when I get there.

I am called at half past seven, have my bath and breakfast, and go to the shop at about nine. Leave at one for lunch, returning at half past two for about three hours, never less. So the time passes quickly enough.

Teacher, may his shadow never grow less, if it does it will be imperceptible, was to bring today another body to replace the faithless one. She is quite a paragon, according to his account, but unfortunately she did not show up and

he was afraid to come himself until his hour was almost over, when he appeared full of apologies and explanations which were highly creditable to his imagination.

A German lady with a frugal mind, to whom I poured out my tale of woe at Mrs. Q.'s informed me that she knew a Chinaman who would supply my table for thirty-seven and a half cents a day, but somehow or other this does not seem an ideal arrangement.

June 15.

DEAR MOTHER: — Your last Sunday's letter reached me today, though very often I find as you do that they come on the day of the week on which they are written.

The second body, teacher's paragon, has definitely failed to materialise for the same old reason, because she is a Mexican, so the model household is no nearer to achievement than when I began my quest.

I received a letter from the Treasury Department today that filled me with amazement, not unmixed with satisfaction.

To begin with, I must explain that the Auditor of the Treasury Department is the final arbiter of all accounts of the subjects of the State and other Departments; and his chief object in life is to prove that such accounts are wrong.

When I was in Washington, I put in a long and rather incoherent claim for moneys which in one way or another I had paid out of my own pocket, while handling the finances of the Peking Legation; most of the loss was entailed by the difference in rates of exchange between Peking and Washington. To show this I submitted bank vouchers for all drafts and a note from Mr. Rockhill, certifying that I had done all the banking for the legation,

and should be credited or debited with any loss or gain by exchange.

The Treasury letter, which was full of the usual jargon, which no one pretends to understand, ended by saying that, as it was desirable to close my Peking accounts, I was directed to draw on the Secretary of the State for four hundred and sixty-seven dollars and odd cents, unless I had any observations to offer on the settlement.

I have none except that it is like picking up money in the street.

June 16. I have had a very satisfactory day. It did not rain at all and I was out, morning and afternoon, for four hours or more, not walking briskly I am afraid, but still moving all the time. I would be glad if I could do it every Sunday.

I received an invitation yesterday to subscribe to a dinner to be given at the Country Club, of which I am not a member; the occasion being the opening of their new house. The subscription fee is seventeen dollars and fifty cents, I call it almost impudent.

I have joined the Jockey Club, just because it has a sort of a special standing which is not disputed. I have not been inside of it for a month and don't ever expect to use it much. I shall also join the American Club when its new quarters are finished, but this will simply be as a matter of policy, so as not to appear snobbish; that is to say, it is part of my job to belong to it, but not necessarily to go there. I have been told that it is one of the places where it is considered courteous for everyone to take a drink whenever anyone is thirsty.

At the Country Club I believe that they don't dress for dinner, but if it is warm, they undress and dine in

their shirt sleeves. It might be worth paying the seventeen dollars and a half to see it for once, after all. The building was adapted from an old Spanish one and is supposed to be the largest and best country club building in the world. It was done by my architect landlord who certainly has great taste.

There is also a University Club and a Recreation Club and an English and a German and a Spanish Club. All are for foreigners except the Jockey Club, in which they form a very small minority.

June 17. To make up for the fine weather of yesterday it began raining at about midnight and rained all the morning for the first time since I have been here and most of the rest of the day.

Faithless body number one turned up at the office with explanations and excuses and apparently she really wants to come now if she can, at the end of the month. I think that I will give her a chance for I have found nothing better. She brought a niece who she said was experienced and competent and who could have taken charge at once but unfortunately she was much too young for propriety, and so could not be considered. . . .

There is absolutely no news here, not a word about the Central American business.

Mr. Thompson has invited about sixty people to go with him in his private car to Teotitlan next Sunday, to see the famous Pyramid of the Sun and various other prehistoric monuments. I hope not to go as I hate seeing real things in a crowd.

I have decided to stop these daily letters as I am a little afraid that they may get on people's nerves, so I will resume the old catch as catch can method.

PARTLY CONFIDENTIAL

AMERICAN EMBASSY, MEXICO,
Sunday, July 7, 1907.

July four is gone and past
And I am forty-four at last.
DODDERIDGE

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We have come now to a pleasant, peaceful time of year. Congress is not in session which always makes a difference. Mr. Root is taking his vacation, Mr. Bacon, too, apparently *non est*, so our dispatches fall to the lot of Mr. Adee, who invariably replies with a graceful acknowledgment, which involves no further effort on our part and does not endanger the friendly relations which so happily continue between ourselves and our sister republics.

I cannot write what I think of Mexican public men as you suggested, it would not be proper nor always polite.

You remember poor old General Bragg at Havana wrote to his wife that, "You might as well try to make a whistle out of a pig's tail as a man out of a Cuban" and she in her innocent glee, published it in the local paper, with the result that he had to be transferred to Hong Kong, in the land where an adaptation of the pig's tail may be regarded as the national emblem. Of General Diaz I will say, however, that he is a very great man, especially by contrast with the rest of us.

The new Third Secretary, Dabney of New Orleans, should arrive here the day after tomorrow. I know nothing about him, but if he is the right sort he will be a great help. Grew was the right sort and it is a pity from our point of view that he could not stay.

The work of the second and third secretaries is laborious and desperately uninteresting, for it consists almost entirely in copying our large correspondence in the permanent records. It must be typewritten, of course, so that manual skill of this kind is about the only necessary qualification. I keep the register of all the correspondence, though this was not the system of the office before I came. I adopted it because I found that it was the only way in which I could be informed of all that was going on. My point of view is that it is my duty to be perfectly familiar with all questions before the embassy, so that if anything were to happen to Mr. Thompson I could carry on the work in his place. He does not seem to share my opinion on this matter and when there is anything particularly secret he feels that it should only be told to his confidential clerks. I have not forced the issue because it would probably lead to a rupture, but I think that he is gradually coming round to my point of view. I do not think, either, that there is anything personal in his attitude on this subject, which after all makes the whole difference, it is only that he is built that way.

The Secretary Root's visit which comes early in September will be a tremendous affair, if all the present plans of the Mexican Government are carried out, but I have not begun to worry about it yet, as he can't possibly do half the things proposed. It is two months away and who knows what may happen between now and then?

I have got my housekeeper at last and she is great on cleaning, but knows nothing about civilised food or table service and speaks a Spanish which I cannot understand. The minor positions are mostly filled by her poor relatives. It is too soon for me to judge yet whether I am in the frying pan or the fire.

July 15, 1907.

My dear Mother: — I received yesterday your Magnolia letter which in spite of a modest disclaimer was anything but dry (like Veuve Clicquot, *vin sec*). About the best news which it contained was that faraway Archy was soon to return, but I do hope that he will lose that automobile on the way. It will only reduce the total number by one, but that is something in these days when most people seem bent on increasing it.

The Japanese question has been much on my mind and not a little on my nerves. The present agitation seems to be due about one-quarter to San Francisco and three-quarters to the newspapers.

One result of this absolute straining of relations, though it does not seem to attract serious attention even in New England, which is much concerned, will quite probably be an enormous injury to our trade throughout the Far East. Another will be a species of isolation from distrust of a nation whose conditions are such that it is not strong enough to control its own policies.

The *Mexican Herald*, the tin whistle as I call it, is the leading American paper here. It is full of political wisdom and noble sentiments. It keeps an office in Washington and poses as the representative organ of American opinion in Mexico. As a matter of fact it is subsidised in a legitimate way by the Mexican Government and its views are somewhat modified in consequence. Its editor was trained in Joplin, Mo.

All is going exceedingly well with me, barring the insuperable objections to existence here, which are, that I have no interests, no friends, no amusements, bad servants, bad food and an impaired digestion. Time slips by quickly and as a rule not unpleasantly. I feel that I must modify

the statement about the servants, for they are good by intention and only bad by performance. This is also true of hell.

The new régime is now thoroughly established; my household is run by the body and the poor relations and at any rate it is an honest, self-respecting establishment, rather pleased with itself. The body has rare ideas of cleanliness for a Mexican and keeps the poor relations scrubbing a great part of the time, which is what they are best qualified to do. Unfortunately, she knows nothing about foreign food, nor does poor relation number two, the cook.

Mysterious fragments of unknown animals, supported by vegetable compounds which would have rejoiced the heart of the late lamented Mrs. Pinkham, form the *pièces de résistance* of my luncheon and dinner, luckily I don't eat fish or sweets. The soup is grease with something in it. Breakfast is not so bad, a mango, two eggs and some coffee.

Poor relation number one, who waits on table, is improving under my tuition. She no longer carries out all the dishes and plates piled on top of each other, after every course, and has learned to set the table without putting the cheese and the finger bowl on it, on all occasions. I think that the finger bowl troubled her considerably at first, for probably she had never seen one. She thought, perhaps, that it was intended for a bath for a kitten or a bird, but she is quite used to it now and as I indicated, is a little too free with it.

On the whole I think that I get quite as much amusement as annoyance out of my housekeeping experiments, but so far I have an unpleasant inkling that all is not perfect. I want a well run house and I don't succeed in getting it. Any suggestions or advice would be welcome.

August 1, 1907.

My dear Mother: — It seems to be hot and quiet with you at Hillfields. It is quiet enough here, I am happy to say, but as for hot, not a bit of it. Last night it was so cool that I was not quite comfortable with one blanket and I am far from being a chilly person. This was unusual, however, and was probably owing to hailstorms in the vicinity. Three days ago lightning struck in my back yard, a very small place for it to hit, and flames danced around the gasoline tank. I was in the office at the time but on my return I found the servants in a great state of excitement and alarm and quite right, too. I finally succeeded in giving away the gasoline, which belongs to my landlord, to a neighbour who had it pumped out and removed, much to my relief. The tank blew up once before I am told.

I am sending a photograph which I took last Sunday to give you an idea of my house. It is on the corner of the Avenida de Chapultepec and the Calle Napoles. On the right of the picture is the Calle Napoles on which is the entrance in a sort of a porch. Over the porch is my dressing room window and the other window in the picture is in my bedroom. The upper floor of this part of the house is all one big room, a sort of an architect's studio. To the left of the cross street, on the Avenida de Chapultepec, first comes a sort of a pillared effect, which is a big plate glass window in my sitting room, over that another window in my bedroom, and above, three studio windows. Next on the street, is a big dining room window hidden by the banana plant, over this the window of the spare room, and on top, between the two main parts of the roof, a little terrace or roof garden. Beyond the banana plant is the low window of the kitchen over which, on a sort of a mezzanine floor, is a little parlour or music room, and over

that again, a room now used by the housekeeper, which does not communicate directly with the body of the house, but has a little terrace at the back and an outside flight of steps leading down into the yard. Beyond the kitchen window you see the entrance to the yard, where the gasoline tank is now happily empty. On the farther side of the yard, the low building with a sloping roof is a stable on the ground floor and has servants' quarters above. I took the house furnished for six months paying in advance the whole rent for that time so as to get it cheaper. This amounted to seven hundred and fifty dollars or just half of my salary for the six months.

The new Third Secretary has arrived, Thomas Ewing Dabney by name, of New Orleans. He graduated from a Tennessee college and studied at Harvard, receiving his A.M. in 1906. He is twenty-three years old and married and his wife is to follow later.

They are almost entirely dependent on his salary of twelve hundred dollars, which will make life pretty difficult for them here. He has been working recently as a newspaper reporter in New Orleans, yet he is one of the greenest persons I have ever seen. He asked me the other day if there were any steamships plying between the United States and China.

August 25, 1907.

My dear Mother: — Many thanks for your letters. They usually reach me on Saturday but this week none has come which may be because you have not written, or may be I hope, because you are in New Hampshire, or somewhere at a distance, in which case one may still be on its way.

The chief question of interest at the moment is a tele-

gram published by the local press today, that Mr. Root has really been seriously out of health and resting for some time at Muldoon's Sanitorium near New York, fortunately with excellent results. If this be true it might modify his plans with regard to his visit to Mexico in the last days of September, for which extensive preparations are already being made.

Widely speaking, it is intended to give him a lunch, a dinner and a reception or ball every day. The time between being occupied by official visits and in being taken to the points of interest in and around the city. And this is to last something like ten days. Rather trying for a man in need of rest, is n't it, and for other people, too, who have to go to these functions and do the regular work of the embassy at the same time, especially when they hate such things.

I have arrived at the point that I am getting a good deal of amusement out of my housekeeping, there are incidents almost daily which fill me with joy, and everything is in pretty good shape, except that I cannot get anything fit to eat and so do not dare to ask friends to lunch or dine with me.

Poor relation number one (Regina) the one that thought she was a cook, found on trying that she was not, or at least I found it, and she had to go. In her place was acquired an elderly person said to have much experience.

The other day, when I came home at about six, I heard sounds of weeping and of laughter, and was informed that poor relation number two (Aurelia) the parlourmaid, was having a fit of sorts, so I sent for the doctor and so far she has not had an encore.

The old woman, the new cook (Macaria), apparently poisoned herself in some way and was seized with spasms

or cramps. The housekeeper, or body (Carmen), discovered that she was a homeopathist, and knowing that homeopathists like pills, searched the house. She found some pills in my room and was about to give them, but being in doubt whether they should be given all at once, or one at a time at brief intervals, and finding that the cook seemed to be losing the use of her members and that her hands were getting cold, sent her off in charge of the laundress (Viviana), to her daughter's lodging, which happily was not far off in order, as was explained to me on my return, that she should not die on the premises.

The cook thought better of it and after an illness of two or three days, under the care of a homeopathic doctor, decided that she was too poor to die and came back to work.

The man (Santos), who does most of the work, also provided pets for the household; first he collected a sort of young dove, that had fallen out of a nest into the street. The servants took him in, clipped his incipient wing and undertook to rear him by hand in the kitchen, but the mice ate him. Next, Santos gathered in a small yellow puppy, evidently a discard, and he was given the run of the back premises for some days, but was afterwards disposed of to somebody who was not particular. One day last week, Regina, the ex-cook, appeared bringing a gift. It was a bird with long legs and a bill, such as are found on the seashore and in wet places. I think we would call it a "peep." This too had a wing clipped and it wanders about the sitting room and dining room in quite an original fashion. The body (Carmen) explained to me that it was great at eating flies, but it appeared afterwards, that she has to catch the flies and immerse them in water, whereupon the peep eats them. It also is put in a tank at inter-

vals and allowed to swim round until its frantic efforts to get out attract attention. Yesterday a kitten was added, on the ground that the mice are very bad, which is certainly true, but I have grave fears for the future of the peep. They have put a collar and cuffs on the kitten — very tasteful.

A man came around the other afternoon and announced that he was about to cut off the electric light on account of unpaid bills. Now it is true that I have not paid any bills because I had not received any. Someone has been here every month to see that the metre was not shirking, but no bill has come to me. The body explained this to the man who replied that it made no difference and refused to wait until I could be summoned. He wanted to come into the house to cut the wires, but the body told him that he could climb up the post outside, which he finally proceeded to do, having tried in vain to borrow my ladder.

I got the matter straightened out the next day and the wires tied together again, after one evening of four-candle power obscurity.

Monday. Mr. Thompson has gone off for three or four days for a change taking with him Hibben the Second Secretary. It is a little awkward when he is away, as I have to attend to everything in his name.

September 26, 1907. Though it is late I will write a few lines for a few are better than none and none has been the order of the day for much too long.

Some two or three weeks ago I was directed by the Department to go north and investigate a rather unpleasant and complicated mess, resulting from the actions of some of our consular representatives in connection with criminal proceedings against an American which have been going on for some months. I was away for a week.

Since then have been busy preparing my report, which was conscientious rather than luminous.

It is my first job of the kind, which made it harder for me and in my opinion it did not come within the range of my legitimate functions, but the Department put sugar on the pill by saying that they felt that it must be done by someone in whom they had full confidence.

Everything is tremendously upset by the impending arrival of Secretary Root. Mr. Thompson started for the frontier tonight in his private car, which was attached to the Presidential train. He will meet him at San Antonio and escort him here. Then there will be a week or more of almost uninterrupted entertainments with two or three events for each day, but I shall not be involved as much as might be expected, owing to Mr. Thompson's personal desire to do it all.

After Mr. Root's departure, the Ambassador is going on leave for a month or so and I shall be in charge, but I hardly think that this ought to be mentioned yet, so please don't.

October 13, 1907. Mr. Root left us this morning and Mr. Thompson is going with him as far as the frontier. He will be back on Friday and will probably start himself next Sunday. But his leave of absence is only for a month so that my time in charge will be very short.

The Root visit has been interesting but very trying on the whole, as he brought next to no one with him and all the extra work has consequently fallen on us. Mr. Thompson has been with him constantly so that I have carried on the ordinary routine business of the embassy and have seen but very little of him. Hibben, the Second Secretary, has done all the arduous work about invitations, placing at dinners, leaving cards and a thousand and one things

which would have been very distasteful to me. Our third secretary and his private secretary have neither of them been able to render much assistance.

I only heard Mr. Root speak twice, the first time at the Ambassador's dinner when he evidently was very tired and the second at a lunch given by the Foreign Office, on which occasion he was in good shape and spoke very well. On the whole I am very glad that it is over.

My lease expires at the end of the month and I shall have to give up my very pleasant house with no prospect of finding another half as good and no time in which to look for one.

I see that my friend Miss X. has married the British Minister to Abyssinia and will be at home at Addis Abeba, surely an alluring prospect.

For my sins I am compelled at times to go to places in automobiles in a hurry, in a land where there is no speed limit, but I hope that you will not form this habit.

November 13, 1907.

My dear Mother: — I am sorry that I find so little time or spirits to write answers to your pleasant letters. I do not feel full confidence in the horse who fears nothing but electric cars. It is like my friend's horse in Peking, who was only afraid of jinrikishas and there were thirty thousand of them in the city.

I wish you would tell me who are Mr. and Mrs. Shaw who turned up the other day in a most friendly frame of mind and talked of many people at home. His face seemed familiar, but I could not put two and two together about him and so did my best to be amiable in a vague, noncommittal sort of way.

There is a Senatorial Committee investigating, by

courtesy of the Mexican Government, something about Kickapoo Indians in one of the northern states and they keep me busy with their continual requests. I am also in difficulties about coaling vessels for the fleet bound for the Pacific and have other troubles too numerous to mention or worry about.

I am thinking very much about applying for two months' leave at home, to be taken as soon after Mr. Thompson's return as circumstances will permit. I expect him back in another month and might get away by the end of the year, but it is all very uncertain.

November 14. A change has come since last night. Mr. Thompson has written, though not to me, to say that he will be back about the twenty-ninth, at the end of the thirty days' leave for which he had applied, though when he went away he expected to have it extended. I am writing to the Department for a leave of absence of two months at home, to be taken as soon as in his judgment I am not needed here. So I may be with you at almost any time in December, for I shall come back the shortest way.

December 1, 1907.

My dear Mother: — Another good letter from you today, telling about the preparations for the ball and hoping that I might get home in time for it. I am afraid that that is out of the question. In the first place, I have not yet obtained my leave, but the mail which would bring it is due tomorrow and I will leave this letter open until then, so that the best of it may be in the *post scriptum*.

In the second place, I can only avail myself of it at the pleasure of the Ambassador, but I do not anticipate any trouble in that quarter, for Mr. Thompson has just been

away himself and if I can run the shop without him he certainly can run it without me, though it is true that the busiest time of the year is just coming with Congress in session and the tourist season imminent.

I had a telegram about ten days ago from Mr. T. saying that he would be back on the thirtieth, and nothing since, so we all went down to the train yesterday in our glory clothes and he did not come. He has now telegraphed to expect him tomorrow.

Thanksgiving was a rather formidable occasion. The Society of the American Colony always gives a Charity Ball to which they invite most of the high officials. The President usually attends, but this year he fell off at the last minute, because of a bad cold, but the Society did not announce this, fearing that it might injure the sale of tickets. Of course, in the absence of the Ambassador I was IT, but I am told that the occasion was not more painful than usual. I am sending a newspaper which gives a *couleur de rouge* account of it.

I shall have been in charge between five and six weeks and a very busy time it has been, with certain unsatisfactory features about it, the real significance of which I cannot judge yet; but a short time in Washington will enlighten me.

This day being Sunday, I found time for a walk, in the course of which I saw a man practicing with a sort of a top which I take to be the thing which the newspapers call "diabolo." It had a very familiar look for you can buy them at any fair in Peking and the Chinese have played with them in the top season probably ever since the dawn of history, without attaching to the pastime more than the trifling attention which it deserves.

I find it hard to believe that such futility can have

become the rage that the newspapers describe but that may be because I find it hard to believe most things that I read in the newspapers, which leads me to warn you that there is now in the city one X., the arch prevaricator of the yellow press. I do not know what his purpose here may be, but if you hear any startling news in the next week or two, it will probably be owing to his presence, not to the presence of the news.

The meeting of Congress is another thing which fills me with unpleasant forebodings because of their tendency to sacrifice policy upon the altar of politics.

The Honourable Robert McCormick, a former American Ambassador in many posts, has been here recently and I think that his visit has been satisfactory to him. I took him to see the President and lent him Hibben, whom he had known in Paris, to travel with him about the country, and especially to help his wife in her pawnshopping and curiosity hunting adventures.

JOHN

P. S. The official pouch did not come in today's mail.

XXII

1908 — MINISTER TO NICARAGUA

At home on leave — Returned to Mexico via Havana — Appointed Minister to Nicaragua — Instruction period in Washington — Proceeded to my post via Panama arriving in the middle of August — Presentation of my credentials to President Zelaya — Life in Managua — The national holiday and review of the troops — Short journey with the President — Arrival of Gregory, the Secretary of the Legation — Difficulties arise ending in my resignation — Joined by Phillips on a tour of Central America — Return to Washington via Panama in January, 1909.

Mr. Thompson arrived a few days later and the Department granted me a leave of two months with permission to return to the United States, so I set out soon after and traveling by the most direct route on the weekly train de luxe via Laredo and St. Louis, to my great satisfaction I reached home in time to spend Christmas with my family in Boston. My leave was passed very pleasantly doing nothing and on its expiration, not being hurried I returned to Mexico by way of Cuba.

Starting from Washington I went down by the east coast of Florida to the end, and beyond it, on a curious newly built railway, half on land and half at sea, that ran from island to island to its termination, which was then at a place called Knight's Key, whence one night's steaming took me to Havana. I was received here in the most friendly way by our Minister, Edwin Morgan, whom I had known well both in China and in Korea. His legation was a beautiful house charmingly situated at a place called Marienao, some ten miles out of town. We spent two or three most agreeable days together after which I went on by the Ward Line steamer to Tampico and Vera

Cruz, where our Consul, Mr. Canada, showed me what there was of interest and saw me off for Mexico City.

I found everything very quiet at the embassy with little to be attended to, beyond the ordinary routine work which we have always with us. A Convention between the United States and other Powers (Latin-American) concerning Literary and Artistic Copyrights had been signed at the city of Mexico, January 27, 1902. Its ratification was advised by our Senate on January 31, 1908, and it was proclaimed soon after. An Arbitration Convention between the United States and Mexico was also negotiated about this time, but this was done in Washington where it was signed on March 24, and we were little concerned. Personally, I was far from sharing the general calm. The Department had decided some time before, that in furtherance of our policy of forming closer relations with the republics of Central America, which felt themselves a little neglected, it would be desirable to appoint a minister to each state instead of having only three representatives divided between the five countries, as had been the case up to this time. In consequence, Congress had been asked to appropriate the money necessary for their maintenance. It appeared to be well-disposed and I was not without hope that if these posts were created I might be selected to go as minister to one of them which, of course, was the thing I most desired.

MEXICO, *May* 10, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I have just received your second Washington letter, full of interest and wholly satisfactory to me, but I fear that you must have some severe misgivings and find it hard to reconcile practices, which evil-minded persons would designate as lobbying, with the

admirable precepts of our Puritan fathers, who gave to themselves nothing but mortification and to others nothing but advice.

The rainy season seems to have really set in this time and for the last few days it has been impossible to walk in the late afternoon on this account. Today, too, has been a lost Sunday, as I have spent most of it in the office waiting to send some telegrams which it was finally decided should not go.

I dined at the Ambassador's last Monday in a party which consisted of Creel and Buchanan, the heads of the Foreign Office, the Representatives of the Central American states accredited here and ourselves. It was a very successful occasion inasmuch as it broke up before eleven o'clock.

The household is doing fairly well. During the course of last week the water, the electric lights and the bells all gave out at different times, but most of them are going again by now. I had one long evening enlightened, if not cheered, by two candles, as the electric installation stopped working while I was dressing for dinner and did not begin again until it was made to some time in the course of the next day, and the worst of it was that the trouble was only in my house, for the neighbours' lights never flickered.

It is now about five and I am going out for a little walk in the rain rather than have none at all. Mr. Buchanan, the Special Emissary of the President, leaves at nine and, as I must see him off and the station is not near, I shall put off my dinner till after the parting, when I expect to be in better spirits. I am afraid that this is all for today.

May 17, 1908. This is Ran's birthday, which I always remember, also the King of Spain's, so I have been around

to leave a card with p.f. on it (*pour féliciter*) at the Spanish Legation and that is all that there is to it.

Mr. Thompson, who is suffering tremendously from sleeplessness and consequent nervousness, is going to Puebla for a fortnight or so to take some baths. I hope that it may do him good, but the situation is always a little difficult and unsatisfactory when the Ambassador is in the country, and more or less out of reach, for at such times I have to carry on things in his name, without any real authority in the capacity of what is called Chargé des Affaires de l'Ambassade, whereas, if he is out of the country, he no longer exists officially, for the time being, and I act on my own responsibility. In that case I am known as Chargé d'Affaires des Etats-Unis, which is the real thing.

I have heard nothing further from Washington for better or for worse, which gives me a slightly unsettled feeling, though I do not consider that there is ground for uneasiness as yet, for in the first place, I do not know whether the bill appointing the new ministers has been finally passed and signed by the President and, in the second, it seems to me probable that the appointments will not be made until after Congress has adjourned, for many good and sufficient reasons.

If they decide on me for a place, it is probable that they will telegraph me making the offer. This is customary, though perhaps, as I have expressed my desire unmistakably, it may not be considered necessary. If they ask me, I will telegraph you at the time that I signify my acceptance. I will simply give the name of the place, so if you get the burning words "Tegucigalpa" it will mean that I have accepted the post of Minister to Honduras which I suppose will be my lot if I get anything, for I have a fair chance but that is all.

It has rained every afternoon, or evening, or both, for the last eight days, so the wet season may be considered to have set in definitely though it is still a little early. The mornings are always fine but never available; even now as I write, the usual performance has begun with a thundershower which puts an end to all hope of a satisfactory walk.

May 24, 1908. There has been a break in the rains for the last week and most days we have had nothing more than a shower in the afternoon. Today I had a good walk, the first in some time, though it rained without stopping.

Mr. Thompson usually goes away from Saturday to Monday to a place called Cuernavaca, some two thousand feet lower, to calm his nerves which are in bad shape and to try to get a good night's sleep which he is unable to do here. Last week when he was there, while in the act of mounting his horse the saddle turned and he fell heavily on his wrist, both dislocating it and breaking it badly. Luckily he found a doctor there to set it, but it has been very painful ever since and the pain enhances the nervousness and sleeplessness; moreover, he has been compelled to put off the health trip to Puebla, as it requires attention every day, which makes him afraid to go far afield. He is very stoical and uncomplaining about it, for such is his nature and luckily the work at present, both social and official, is very light.

There is nothing new about my prospects and Congress remains in session as if it could never get through talking, but the time must come very soon now, when my immediate fate is to be decided, for the new posts will come into existence on the first of July and the selections will probably be made some time before. If I am appointed I think that there is every reason to believe that I shall come

home for the one month's "instruction period" as it is called, before I set out to take up my new duties. If it turns out this way, I shall return with the least possible delay and if the post is one which is most readily reached from the Pacific, most of my things can remain here to be picked up when I pass through on my way southward.

I have not been as well since my return here as I was last year. I am much troubled by a sort of dizziness which is new to me. It usually comes on about noon and is at its worst toward dusk. In the mornings and evenings I do not notice it much. I have been meaning to see a doctor about it, for it is caused neither by indigestion nor by altitude. My eyes may have something to do with it.

May 31, 1908. There is nothing very new to tell you. Thursday was Ascension Day, when everyone had a holiday except ourselves and Saturday was Decoration Day or whatever they call it now. Mr. Thompson went out in the morning with members of the G.A.R., about twelve of them, and some Mexican officers to Chapultepec, where he placed a wreath on the monument to the Mexican cadets who were killed when we took the place in 1847. Then all went to the American National Cemetery, where the same thing was done on the monument to the American soldiers buried there, some seven hundred and fifty of them, and on the graves of half a dozen members of the G.A.R. who have finally died and the surviving comrades talked to themselves once more with the help of two or three Daughters of something or other.

Last year when he laid the wreath at Chapultepec, Mr. Thompson made a speech that appealed so much to the Mexicans, that they had it translated, and ordered read in all the schools, to his infinite satisfaction.

This year it was a little different. Some two months ago

I had occasion to search the archives to find exactly under what conditions the cemetery came into our possession and I discovered among other things, that at the time of the war, a large number of American dead were buried in a certain place in the neighbourhood of the city, after which we appear to have neglected them entirely.

The Mexicans, however, were far from doing so, for they turned the place into the city dumping ground, where refuse was carted out and distributed. After some time a commissioner was sent down from Washington, who bought the present burying ground, into which about seven hundred and fifty bodies were removed. There were many others but the appropriation was exhausted at this point so they remained where they were.

I told this touching little tale to Mr. Thompson, which I think dampened his enthusiasm, or it may have been his sore arm; at any rate, he contented himself with saying that he came with a softened heart to place his tribute at the feet of the monument; but all this comes under the head of tittle-tattle tales, not to be told out of school.

I had a most excellent letter from the *pater* which shall be answered soon. I fear that he is a little over sanguine about my chance of promotion. If it comes it will be very soon now, certainly within a month. In the meantime I am living on Uneasy Street.

I went out into the country today for lunch and to pass the afternoon, for the first time since my return, and I enjoyed it very much for the rain did not begin till it was almost dark. The work just now is less than I have ever known it. This is purely accidental. The Ambassador is still suffering much and saying little about it. Your son,

JOHN

Soon after news came that under the new distribution, which allotted a minister to each of the five Central American Republics, I had been appointed to represent the United States in Nicaragua. This was most pleasing to me and I immediately began my preparations for my return to the United States, for it had been decided that I should report to the Department for instructions and be granted a short leave before setting out for my new post. These preparations were simple as I expected to return to Mexico on my way to Nicaragua and take with me thence all that might be of use in my new legation. There were a few good-bye dinners and some drinking of toasts and I set out on my way rejoicing.

En Route
THE ST. LOUIS & NEW YORK LIMITED
PULLMAN VESTIBULED TRAIN
VANDALIA AND PENNSYLVANIA LINES

Thursday, June 18, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — The train is a little jigglety but I will try to write. I have been traveling five nights and this is the fifth day, but it has not been very uncomfortable, as I have always had a compartment to myself. I change at Harrisburg in an hour or so and should arrive in Washington this evening. I shall go to the New Willard, for the moment at least, and come north as soon as possible. I hope in a very few days.

The journey has been perfectly quiet and uneventful, one hot day with the thermometer at 96° in my little cell for many hours, one late day in which we ran seven hours and a half behind our schedule because of rains and such. If it had not been for this, I should have arrived at my destination early this morning, but I do not care much as

it gave me a few hours in St. Louis, most of them spent in a futile attempt to get clean.

It is very good to be back so near to you again, even if it is only for a short time, the country, too, seems very beautiful and fertile, for it is six years since I have seen it when the leaves were on the trees.

I have left everything in my house in Mexico just as it was, as the lease does not expire till the end of July and it is on my way to Central America, so I have only my traveling kit with me.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
Monday, July 6, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I am afraid that I have not overwritten myself this time and the attempt at telephoning was of doubtful issue. I had to give it up myself, as I could make out nothing, but the operator assured me that she had conveyed the information to your maid that I had obtained permission to remain thirty days and that I expected to reach home Wednesday evening, both of which statements I now confirm.

July first I was sworn in. I saw most of the people in the Department. I called officially on the Nicaraguan Minister and dined with Phillips on his boat, somewhere cool on the Potomac.

July 2. Morning in the Department. Lunched with the Nicaraguan and two other Spanish-American Ministers at the Club. Was given leave to stay the thirty days allowed by the regulations. Dined with the Brewsters.

July 3. All my back accounts were settled and we found a mistake of the Treasury Department in my disfavour, which would have cost me two hundred and fifty dollars. In the afternoon I went to Richmond to the Hotel

Jefferson over night, and Saturday, July fourth, after very nearly missing the train for no adequate reason, I arrived safely at Tuckahoe and spent the day there.

I walked all over the place, took a swim in the very muddy James and listened to the thrice-told tales of the X.'s. It was pleasant enough though overcast and showery and the country was green with rank vegetation. It gives promise of being one of the fat years in which something will be left over to meet future disasters.

Yesterday, Sunday, I returned to Washington and took the Brewsters out to Chevy Chase where we dined and spent the evening.

Today I am in the Department trying to do some work but not making much progress. I expect to go to New York tomorrow and if I can, on Wednesday to Boston, but it is just possible that I may have more than I can do in one forenoon in New York, in which case I shall not see you till Thursday.

Best love to all,

JOHN

S. S. Prinz Joachim, NEAR KINGSTON,
August 6, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — We are due in Kingston in about an hour and there is a boat going out soon after, which will take this letter. I will give a short résumé of my progress toward my new post. The journey to New York was decidedly hot and dusty, but not unduly prolonged and I had an hour on the roof of the Waldorf before going to bed. Next day the sailing of the boat was deferred from noon till two, so satisfactory, and I had time to write a touching adieu to the State Department inclosing my bill for eight hundred and more dollars and other documents of minor import.

I then went to see Mr. I. P. Roosa, the United States Dispatch Agent, who will forward my things and he proved to be a polite and reasonable person, quite ready to do anything that I desired. Thence to Steckert, the dealer in foreign books, where I established a connection, and from him to the pier, my faithful valet having carried down all my worldly possessions in the meantime.

We sailed soon after two and ran into a place where a storm had been, but after the first twenty-four hours the sea became smooth and has had the sense to remain so.

The boat is clean and rather nice, the passengers are neither but there are only twenty of them. We leave Kingston on the morning of the eighth and should reach Colon forty-eight hours later.

JOHN

NICARAGUA, *Sunday, August* 16, 1908.

This morning at daylight we reached Nicaragua and are now lying in the little port of San Juan del Sur, but I have not been on shore yet and rather think that I shall wait until I reach Corinto tomorrow morning.

I had a pleasant stay of two days at Kingston though the city itself is still almost completely in ruins. I went to a hotel about seven miles out in the country where I found myself very comfortable.

Swettenham strangely enough continues to live in the island, not very far from the scene of his discomfiture. The present Governor, Sir Sydney Oliver, is a socialist man. He it was, who wrote a book dealing with the race problem, which I refused to read last winter. He seems to believe in the possible merging of the two races through intermarriage. When I heard this, I said that it was a waste of time to read such a book; I have done so, how-

ever, and remain of the same opinion. I tried to see him but he was away.

The run from Kingston to Colon was just long enough to give most of the passengers a chance to be very seasick again. In Colon I had about seven minutes which I spent in running from the boat to the train, so my impressions were but fleeting. I should have liked some three minutes more.

Crossing the isthmus by rail takes about two hours and a half and you do not see very much actual digging, though you feel yourself surrounded by activity of all sorts. You pass at various points numbers of plain but neat looking houses, painted black and white and entirely sheathed, as it were, in wire mosquito netting; these are the quarters of the employees and are more in evidence than anything else. The railway line is very rough and the general appearance of the work, with the exception of the houses referred to, suggests much more the slipshod and casual measures characteristic of American enterprises than the systematic thoroughness which should be enforced in all Government undertakings. I say this from a very slight opportunity for observation and it may be quite wrong.

In Panama I spent one night at a Canal Company hotel, which is quite creditable, though run on temperance principles, and the other with Squiers, our Minister, at his little summer place on an island about twelve miles away, which we reached in his motorboat.

It was rather good luck meeting him, as he is going on leave at the end of the week. As you may remember, he was my predecessor in Peking, and I have always felt a certain curiosity about him and his wife and considered almost that I knew them. They treated me quite as an

old friend and we talked a good deal about the Service and the prospects of various people. Squiers is ambitious and so is Mrs. S., but they have not always had the best of the luck so far.

He did me a good turn in securing me the services of a Spanish and French speaking clerk, who will proceed with me to Managua. He is a rather elderly person of French origin, born in Cuba and educated at the College of the Holy Cross, which I think is in Worcester. He has spent many years in Panama, and in Central America; and is, I believe, a personal friend of President Zelaya. Squiers, who has used him, says that he is wholly faithful and reliable.

The boat that I am now on, the *City of Sydney* of the Pacific Mail Company, was considered quite up to date when she was built some time ago, — her sister ship was lost by being stranded on Mt. Ararat. It was quite a blow to the Company at the time.

Yesterday we touched at the little Costa Rican port of Punta Arenas, and I went ashore under the protection of the Commandante and called on the Governor, regaling him with honeyed words. I have now seen many men who have been to Managua, but as a rule they prefer to talk on other subjects. Tomorrow at this time I shall be in a position to judge for myself, but after all, it is immaterial whether the place is attractive or not, for if I were seeking an attractive place I should stay at home.

Gregory, who for the last year has been Secretary with Dodge in Salvador, has been transferred to me, this is what they led me to expect in Washington, where they spoke well of him. He comes from Louisiana, and is not a very young man, about thirty-five I think. Salvador was his first place, but the experience which he acquired there should be of great help to me.

Hibben passed me on a steamer arriving in Panama the evening of the day on which I sailed. I should have liked very much to have seen him to catch up with the Mexican gossip. . . .

JOHN

MANAGUA, *Sunday, August* 23, 1908.

I arrived in Corinto last Monday morning too early and very soon after the American population, numbering about six, accompanied by our consul at Managua and a representative of the Nicaraguan Foreign Office, came on board to greet me. This was easily done and after breakfast I went on shore and walked for a while about the very small town. I then took the special train which had been sent for me and in three or four hours reached Leon, the former capital, and largest city in the country.

We stopped there for lunch at the principal hotel, had a little rest and finally arrived at Managua about seven o'clock in the evening. We were driven in the President's carriage to the consulate where I am to stay until other arrangements can be made.

The next morning I put myself in touch with the Foreign Office and discovered that the President was away for a few days, but would return at the end of a week for the special purpose of receiving me.

He is now here and tomorrow at five I am to have my formal audience, to present my credentials and the letter of recall of my predecessor, Mr. Merry. They make all the fuss and ceremony that they can over these occasions and elaborate invitations have been sent out to all people of consideration in the town to be present.

I shall go unattended, as the promised secretary has not yet been heard from, or to be more exact, I have heard indirectly that he is not coming till later.

The little ceremony is as follows: The President's carriage is sent for me to the consulate and on my arrival at the palace, I am met by the sub-secretary and then the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who escort me to the audience room. I then advance bowing to where the President is standing with his ministers, staff, *etc.*, awaiting me. I stop at a certain distance and make what the regulations describe as a "brief address pertinent to the occasion."

I next step forward and present my letters of credence and resuming my position like Mr. Jabot, receive the formal reply of the President. After this we shake hands, the members of the Cabinet and others are presented to me and I sit by the President exchanging pleasant platitudes for about fifteen minutes while champagne is served, after which I bow myself out.

August 25. Everything happened yesterday exactly on the lines laid out, without incident or accident.

The President speaks French quite well. I found no difficulty in carrying out my part of the programme and felt no awkwardness after perhaps the first moment.

I am sending you a copy of my little speechlet. The reply practically quoted it with added observations. He is rather a good looking man of an unintellectual type, apparently some fifty-two or three years old. He was distinctly cordial, as it was proper that he should be.

I have been very busy today with my mail, having to report these things by tomorrow's boat. The service is only once in nine days, so that the weekly letter will have to be given up. The boats in both directions pass Corinto on the same day, so that no answer can be sent to a letter for over a week.

JOHN

Mr. President: — It having proved impossible for the retiring American Minister to return to Nicaragua for the purpose of delivering his letters of recall, this duty has devolved upon me and in consequence I have the honour to tender them, acting as his representative.

In placing in the hands of your Excellency the letter accrediting me as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Republic of Nicaragua, I am deeply sensible of the honour conferred upon me when selected by my Government to initiate a new order under which the relations between our two countries will be drawn closer than heretofore.

I look forward to my duties with pleasant anticipation for no work can be more congenial than to strengthen good relations already of long standing, the mission entrusted to me being one of peace and friendship, nor do I accept the possibility of any change in the nature of my functions, conceiving that such could only result from the failure of one side to understand the principles or motives actuating the other. It is to obviate the danger of such misunderstanding that my Government has desired to enter into a closer communication with Nicaragua and the other Latin-American Republics. That this wish which is near to the heart of the President and the Secretary of State has also penetrated the mass of our people is proved by the official utterances of the leaders of the two political parties when announcing their policies upon the eve of a presidential election.

Thus there can be no thought of a change in our attitude and I feel equal confidence that the Nicaraguan Government under the able guidance of Your Excellency will continue to meet our advances in the spirit in which they are made.

It only remains for me to offer the sincerest wishes of my country for the future peace and consequent prosperity of Nicaragua at this propitious time when the fair promise of last winter's conference in Washington is already changing into achievement.

AMERICAN LEGATION, MANAGUA, NICARAGUA,
September 3, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I received your letter describing most exciting adventures occurring at the farm, by the first mail that has reached me and another should be here in two or three days. Everything comes via Panama and the service is about every ninth day.

I have not yet made much progress in finding a house as I have had no time to go around, except to make a number of official calls. These are all done, fortunately, and what might be called my reception period is at an end with the exception that tomorrow night the Government band, officially known as "The Band of the Great Powers" is to serenade me at the hotel from eight to ten (for drinks). I have invited the Minister of Foreign Affairs and his wife, the consul and his wife, and the vice consul to dine and share my glory.

The President sent me the other day some chickens, frozen in the middle of a big cake of ice, a trick that I have never seen before.

I have dismissed my elderly clerk because he had formed the habit of depositing his hat on my desk when he came to the office and for other reasons. The new secretary has given no indication of his existence. I heard a little about him in a letter from Hibben who saw Dodge, his former chief, in Salvador, telling about his activities there. I really wish now that I had brought with me some youth

of the right kind to act as my private secretary, so that I would not be left entirely alone, but I had too many other things to think of.

The furniture is beginning to arrive in groups and I expect to receive over thirty cases by the next boat.

The customs people are a little recalcitrant, claiming that no orders have been received, so I have written informally to the Foreign Office lest they forget. The Mexican consignment, too, should come this week.

Now that Hibben has gone, there is no one in Mexico to tell me the embassy news and local gossip, which I regret mildly. I saw in the paper here that Mr. Thompson had been knocked down by a bicyclist and had broken his arm again; poor man, it is getting to be quite a habit with him. Hibben says that Sands, my successor, is going to have a rather hard time of it, but Hibben is sometimes a little prejudiced. I really wish that he were with me here now, in spite of certain disqualifications. He was well read, in a latter-day way, and excellent company, besides having I think a real feeling of loyalty to me.

Martin (the valley) has turned out really well and is quite the most useful person in every way, except butling, of which there is none, that I have seen for some time. He is having rather a weird time on the whole. While at the consulate he had no bedroom at all but slept on the porch. Tomorrow morning at five he goes to Corinto to put the mail on board the steamer, or rather to give it to the consul there, thus saving me a whole day.

The climate is not very bad just now. The thermometer at night falls to about 78° and in the afternoon rises to a little over 90°. It rains in showers, usually in the early evening, and the air is pretty well saturated at all times. Between showers there is dust.

September 12, 1908.

My dear Mother:—I will write you just a little letter, my ammunition having been spent on one to the *pater*.

The Mexican cases arrived all right as far as I can make out. The only things that I miss being Archy's book, so please send me another, not in German, and a Chinese cloisonné jar which I loved. But to compensate for this there was somebody's dinner jacket, which probably he loved. It is old but not as old as my Chinese jar.

One of the results of my fleeting visit home is that I have brought with me a tremendously strong impression of the beauty of Hillfields, which I never realised before. It may have been the pleasant auspices, it may have been the contrast to Jordan & Marsh's, where, as far as I can remember, the rest of my time was spent, but the fact remains, or rather the picture, and I like very much to look back upon it.

I think that there must be some pretty places in this country, a feeling that I never had in Mexico, which I maintain is the abomination of desolation, but the trouble is I cannot go to them and they will not come to me. As for this city, it might be worse, for it might be larger.

I am afraid that the power boat idea will not prove feasible, for there does not seem to be any time when it would be pleasant to go out in it, for after all, tropics is tropics, and when it does n't rain, it burns, or blows, and there isn't any gloaming,— so sad.

Next week we have two days of National Fourth of July festivals when I shall be on parade.

JOHN

September 17, 1908. I have been here a month today and the time has been fully taken up, so much so, that it

has passed quite rapidly, or another way of looking at it is that everything is so absolutely different that I have lost all account of time.

My way of life is about as follows: I live in an hotel. I am called at half past seven in the morning and take my bath in an iron tub in a bathroom reserved for me, the only one in the house, except the showers. It is cold enough to be refreshing. I then shave with a safety razor, one of the few modern inventions which was not made too soon. It puts a new face on the whole shaving question. I consider that it is one of the serious disadvantages of being a girl that they can't truly appreciate the value of a safety razor.

Next comes breakfast in my sitting room. Two oranges, two eggs, two cups of coffee and a newspaper that usually has no foreign telegrams and only such local news as is discreet. I get dressed by nine or thereabouts, all in white, thanks to Shuman the Jewman, and go over to the office, a long walk of five minutes, where I see people usually much against my will and perform a moderate amount of the fairly futile work, for which I am paid, till I return to the hotel for lunch near one. I read till half past two and work again in the office till half past five, when I sometimes take a little walk. Dinner is usually served soon after seven and I smoke and read and write till eleven or more, when I go to bed, and I am sorry to say, do not sleep. With this exception I have been perfectly well since I have been here. Sunday is the same, only that I am in the office less and in my room more.

Unlike billiards or bridge where you must have either company or a crowd, for complete success my daily routine can easily be followed alone. My great regrets are, in the first place, that the house with a garden which I have

desired for years, never seems attainable, and in the second, that walking is a form of recreation which I prefer to all others, and there are no attractive walks. Furthermore, it is too hot to walk anyway.

We have had two holidays this week: on the first, the President took me with him to see a review of his guard, one hundred strong and a battery of four field pieces. I sat by President Zelaya in the shade, on the porch of a house, while the poor troops evoluted in the sun. At a certain point in the game, they advanced towards us till they were quite near, then did all sorts of firing at us and Zelaya remarked laughing, "Estrada Cabrera would not dare to do that."

I could not help wondering a little, between you and me, whether he did not feel just a bit safer because I was sitting by him and whether perhaps that was not the real cause of his inviting me to come with him. For killing me would suit nobody's book. I was much amused.

The other holiday was the National Independence Fourth of July Day, and the President had a chill and backed out, but I sat in a hall, in the hottest possible clothes in the hottest possible weather, and listened to patriotic outbursts in Spanish. There was a danger point, a real one, about this ceremony, because it has happened before that perfervid orators, on such occasions, have so far forgotten themselves as to refer to us with more candour than good breeding and I was rather curious to see whether they would risk it. I sat opposite the chief orator and fixed him with my glittering eye. I felt that I could read his thoughts, though they were in Spanish. He hesitated and was lost and I felt relieved, for though it would have been just borrowing trouble, these poor people seem to be rather given that way.

I am falling behind steadily in all of my work, but in such a careful, systematic manner that Mr. Gregory will find when he arrives that his duties, though considerable, are so clearly defined that they may not easily be avoided.

MANAGUA, *September* 29, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — This is the first letter written on my own note paper which Martin dug out today from a box containing the treasures from Shreve's. Though new, it has a familiar look, suggesting unmistakably previous editions. The only trouble about it is, that being of a different shape and size, I shall not be able to know how much to write to you.

Most of the things have come here by now. On the whole the breakage has not been excessive and there is nothing beyond repair except the glass.

The Government furniture has also been received, almost all of it, some thirty-five cases, most of them large.

The safe appears to have missed its way, probably it has been mislaid, not through malice, but through inadvertence.

Be that as it may, the enterprising drayman who hauled my cases from the station to the house, charged double or treble for one which he thought contained the safe, as I had told him that one was expected, whereas, as a matter of fact, it held a desk and did not weigh more than many of the rest.

I have an idea that almost every country has at least one product or industry in which it surpasses all others. If there be one in this land, it is a product, not an industry, for the people have neither the incentive nor the inclination to be industrious. If there is such a product, it is probably mahogany and acting on this belief, I propose to get some

benefit out of it, so in putting in possible shape the house in which I must spend most of my time for the present, I have used a good deal of it for panels, partitions, blinds, screens and such purposes. In this way, if I gradually develop the idea as it filters slowly through me I may in the end get something distinctive as I did in China. The chief value of such a plan is that it furnishes a mild sort of hobby, not at all a frisky one, just enough to give you a minor interest as a pleasant distraction from the work of the day.

I am still running steadily behind in all my duties, but not irretrievably, and laying the whole blame on the Government. I try to make them feel this, though well aware of the almost ludicrous futility of such an attempt, especially at a time when nothing counts but the campaign.

Mr. Corea, the Nicaraguan Minister in Washington, the one who was polite to me when I had to be there last July, is in Managua for the moment and occupies the next room to mine in the hotel. He is supposed to have been summoned by the President to show cause why he should not be replaced by someone, almost anyone, else. This is mere idle gossip like most of the news here, but everyone is wondering whether he will save his bacon, as he has done twice before, under similar circumstances and go back to Washington or whether he is down and out. Not long ago he married an American wife, who may prefer Washington to Managua. This, too, adds to the difficulty of his position. If he goes out, she will have no comfort. I think that the chances are that he will win again for the last time.

The weather is always the same, steamy but not insufferable and probably much better than the drought to follow.

MANAGUA, *October* 8, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Your last letter is still from the farm with tales of adventure and misadventure, but on the whole, very pleasant, cheerful reading. By the time this reaches you it will be cold enough to make people talk about the Indian Summer, if two or three warm days are gathered together. With us the rainy season still continues and in a most agreeable form, for the rain comes almost always in the evening and as there is no reason that I can discover, why people should want to be anywhere else than at home in the evening, it is all for the best in this best of possible worlds.

At this point a telegram has just come and interrupted my pleasant train of thoughts. It is in a marvelous cipher devised by me, which any one can remember and no one can guess; its purpose is to give the consuls a means of communication with me, by which they can prove their vigilance in a manner disconcerting to the local government. Unfortunately, it is disconcerting to me, too, at times and this is one of the times, so we will talk of something else.

I cannot help thinking that some of the dealers at home have been unduly slow with their shipments; however, Roosa writes that there are nineteen cases, including one from Shreve's which I cannot account for, somewhere on their way here, so I have great hopes that they may arrive on the next boat. To be sure the house is not ready for them yet, for it is given over to carpenters, painters, paperhangers and such, who cannot be accused of scamping their work through ill-advised haste. At the same time, I should prefer to have my things waiting here and serving as a reproach to the deliberate carpenter rather than wandering about in latitude and longitude something or other.

Next week Mr. Frederick Palmer, the newspaper man,

will be here on his way through Central America to write about it for the *Chicago Tribune*. Though not a yellow journalist he cannot easily write an account that will be highly gratifying to the self-esteem of the people in these lands, for no one but John Barrett is capable of such a feat; consequently, when the articles appear I shall be prepared for animadversions as the responsibility for them is sure to be laid at my door.

President Zelaya has been rather assiduous in his attentions. He seems anxious to have me go about with him to show how much I like and approve of him. On the other hand the Conservatives, who hate him, and would do all sorts of things if they dared, have been trying in various ways to induce me to compromise myself in their favour. When I first came they wanted to hail me as a deliverer, but I refused to be hailed, now they are rather vexed and disposed to be nasty. They write me unkindly, anonymous letters, based on the quite untenable proposition that they know my duty better than I do myself. I am sorry for them all round, poor people, for conditions are very bad, there is more hope for an improvement now, perhaps, than ever before, but it will take time and it is not yet certain that they have learned their lesson. Until they have learned it no steady progress is possible.

A new minister is going to Washington. Dr. Espinosa, an excellent man, though young and inexperienced. If any of the family go there, I wish that they would look him up, for I know him well. He has a nice wife who will be very lonely.

JOHN

October 16, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I am still living at Lupone's Hotel, paying about twelve dollars a day for nothing that

I like and my house will certainly not be finished before the first of next month, if then. The delay is mainly caused by the carpenters who only carpent when they can think of nothing better to do, or when some relative is not dead. It really does not make much difference, because the latter shipments have not arrived and they are rather necessary.

I have put in two wall papers, one in the reception room and one in my bedroom, both of which I like, but better still am I satisfied with the tinted walls, which will serve as a background for the mahogany and the mission furniture. The colour is a sort of a dark blue-green with the same in a much lighter tone in the frieze.

The kitchen has still to be made, and Martin is to buy a cooking stove with a piece of pipe to go up through the roof, and pots and pans and an ice box, and a cook, and whatever else may be necessary.

Only one of the rooms, the parlour, has a ceiling. The others just have walls which go up rather high and over them eaves and a roof, so that everything, bats for instance, can circulate freely through all the indoor part of the house, but they can't get to the outdoor or gallery part around the courtyard in which are situated the dining room and library. Only hens and buzzards can get into these sacred precincts and toads if they are good hoppers. . . .

Mr. Frederick Palmer, a newspaper man whom I met in China and who has just been round with the fleet for *Collier's*, passed through the other day. I was expecting him and had arranged to have customs courtesies and such, but his boat came in a day early and he did n't get any courtesies at all, quite the reverse, until it was too late. He stayed here three days including a Sunday and a holi-

day, then an irregular boat happened to stop at Corinto and he hurried off so as to have full time to do justice to Costa Rica and get back to New York before the election.

He does not speak Spanish which makes but little difference, for I think that he had pretty well made up his mind about these countries before he left home and came here to confirm his opinions. His articles will appear in the *Chicago Tribune* when people are tired of the election results. He tells me that he hopes that they may do much good. He is one of the better kind, not sensational nor in the least yellow. He is not writing stories but statistics, so I may escape. On his way here he investigated Mexico and saw Mr. Thompson, I should judge on one of his cloudy days.

I am going through a rather discouraging period of insomnia, the worst I have ever had. I am sure I don't know why, the trouble is in getting to sleep which takes forever. After that, though I wake up frequently I usually doze off again pretty soon. It has lasted about six weeks. Perhaps in the new house it will be better.

MANAGUA, *October* 25, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I enjoy very much all of your letters, including the one wholly miscalled "stupidissima" which came this week. If you set such a standard for yourself how can I write without misgivings. I must content myself with the reflection that a dinner of herbs is preferable under favourable circumstances to a stalled ox, and having enounced this sound vegetarian principle I will proceed with the herbs.

Last Sunday morning we had a rather sharp earthquake shock that seems to have made a crack in the clouds, for soon after it began to rain and it kept on raining with in-

tervals to take breath, for twenty-four hours and then, with longer intervals and less breath, kept keeping on raining, for the next thirty hours; that is to say, till late Tuesday night. Now listen to the results and may they serve as an inspiration to the thirsty bottle with its wide open tin mouth on the lawn at Hillfields. In the first twenty-four hours there fell twenty-four inches of rain and in the ensuing thirty, about ten more, a total of thirty-four inches.

Further results, some people were drowned, some houses melted, and telegraphic, postal and railway service between Managua and the rest of the world was virtually cut off for five days.

I sent out the mail finally, via the east coast and New Orleans, so that this letter may perhaps overtake the one written before it. Another minor result is, that my long desired nineteen cases of house things have been in Corinto for about ten days and cannot yet be sent up. The progress on the house is almost imperceptible and it looks now as if it would take at least three weeks more to make it habitable. The fault lies with certain individuals who are pleased to call themselves carpenters, but the real trouble is in the climate and the race, neither of which will be materially improved by my worrying so I shall seek comfort in philosophy.

Another real thing has happened besides the late excess of moisture. Gregory, the Secretary, has arrived, and my first impressions of him are decidedly favourable. I am more than relieved, I am pleased.

He is a man of about thirty-four, big and fine looking, with the appearance and manners of a gentleman.

He comes from the South and seems to have begun active life as an officer in the mounted infantry, in a regi-

ment of United States Volunteers in Cuba, where he served through the campaign, remaining there for almost a year. After being mustered out, he went to Paris where he studied at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques for some years and attended Archy's lectures at the Sorbonne.

Last year he was appointed Secretary to Salvador, and, within three weeks of his arrival became chargé d'affaires, the Minister, Dodge, being summoned to France on account of the illness of his father. He was in charge almost five months and recently has been away on leave, strangely enough for the same reason as Dodge, for his brother died in Paris and he had to return there on that account.

He is reserved in manner and appears to have an energetic and rather decided character, with a strong desire to learn the work which he takes very seriously. As I said before, I am well pleased.

JOHN

AMERICAN LEGATION, MANAGUA,
November 4, 1908.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Last week we received a sort of a miracle mail which was delivered here only twelve days out from Washington. I don't know how it came so fast; it caught up with the one which had been dispatched about eight days before. It gave me the feeling that I was much nearer home than before, and brought your letters of the fifth and the twelfth.

The President's name is J. Santos Zelaya, so all the saints are his patrons and All Saints Day his anniversary. This fell last Sunday; consequently, having gathered in the Guatemalan Chargé d'Affaires and the respective secretaries we, the Diplomatic Corps, being duly announced, made an official visit to congratulate him and indirectly the saints on their mutual good fortune.

He received us surrounded by his ministers, the consular body and other high officials. We talked for almost an hour, or a longer time than I had intended, but our stay was prolonged by some hitch in the arrival of the light refreshments which are intended to grace and palliate such occasions.

In the afternoon, with Gregory, I took a walk of eight or nine miles, the first approach to a real walk that I have had since my arrival.

The election seems to have turned out exactly the way that there was every reason to hope and expect that it would. I am glad that all the fuss and noise is over and that the country is safe from experimental government for the next four years at least.

Phillips telegraphed to me that he is starting for Mexico, and ultimately for Managua, which is very good news and I shall make every effort to have my house ready to put him up when he comes, though the progress from week to week is most disheartening.

The men seem never to work except when you watch them and I can only spare some ten minutes a day for that purpose. The rainy season is about to close. There are still thunder clouds and sputtering momentary attempts at showers which keep the dust from forming, but that is all, and in a few days more the six months of dry weather should be upon us. Gregory continues to be satisfactory and my favourable impression has so far been confirmed. It will be a very great benefit to me to have some one in whose absolute fidelity and loyalty to the Government I can place full confidence.

The strongest impression that I have formed since I have been here, is that everyone is intriguing against everyone else, so that it is a great relief to have with you

a man whose loyalty is the same as your own. Even if he were to intrigue against me personally, which I do not expect for a moment, that would be a very small matter as long as he could be relied on in his real work. I hope that you are comfortably settled in town with a sufficiency of cooks and other such troublesome minor necessities.

MANAGUA, *November* 13, 1908.

The Government have at last established an official pouch which goes locked and sealed from the Department to the legation and *vice versa*. It is a good deal of a relief to me in some ways as it makes my correspondence safe. At the same time it may be a little difficult at first to make sure that the local post will not delay it, to make it miss the connections, so that there may be some irregularity in the arrival of my letters for a long while. That sort of thing has to be found out first, then remedied, all of which takes time.

I have a little question at present, to which it is difficult to see a termination that will leave no bitterness. The matter may be passed over lightly and ironed out as it were, but it will not be the same with me as if it had not occurred; and I have no longer any hope of living in what might be called an *entente cordiale* with the Government.

I do not know yet what view the Department will take of the matter, but if it does not agree with me and I continue to be in the same mind as I am now, which I see no reason to doubt, it is hard to make out how I can be very useful here. This, however, we will know more about when the time comes for my next letter.

The country is in a very disturbed state, which is the condition most familiar to it, but there are new elements now, of which I am one, that complicate the situation.

Nothing very definite may come of it on this occasion beyond perhaps my elimination, but it will be a step toward the solution of the problem of the future of these misgovernments. Perhaps I am looking through a glass darkly, for I have had a hard week and am a little done up.

The dry season seems to have set in for good, but the dust has not become very disagreeable. My poor house is as much as ever in its state of unpreparedness, the carpenters like the job and propose to stay by it. They have polished a few mahogany panels this week but I can see no other progress. I am wrong, for Martin has bought a cooking stove and some rubber hose to water the street, but even with this I am afraid that it will not be ready for occupation when Phillips arrives, which will be a great disappointment to me and doubtless to him, for you remember that I put him up when he first came to Peking with the result that he caught typhoid fever in my house.

Gregory has worked hard on what was waiting for him and the records are in better shape, though it will be impossible to carry on things creditably until we get into our new office.

This letter reads as if it had been written by an oracle suffering from indigestion.

November 21, 1908.

My dear Mother: — A crisis has come in my affairs with the result that I am again out of the Service, this time because of a serious disagreement with the Department over our proper policy in this country.

Two days ago I telegraphed that I was entirely in disaccord with the views of our Government, about trying to keep up an appearance of friendly relations with Nicaragua; that is to say, with Zelaya, that it seemed to me

useless and humiliating, and that being the case there was nothing left for me but to resign. That I hoped, however, that final action would not be taken until I had an opportunity to explain my views in person. This, however, was denied me, as a reply has just come saying that my resignation is accepted and directing me to put Gregory in charge of the legation. I have done this and have notified the Nicaraguan Government of the change.

I cannot return home on the first boat because it leaves too soon, but hope to follow this letter in two or three weeks. Please do not take this to heart. When you are in a false position it is better to get out of it.

With love,

JOHN

December 2, 1908.

My dear Mother: — I expected to send you myself by this mail instead of a letter, but it did not work out that way, so I will come a fortnight later, D.V., by the German boat from Colon via Kingston, which arrives in New York somewhere about the New Year.

The delay is caused by the fact that if I sailed tomorrow I would miss Phillips who arrives at Corinto the day after, his boat being two days late. He will not stay over, so I expect to go up the coast with him as far as Acajutla and to meet the next steamer there which will take me back to Colon.

It would be pleasant to keep on with him, but he is going to visit Salvador and Guatemala and that would put me in a position that it is better to avoid. It has been a little trying here for the last two weeks as there has been no end of idle talk.

The Government has been, officially speaking, very

polite and has made the newspapers so, but on the side, the President has been trying to take some credit to himself, by giving out that he had me removed for interfering in local questions, the facts being, as you know, quite different. The matter has caused a good deal of stir in all of the Central American states but I do not know how much information they have to go on, as I have no idea what the Department has given out about it. I have said nothing myself, except to Gregory, but I think that Zelaya and his friends here have a pretty fair idea of what is the matter.

I moved into my house last night, so as to have one day in it before leaving, though the carpenters and painters, or one and a half of them, are still there. I shall be forced to abandon my furniture, but Gregory will take most of the smaller things and live in the house for the present at least.

I have been working very hard, putting the records in proper shape and have finally accomplished it.

I will telegraph my movements later so that you may know them in advance.

PANAMA, *December* 20, 1908.

I don't exactly remember when I wrote last, being more or less mixed up by moving and countermoving and having already spent fourteen days on steamers.

I met Phillips at Corinto on the fifth and went north with him as far as Acajutla, which is the port of San Salvador. He was to stay for a week or so and then go on to Guatemala where he expected to have a few days before taking a boat on the Gulf coast at Puerto Barrios which would land him in New Orleans in time to be in Washington at Christmas.

It was a most attractive programme but I could not do it because I would have been in a false and uncomfortable position, especially in Salvador, for there has been no end of talk in all these countries about my resignation, the reasons for which though perfectly simple, would not be soothing to their self-esteem were they to know them. One real advantage of the longer voyage has been that I have to a great extent regained the lost art of sleeping and am also regaining weight, which is perhaps less important.

This morning's paper announces the selection of Senator Knox to be Secretary of State for the new administration. He is an able man I am told and honest, but I know nothing of his views on foreign affairs. From the point of view of the Diplomatic Service it is much to be desired that the Secretary of State should be a man who is familiar with the questions which are before us in our foreign relations. Also he should have some personal knowledge of the working of foreign governments and of the conditions to which members of the Diplomatic Corps must conform in order that their country may not be misjudged. From this point of view Mr. Hay was admirable but I doubt whether Mr. Knox has occupied himself much with such matters.

President Roosevelt is having a particularly busy time just now, with all sorts of enemies, which seems a little unfortunate and futile at this stage of the game, but I suspect he likes it.

This letter should go on the *Colon* and reach you December twenty-seventh. I shall take the *Prinz August Wilhelm*, which is due in New York on the thirtieth, and after sleeping at the Waldorf go on to Boston next day in time for dinner I hope. I shall be going to Washington a little later for talking purposes and have promised to stay with Phillips while I am there.

612 K Street, Washington, *January* 16, 1909.

My dear good Mother: — I arrived in Washington Sunday evening as projected and have had an interesting and fairly successful time. The great difficulty is that everyone is so busy and full of proclamations that it is almost impossible to get at them. This is especially true of the State Department and most of all, Mr. Root, whom I have not yet reached, for he is there but little and apparently his time is spent in signing treaties and other such pastimes, which can but with difficulty be interrupted. If it were not for him, I could have gone to Richmond this afternoon. As it is, I will try again on Monday and wait here till I see him. He will probably become a senator and cease to be Secretary of State, on Wednesday or Thursday.

I have seen pretty well everyone else and have spent most of my days in the Department, squaring accounts and talking over things, but my talk has been of the past, not of the future.

I saw Bacon first on Monday morning and tried to make my point of view clear to him. He was very friendly and, I must say, everyone that I have seen has taken the same tone, even to the subordinates in the Department.

I went to Lodge later in the day and he too was cordial, if not at all convinced. I spoke to him a little about the future, which he said would depend a good deal upon what recommendations Mr. Root made to Mr. Knox.

My most interesting talk was with the President, who made an appointment for me this morning at eleven and he was perhaps the kindest of all. He considered that my telegram had been put in such a way that he could do nothing but accept my resignation, and Mr. Root I know shared his opinion. He said that he had been looking forward to seeing me to make this clear to me and now that this was done, he would be ready to help me in any

way in his power. I felt very grateful to him, most of all perhaps for a letter which he gave me when I left.

Good night, with best love, from your son,

JOHN

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON,
February 18, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. COOLIDGE: — Before leaving office I wish to put on record my very earnest hope that you will reënter the diplomatic service. I was exceedingly sorry when you resigned, but, of course, had no alternative save to accept your resignation. You were one of the men in whom I placed particular trust and if at this moment the necessity for performing some difficult and confidential task should arise, you are one of the men of whom I should first think in choosing a man to perform it. You have exceptional fitness for the only kind of diplomatic career which I think worth following; that is, for the diplomatic career where real difficulties and sometimes real dangers, have to be faced and overcome. I regard you as an exceptionably able and efficient public servant. I felt that your leaving the Service meant a distinct and grave loss to the Government and I very sincerely hope that you will return to it.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

HON. JOHN G. COOLIDGE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE END

INDEX

INDEX

COMPOUND Oriental proper nouns are indexed alphabetically according to their familiar appellation which, in most instances, is the first component of the name; *e.g.*, Nogi Maresuki, under "N." The initial C. in boldface type refers to the author.

Acajutla, 389.
Adee, Alvey, A., 342.
Aden, 147, 201.
Agra, and the Taj Mahal, 43.
Aguascalientes, 327*f.*
Aguinaldo, Emilio, 151*ff.*
Albany, Australia, 169*f.*
Alexeieff, Adm. E. I., 251.
Alger, F. M., 141.
Alvarado, Pedro, 317.
Ambir, 44.
American-Brewster-Coolidge Stables, the, 274.
American Red Cross, at Santiago, 144.
Americans, in Brazil, 74; force blockade of Rio, 100; troops in Manila, 150; as missionaries in China, 292; resident in foreign countries directed to register at consulates, 318; in Mexico City, 325.
Anderson, Larz, in Japan, 33; chargé d'affaires at Rome, 129; starts on yachting cruise, 203; 41, 43, 45, 130*f.*, 139.
Andersons, the, 207.
Angkor Wat, 55.
Anjer, described, 17; 16, 60.
Annual Register, quoted, 250*ff.*
Antigua, 206.
Apia, home of Robert Louis Stevenson in, 163; lack of banking facilities in, 164; 158, 160, 166.
Apolima, 161.
Arashiyama, 32.
Archy, *see* Coolidge, Archibald C.
Arnold, Julean, 226, 228.
Auckland, 168.
Australia, type of natives in, 157.

Bacon, Hon. Robert, 342, 391.
Baden Baden, 108.
Badminton, 137.
Bahia, 85.
Baikal, Lake, 215, 240.
Bainbridge, W. E., 217.
Bandong, 39, 54.
Bangkok, the city described and the royal procession at, 52.
Barbacena, 73.
Barbadoes, the, 65, 207.
Barillas, General, 330*f.*
Barnstaple, 118.
Barrackpore, 41.
Batan, island, 19.
Batavia, the city described, 38; the Dutch residents in, 39; 53, 56.
Bath, Eng., incident at the railway station of, 122; the Gordon Hotel purchase in, 137, 139; the weather in, 138; 120*f.*, 123, 125, 136, 171.
Bathsheba, Barbadoes, 207.
Beira, 200.
Benares, traveling through the opium district to, 42; preponderance of religious element in, 42.
Bergen, 136.
Berlin, Ger., 213.
Berlitz, Dr., and his modern language method, 320*ff.*, 325.
Bermuda, 204*f.*
Bideford, 118.
Biwa, Lake, 32.
Black Forest, the, 107.
Black Hole, the, of Calcutta, 41.
Bloemfontein, 192.
Blowitz, H. G. de, 247.
Bluff, 168.
Boardman, Miss Mabel, 282.
Boer War, the, outbreak of, 167; native forces intrenched near Chieveley, 172; defeat of the British near Colenso, 172; heliographing, 173; the Boer prospects of victory, 174; sympathy in the United States for the Boer cause, 187*n.*; end of the South African Republic, 188; departure of President Kruger, 189; surrender of Pretoria, 190; sur-

render of Prinsloo, 192; destruction of a mail train, 198; persistence of the natives, 199; 127.
Bohlen, Dr. von, 225.
Bombay, the city described, and the Indian jugglers, 44; C. stricken with fever in, 45; 47.
Borneo, the head-hunter in, 51.
Boro Boeder, the, 55.
Boston, Mass., C. returns to after three years of traveling, 62; C. leaves for Manila, 147; C. at home in for Christmas, 356; 105, 140, 145, 202, 211, 237, 312.
Boston Transcript, the, 148, 266.
Botha, Gen. Louis, 188, 190, 195, 199.
Botha, Mrs. Louis, 194, 196.
Bothnia, the, 125.
Bower, Colonel, 217.
Boxers, the, young men shot by the Germans, 235; in Chihli, 255; 221, 226, 237, 258, 273, 310.
Boycott, the, of American trade in China, 275*ff*., 279, 291, 294, 297, 304.
Bragg, General, 342.
Branco, Baron Castello, 218.
Brazil, C.'s arrival at Para, 65; the Brazilians, 66; indifference of the people for the Republic, 66; financial inflation in, 68; becomes military republic, 72; type of American settler in, 74; epidemics of yellow fever and smallpox in, 82; currency inflation and fall of exchange in, 84; apathy of officials in, 84; lack of knowledge of conditions in, 85; incapacity of the Congress of, 86; collapse of the coffee industry in, 90; firing on the British steamer *Chaucer*, 90, and a German steamer, 91; C.'s journey to the interior of, 92; continued fighting in the south of, 93; revolt of the fleet, 95; agreement with foreign diplomats for restriction of fighting in, 95; the enterprise of an American adventurer in, 99; American vessels force blockade of, 100; end of the revolt, 102; 67, 102, and *see* Rio de Janeiro.
Brewster, Capt. André W., heroism of, 273; and the A. B. C. Stables, 274; 217, 364*f*.
Bridgetown, 207.
Brighton, Trinidad, the pitch lake at, 209.
Brisbane, 157.
Bristol, Eng., 119.
Bromo, the volcano, 54.
Brown, Arthur H., agent for Thomson-Houston Co., 64; joined by C. at Old Point "Discomfort," 64; is stricken with yellow fever, 77; his English nurse, 77; fever is followed by an abscess, 77; his slow convalescence, 77, 80; his continued nervousness, 82; leaves for home, 83; returns to Rio, 88; 67, 70, 75, 78.
Brownell, Clarence L., teaching in Tokyo, 20; his trip with C. to Nikko, 21; 23.
Brussels, 114.
Buchanan, William T., 358.
Buddha, his dissemination, 46.
Buitenzorg, 38, 54.
Buller, General, 173.
Burmah, and the natives of, 40.
Byng, Earl, 171*ff*.

Cabrera, Estrada, 336*f*., 376.
Cad, the, his vocation, 81; his visit to C., 82.
Calcutta, impressive approach to, 40; and the Black Hole, 41.
Cambodia, 58.
Cambridge, Mass., Harvard Commencement Week at, 202; 16, 292.
Camoes, Luis de, and the *Lusiads*, 35.
Canada, W. W., 357.
Canary Islands, 103.
Cannes, 104*ff*., 112, 136.
Cannibalism, in the Fiji Islands, 159.
Canonisation, the, at St. Peter's, 130, 132.
Canton, China, the city described, 36; C.'s visit to the temple and dispute with the priest, 36; the courts of justice of, 36.
Cape Town, refugees at, 198; 6, 175.
Caracas, 210.
Castries, 207.
Castro, Cipriano, 210.
Cavite, 151, 154.
Cawnpore, 43.
Cazenave, Maurice, 218.
Cebu, 153.

Cervera, Adm. Pascual, 143.
Chamberlain, Mrs. Joseph, 105.
Chang chi tung, 249.
Chapultepec, mountain and park of, 326*f.*, 361.
Charters Towers, the gold mine at, 157.
Chefoo, unreliability of military reports from, 260; 246, 263, 301, 307.
Chemulpo, C.'s visit to, and the Koreans, 23; landing of the Japanese troops at, 250.
Chicago, 62, 311.
Chieveley, British military camp at, 171; inadequate water supply at, 173.
Chihli, 255, 285.
Chili, earthquake in, 332.
China, the people compared with the Japanese, 20, 27; errand of the *Ertogrul* to, 57; New Year in, 235; position of during Russo-Japanese War, 245; efforts of United States to maintain neutrality of, 256; provoked by the Russians, 257; boycott of American trade in, 275*f.*, 279; political outlook in, 289; changes in resulting from Russo-Japanese War, 291; prospects for foreigners in the event of political trouble in, 292; alarm at prevalent rumours in, 293; probability of poor crops in, 296; the Customs Edict of, 296; adopting Western progress, 304; rise in prices of food in, 304; difficulties in dealing with the officials of, 305*f.*; 247, 300, 302, 315, 320.
China Sea, 17, 34, 58.
Ching, Prince, 235, 238.
Christian Victor, Prince, funeral of, 198.
Christmas Island, 6, 15.
Cienfuegos, 211.
Clifton, 125.
Clovelly, 116, 118.
Cockburn, Henry, 217.
Colenso, 172.
Cologan, Don Bernardo de, 333.
Colombo, the dealers' bazaars in, 45; 47, 149, 300.
Colon, 367.
Colorado Springs, 62*f.*
Conger, Hon. Edwin H., United States Minister in Peking, 217; on leave of absence, 266; leaves Peking, 270; death of, 318; 217, 219*f.*, 223*ff.*, 231, 238, 241, 243, 249, 252, 260*ff.*, 265, 269, 274, 291.
Conger, Mrs. Edwin H., 217, 219*ff.*, 231, 238, 241, 261*f.*, 267, 271, 274.
Coolidge, Archibald C. (C.'s brother), his trip with C. through Java, 53; with C. in Russia, 213*ff.*; with the Roosevelt party in Peking, 282; 120, 122, 159, 219*f.*, 292, 374, 384.
Coolidge, Miss Ellen (C.'s cousin), letters to, 26, 104, 237, 256, 289.
Coolidge, Harold J. (C.'s brother), 67, 314.
Coolidge, John Gardner, sails from New York on the *A. G. Ropes* (1887), arrives at Yokohama, 19; his early impressions of Japan and its people, 20, 27; goes to Tokyo, 20; adopts dress and living (except diet) of the natives, 20, 27; his trip to Nikko and the total eclipse of the sun, 21; trip on the *Omaha* to Chemulpo, 23; starts teaching in Tokyo, 24; his house and the schoolroom, 24; his acquaintances among the natives, 25*f.*; testimonial from his pupils, 29; his acquaintance with Count Karasumaru, and journey with him to Kyoto and Fujiyama, 31; second trip to Fujiyama, 32; meets Larz Anderson and Malcolm Thomas, 33; to Shanghai and Macao, 34; in Canton, 36; Singapore, Batavia and Johore, 38*f.*; to Burmah, 39, and India, 40; Benares, Lucknow and Cawnpore, 43; Agra and the Taj Mahal, 43; in Siam, and the King's procession, 52; visits American sea captain and goes dynamite fishing, 53; trip with his brother to Java and Batavia, 53; to Cochin China and Cambodia, 58; to Pnom Penh, 59; returns to Singapore, 59; sails for home on the *Raphael*, 59; is nearly wrecked in Prince's Channel, 60; result of his improper diet, 61.
Arrives at Para, 65; his impressions of the Brazilians, 66; learning the Portuguese language, 67; in Rio de Janeiro, 69; living in Tijuca, 70;

his trip over the mountains to Barbacena, 73; moves nearer to the city, 74; rents a house in Rio, 76; nurses Brown through yellow fever, 77, and is stricken himself, 78; his episode with the "cad," 81; removes to Carson's Hotel, 88; his journey to Diamantina, 92; is delayed at Sabara, 92; in the diamond diggings, 94; leaves Rio for England 103.

In southern France, 104; Geneva, 106; at opening of the Kiel Canal, 107; Hamburg, 107; takes the waters at Baden Baden, 108; visits the Dyer-Bennetts in England, 108; his success at golf, 108; returns to Baden Baden and is official guest at celebration in Worth, 108; to Karlsruhe and the Wagnerian revival, 109; his tour in England, 115*ff.*; Dartmouth, Exeter, *etc.*, 116; in Lorna Doone Valley, 118; Bristol and Weston, 119; Bath, 120; his trip to Paris, 123*f.*; passes autumn in England, 125; home on the *Bothnia*, 125.

Visits Tuckahoe, the Randolph Estate, 126; to Europe, 127, and meets Julian in Rome, 128; visits Tivoli, 129; living with Larz Anderson, 129; meets Chandler Hale, 130; attends canonisation at St. Peter's, 132; goes to London and celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, 133; to the Norway fjords, 135; returns to Bath, 136; at Glastonbury and meeting of bishops, 137; travels in rural England, 138.

Goes to Washington and visits President McKinley, 141; to Tampa and Cuba, 142; in Santiago Harbour, and boards the enemy ships, 143; the Spanish prisoners, 143; Siboney and San Juan, 144; returns to New York on the *Seneca*, 145; overboard in New York Harbour, 145; to Europe, and returns home at end of the year, 146.

To the Philippines via Marseilles and Suez, 147; stops at Singapore and Hong Kong, 149; with Hamilton Fleming to Townsville, 156; to Brisbane and Sydney, 157; the Fiji Islands and Samoa, 159; his trip with the German correspondent, 161; Apolima, 161, and the *kava* ceremony, 162; to Vailima and the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson, 163; to the Friendly Islands, 166, and back to Australia, 167; in New Zealand, 168; Tasmania and Melbourne, 168; on the *Damascus* to Durban, 169.

Obtains pass to the front, 171; with Fleming to the military camp at Chieveley, 171; meets Colonel Byng, 171; his trip to Maritzburg, 173; joins Adelbert Hay and becomes secretary to the consulate at Pretoria, 175; appointed acting vice consul, 177; his duties, 177*f.*; his work for the British prisoners, 180*ff.* journey to Johannesburg through the mining district, 180; the consulate shelled, 189; rumours of looting the consulate, 190; visits Durban, 194; his interviews with Lord Roberts, 194; to Lourenço Marques and meeting with President Kruger, 195; returns to Pretoria, 196; leaves Pretoria, 198; his voyage up the east coast of Africa, 200; in the Portuguese and German colonies, 200; Zanzibar, 200; in Naples and Rome, 201; through France to England, and the opening of Parliament, 201.

Arrives home in March, 201; cruising along the New England coast, 202; Commencement at Harvard and Yale, 202; visits the Hays at Lake Sunapee, 202; joins Larz Anderson on yachting cruise, 203; is appointed secretary to the legation at Peking, 211; sworn into office, 212.

To Liverpool, then to London, 212; to Paris, then joins his brother, Archy, in Berlin, 213; on the Trans-Siberian Railway, 213; crosses Lake Baikal from Irkutsk, 215; living on the train from Manchuria Station, 216; to Shan hai kwan, and the next day to Peking, 217; his house damaged by fire, 245; in Newchwang

during Japanese occupation, 257; his racing ponies, 258; at audience of the Empress Dowager, 260; Christmas at the legation, 261; in charge of the legation, 266; at the mass for Mgr. Favier, 272; the A. B. C. Stables, 274; arrival of Mr. Rockhill, 274; on short trip to Shan hai kwan, 277; visit to Dalny and Port Arthur, 279; with Wm. Phillips to Taku to meet the Roosevelt party, 283; the explosion at the railway station in Peking, 286; arrival of the Harriman party, 287; the new legation buildings, 290; has leave of absence and goes on trip to Japan and Korea, 301; declines appointment to Tokyo and resigns, 302; receives permission to visit the palace in Tokyo, 302; on trip with John Phillips to Hankow and Shanghai, 305; his duties end with the arrival of Thomas Moore, 308; appointment to Mexico, 309; leaves Peking for home, landing at San Francisco, 311.

Travels east by the Santa Fe route, 312; to Washington and calls on President Roosevelt, 312; to Mexico via New Orleans, 312; his servants, 315; visit to Miss Nuttall, 317; to Aguascalientes and San Luis Potosi, 327; the Treasury Department letter, 339; his new housekeeper, 343, and her subordinates, 343, 348; description of his house, 346; preparing for Mr. Root's visit, 348; is deprived of his electric light, 350; goes north on investigation assignment, 350; the visit of Mr. Root, 351; at the Thanksgiving celebration, 354; in Boston for Christmas on two months' leave of absence, 356; to Mexico via Florida and Cuba, 356; visits Edwin Morgan, 356; his investigations concerning the American cemetery in Mexico City, 362; is appointed Minister to Nicaragua, 363; goes to Washington and is sworn into office, 364.

Visits Tuckahoe, 365; arrives in Nicaragua, 366; in Managua, 369; presents his credentials to President Zelaya, 370; his address to the President, 371; life in Managua, 375; at the Independence Day celebration, 376; is solicited by the local factions, 380; slow progress in remodelling his house, 381; at President Zelaya's birthday reception, 384; difficulties arise in his official position, 386; resigns from the Service, 388; arrives in Washington, 391; President Roosevelt's letter to, 392.

Coolidge, J. L. (C.'s brother), with C. in Paris, 110; meets C. in Rome, 128; his trip to the Norway fjords, 135; his progress in the American language, 140; 112, 117, 119*f*., 122, 126.

Coolidge, J. Randolph, Jr. (C.'s brother), 121, 358.

Coolidge, Sidney (C.'s cousin), 62.

Coolidge, T. Jefferson (C.'s uncle), 65, 225.

Corbins, the, General and Mrs., 282.

Corea, Sen. L. P., 378.

Corinto, 369, 373, 382*f*., 389.

Correspondents, press, in China, 242, 252; 254*f*.

Costa Rica, 382.

Creel, Enrique C., 358.

Cuba, 142, 145, 356, 384, and *see* Spanish-American War.

Curaçao, 210.

Curios, dealers of, in Tokyo, 27; in Peking, 220, 222; in Kyoto, 302; 285, 295.

Cutts, the, 323.

Dabney, Thomas E., 342, 347.

Dalai Lama, the, 262.

Dalny, captured by the Japanese, 251; C.'s visit to after investment by Japanese troops, 279*f*.

Darjeeling, view of Himalaya Mountains from, 41.

Dartmoor, the prison in, 117*f*.

Dartmouth, Eng., 116.

Davis, Richard Harding, 186.

Delhi, and the surrounding plain, 43.

Denver, 62*f*.

Devonshire, C.'s tour in, 116*ff*.

Dewan I Kass, the, 43.

De Wet, Christian R., 191, 199.
Dewey, Adm. George, 150.
Diamantina, diamond diggings at, 92; Fourth of July at, 121.
Diaz, Porfirio, 335, 342, 355.
Dieppe, 124.
Dixey, Arthur, 278.
Djockjakarta, 55.
Dodge, Hon. H. Percival, 368, 372, 384.
Dominica, 206.
Douglas, Hon. W. L., elected Governor of Massachusetts, 263.
Draper, William, 132.
Drew girls, the, 224.
Dubail, G., 228.
Dugdales, the, 129.
Durban, refugees at, 198; 169*f*., 194, 196, 200.
Dyer-Bennetts, the, 106, 108, 136.
Dynamite fishing, 53.

Earthquakes, of Christmas Island, 16; of Anjer, 17; in Tokyo, 28; in San Francisco, 311, 332; C. delayed by in Mexican tram car, 314; in Guerrero, 324; in Chili, 332; in Managua, 382.
Easting, running the, 4, 12.
Edward VII, King of England, State Procession and opening of his Parliament, 201; illness and postponement of Coronation of, 212; rumoured death of, 212; birthday of, 226.
Ehr lung shan, 281.
Ellen, *see* Coolidge, Miss Ellen.
Elliott, Mrs. Maud Howe, 129.
Emperor of China, *see* Kuang Hsü.
Empress Dowager of China, *see* Tzŭ Hsi.
England, excitement in on account of the Venezuelan dispute, 110, and the Kaiser's South African telegram, 112; the drouth in, 116; traveling conditions in on Sunday, 119; C. leaves on outbreak of Spanish-American War, 141; concerned in the Chinese Customs, 296; 103, 106, 125, 135, 146, 212, 253*f*.
English, the people, in Japan, 22; in Samoa, 165; reverses of troops in South Africa, 172; troops outnumber the Boers, 174; prison camp at Waterfall, 183; forces enter Pretoria, 191; surrender of Prinsloo to, 192.
Epitaph, in a country churchyard, 115; of Robert Louis Stevenson, 164.
Ermita, 151.
Ertogrul, Turkish frigate, delayed in Singapore, 57; wreck of, 58.
Espinosa, Dr., 380.
Estcourt, 173.
Everest, Mount, view of from Tiger Hill, 41.
Exeter, Eng., 116, 118.
Exmoor, 118.
Exmouth, 116.

Fattehpore Secri, 43.
Favier, Bishop, 218, 242, 257, 272.
Fen shin ling, 251.
Fenway Court, Boston, 317.
Fiji Islands, the natives of, 159.
Filipinos, *see* Philippine Islands.
Fire-making, with two sticks, 164.
Fleming, Hamilton, his sense of humour, 160; his interview with Colonel Byng, 172; joins British forces in Boer War, 173; 155, 157*f*., 169, 171, 174.
Fletcher, H. P., 241*f*., 269, 274, 277.
Florence, Italy, 134.
Fonseca, Deodoro da, 95.
Forbes, William H., 34.
France, and the Panama Company, 111; 253*f*.
Frank, *see* Coolidge, F. L.
French, General, 199.
Frere, the British military camp at, 173.
Friendly Islands, the natives of and their religion, 166; prehistoric monuments in, 166; land and liquor laws of, 167.
Fujiyama, view from offshore, 19; described, 32*f*.
Fukushima, Colonel, 144.

Gallina, Count, 218.
Gama, Adm. Soldanha da, joins revolt of Brazilian fleet, 96; death of, 102.
Ganges, River, the worshipers at, 43.
Gardner, Augustus P., 319.

Gardner, Mrs. John L., 127.
Garoet, 39.
Gaspar Straits, 17.
Geneva, 106, 121.
Germans, the, in Samoa, 165, 167, 169; in China, 228, 234*f.*
Germany, concerned in the Chinese Customs, 296; 65, 106, 174.
Giskra, Baron, 332.
Glastonbury, the meeting of bishops at, 137.
Gloucester, Eng., 125.
Golden Hill, 280*f.*
Gold prospecting, in Pahang, 46*ff.*
Golz, Baron von der, 218.
Graham Case, the, 300.
Grand Army of the Republic, members of in Mexico City, 327, 361.
Grand Canon, the, 312.
Grant, Mrs. Fred, 115.
Green Island 18.
Gregory, J. H., 368, 377, 383, 385, 387*ff.*
Grenada, 208.
Grews, the, 313, 331, 342.
Guadeloupe, 206.
Guatemala, 315, 323, 331, 335, 337, 388.
Guayra, La, 210.
Guild, Curtis, 220.

Hai cheng, 251.
Hakone, 31.
Hal, *see* Coolidge, Harold J.
Hale, Senator, 150.
Hales, the, 132, 138*f.*, 312.
Hale, Mrs., 132, 138.
Hale, Chandler, chargé d'affaires in Rome, 130; his illness, 130*f.*; 132, 312.
Hamburg, 107.
Hamilton, Bermuda, 204.
Hangchow, 305*f.*
Hankow, 289, 305*f.*, 311.
Harbin, 219.
Harriman, E. H., arrival of his party in Peking, 287; his orders to his agents, 288.
Hart, Sir Robert, 218, 221, 224, 286, 296*ff*, 303.
Harte, F. Bret, 64.
Haskins, T. F., 226, 228.
Hassan, Said, 47.
Havana, 211, 356.
Hay, Adelbert, United States Consul at Pretoria, 175*f.*; his conference with General Botha, 190; death of, 202; 177*ff.*, 184*ff.*, 189, 201.
Hay, John, 182, 202*ff.*, 211, 276, 309, 390.
Hayashi, Viscount, 305.
Hay ning, 305.
Hayti, 210.
Head-Hunter, the, 50*ff.*
Headlands, Dr., 226.
Hectorspruit, 195.
Hellen, George, 203, 211.
Henley, 119.
Hibben, Paxton, 313, 332, 350 *f.*, 355, 369, 372*f.*
Hillfields, a Fourth of July at, 121; 155, 295, 346, 374, 383.
Himalayas, the, 41.
Hobson, Capt. Richmond P., 145.
Hong Kong, the weather in, 21; the city described, 34; 38, 149*f.*
Honolulu, 311.
Horton, Henry, 3, 5*f.*, 10*f.*, 14, 16.
Howrah, the large banyan tree in, 42.
Huchow, 297.

Iffesheim, horse races at, 108.
Ilfracombe, 116*f.*
Iloilo, 153.
India, traveling conditions in, 42; 40, 43, 148.
Irawaddy, 40.
Irkutsk, 213*ff.*, 219.
Isawa, S., *et al.*, testimonial to C., 29.

Jakuns, aborigines, 51.
Jamaica, 145, 210.
Jama Mesjid, the, 43.
Jameson, Charles D., 309*f.*
Jameson, Dr. L. S., 106, 112.
Jamestown, Island of St. Helena, 61.
Japan, C.'s early impressions of, 20; the people compared with the Chinese, 20, 27; the weather in, 21; travelers in, 89; great changes in, 302; C.'s visit to after leaving China, 311; 22, 247, 249, 287, 301, 308, and *see* Russo-Japanese War.
Java, the hotels in, 42; C.'s trip with his brother, Archy, in, 53; treatment of natives by the Dutch, 54; C.'s native servant in, 56.

Jefferson, Thomas, 126.
Jefferson, Uncle, *see* Coolidge, T. Jefferson.
Jellei, Malay Arch., 46.
Jeypore, 43.
Johannesburg, 106, 178, 180, 188, 199.
Johnston, Sir Harry, 201.
Johore, tigers in, 39; the head-hunter in, 51.
Joostens, Baron, 228, 238.
Joubert, Gen. P. J., funeral of at Pretoria, 184.
Jugglers, in India, 44.
Julian, *see* Coolidge, J. L.
Jung lu, 238, 240.

Kalumpit, 150.
Kandy, and the Peradiniya Gardens, 46.
Karasumaru, Count, 31*ff.*
Karlsruhe, the Wagnerian revival at, 109.
Keans, the J. R., 211.
Kent, General, 144.
Ketteler, Baron W. E. von, celebration at the monument to, 234.
Key West, 142.
Khilkoff, Prince, 213.
Kiel, opening of the canal, 107.
Kin chau, 251.
Kingsley, Charles, *Westward Ho*, 118.
Kingston, yellow fever in, 211; 366.
Kingstown, 207.
Kipling, Rudyard, and the Pagoda at Moulmein, 40; *The Phantom Rickshaw*, 42.
Kitchener, Gen. H. H. (Earl), 191.
Knights' Key, 356.
Knox, Philander C., 390*f.*
Kobe, 22*f.*, 32, 301.
Ko hsi chang, 53.
Kokumin Shimbun, the, and its Peking correspondent, 254.
Komartipoort, 195.
Korea, the natives, 23, and the unwarranted business boom in, 24; entrance of Japanese troops, 250; 285, 288, 303.
Krakatoa, island and volcano of, 7.
Kruger, Stephanus J. P., at General Joubert's funeral, 185; leaves Pretoria, 189; C.'s interview with, 195; criticised for leaving the country and his wife, 197; 181*f.*
Kruger, Mrs. Stephanus J. P., 194*ff.*
Kuang Hsü, Emperor of China, 225, 231, 237, 262.
Kuroki Tamemoto, Gen., 250*f.*, 261.
Kuropatkine, Gen. A. N., 251, 253.
Kutab Minar, the, 43.
Kyoto, the home of Count Karasumaru in, 32; art and curios in, 302.

Labrea, 209.
Ladysmith, 173.
Laguna de Bay, 152.
Laredo, 312.
Lavandeyra, Antonio de, 92.
Lavuka, 159.
Leadville, 62, 64.
Leo XIII, Pope, at the canonisation in Rome, 132; mass in Peking for, 242.
Leon, 369.
Leonard, Capt. Henry, 277.
Lessar, Paul, 218, 226, 228.
Lhassa, 262.
Liao River, 251.
Liao Tung Peninsula, 251.
Liao yang, 251, 254, 264.
Lichtervelde, Count, 225.
Lieven, Prince, 142, 144.
Liverpool, 212.
Lodge, Henry Cabot, 319, 391.
London, unusual heat in, 122; during Queen Victoria's Jubilee, 133; State Procession and opening of Edward VII's Parliament, 201; 110, 115, 123*f.*, 128, 131, 212*f.*
London Times, the, 219, 241, 276.
Lorna Doone Valley, 118.
Loudon, Johnkeer John, 218.
Lourenço Marques, 195, 200.
Lucknow, the Residency and the Oudh Tombs in, 43; traffic regulations in, 71.
Luna, Antonio, 151.
Lynton, 116, 118.
Lyttleton, 168.

Macao, founding of, 34; Camoes exiled in, 35; gambling in, 35; C.'s personal interest in, 35.
Managua, earthquake in, followed by heavy rain, 383; 368*f.*, 378.
Manchuria, cholera in, 216; 244, 272, 300.

Manchuria Station, 214, 216.
Manchus, the, 249, 285, 291.
Manila, type of American soldier in, 150; disagreeable weather in, 155; lack of coöperation of American forces in, 155; 60, 147, 149, 153, 257.
Manitou, 62*f.*
Manono, the chiefs of and entertainment in, 162.
Maoris, the, 168.
Marchienne, Cartier de, 218.
Marienao, 356.
Maritzburg, *see* Pietermaritzburg.
Marseilles, 147.
Martinique, 65, 206.
Marval, 208.
Mataafa, 165.
Matanzas, 211.
Matsui Keishiro, 218.
Maudslay, Mrs. A. P., 314, 323.
McArthur, General, 153.
McCormick, Hon. Robert, 355.
McDonald, Sir Claud, 248, 257.
McKinley, William, 141.
McMillan, Miss, 203, 211.
Mekong River, 59.
Melbourne, the horse races at, 168; compared with Sydney, 169; 167.
Mello, Adm. Custodio de, heads revolt of Brazilian fleet, 95; 96, 99.
Mendonca, Salvador de, 65.
Mentone, 112.
Merry, Hon. W. L., 369.
Metre Hill, No. 203, 267, 280*f.*
Mexican Herald, the, 344.
Mexico, Americans in, 318; indifference of the natives towards the government of, 331; Arbitration Convention with United States, 357; 337, 344, 382.
Mexico City, C. accepts appointment to the embassy at, 309; the American cemetery in, 327*f.*; the weather in, 337; clubs in, 340*f.*; 312, 315, 356*f.*, 364, 373*f.*
Meyer, George von L., 201.
Meyer, Gen. Lucas, 190, 195.
Meyer, Mrs. Lucas, 194, 196.
Miles, Gen. Nelson A., orders burning of Siboney, 145; 142, 230*ff.*
Milner, Sir Alfred, 194.
Ming Tombs, the, 219.
Mining Camps, in Pahang, 48; in Leadville, 64; in South Africa, 180.
Missionaries, in Samoa, 161; in Peking, 223, 229, 238; receiving their indemnities, 238; and Edwin Conger, 261; their reception to the Congers, 271; the Methodists in Huchow, 297; and Charles Jameson, 309.
Mr. Cornelis, suburb of Batavia, 54.
Miyajima, 301.
Miyanoshita, sulphur baths at, 33.
Moka, 208.
Moncrieff, Sir Colin Scott, 323.
Monsoons, 8, 18, 45.
Monte Carlo, the gambling rooms at, 104; C. loses letter of credit at, 113; 106.
Montgelas, Count Max, 218.
Montserrat, 206.
Moore, T. E., 303, 307*f.*
Morales and Mora, trial of, 330*f.*
Moreton Hampstead, 117.
Morgan, Hon. Edwin, 252, 278, 285, 356.
Morne Rouge, 206.
Morley Case, the, 300.
Morong, 152.
Morrison, Dr., 219, 241, 276.
Moscow, 144, 213, 219, 253.
Mo tien ling, 251.
Moulmein, 40.
Mozambique, 200.
Mukden, 251, 258, 263, 278.
Mumm, Baron de, his dinner to members of the Roosevelt party, 284; 218, 278.

Nagasaki, 22*f.*, 35, 301, 311.
Nagoya, the castle at, 31*f.*
Nanking, 297.
Naples, 201.
Nara, 32.
Nassau, 211.
Nassaus, the, 106, 112.
Natal, *see* South Africa.
Nautch Dances, 44.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 135.
Newchwang, abandoned by the Russians, 251; during Japanese occupation, 257; C.'s visit at, 278*f.*; 217, 253.
New Haven, Yale Commencement

Week and death of Adelbert Hay at, 202.
New Orleans, 312, 383.
Newport News, 64.
New Year, in Pnom Penh, 59; of the Russians in Peking, 234; the Chinese in Peking, 231, 235, 261.
New York, C.'s arrival on the *Raphael*, 61; C. overboard in harbour of, 145; 8, 15, 202, 312, 365.
New Zealand, the Hot Lake district and scenery in, 168.
Nicaragua, C. appointed minister to, 363; 335, 366, 387.
Nice, the carnival in, 105; the Place Masséna in, 114; 104, 112, 201.
Nichtheroy, 97, 101.
Nikko, total eclipse of the sun at, 21; 311.
Nizam Uddin Aulia, shrine of, 43.
Nogi Maresuki, Gen., 251.
North Cape, C.'s trip to, 134*f.*, 138.
Nukalofa, 166.
Nuttall, Miss Zelia, 317.

Obi, river, 213*f.*
Oku Yasukata, Gen., 251.
Old Point "Discomfort," 64, 204.
Oliver, Sir Sidney, *White Capital and Coloured Labour*, 366.
Olney, Richard, and the Venezuelan dispute, 110.
Omaha, the, C.'s trip to Korea on, 23.
Osaka, 32.
Otsu, C.'s illness in, 32.
Oudendyk, W. J., 218.
Oudh, tombs of the kings of, 43.
Ovalau, 159.
Oxford University, J. L. Coolidge at, 117, 135.

Pahang, gold prospecting in, 46*ff.*
Pahang River, 47.
Palmer, Frederick, 380*f.*
Palmer, Mrs. Potter, 115.
Panama, appearance of the canal, 367.
Para, C.'s voyage to, 65; the city, people and climate of, 66; extent of the revolt in, 66; local disturbances in, 67; rumours of fighting in, 85.
Paria, bay of, 209.
Paris, C. with his brother, Julian, in, 110; 105, 109, 114*f.*, 123*f.*, 128, 131*f.*, 134, 146, 201, 213, 384.
Patna, 42.
Paxton, Major, 327.
Pedro II, Dom de Alcántara, 95.
Peitaiho, 257.
Peixotto, Gen. Floriano, assumes dictatorship, 85; forcibly dissolves Congress, 86; rumours that he is about to be assassinated, 89; contests revolt, 96; death of, 102; 95, 99, 101*f.*
Peking, C. appointed to United States Legation at, 211; personnel of the Diplomatic Corps in, 217; quotas of foreign guards in the legation quarter of, 218; curio dealers in, 220; Thanksgiving in, 227, 229; the climate in, 233; dedication of the von Ketteler monument in, 234; dust in the streets of, 237; the native officials of, 238; prevalence of alarmist rumours in, 240; Edwin Morgan in, 252; press correspondents in, 252; C. in charge of United States Legation at, 266; mildness of winter in, 267; the German prince in, 272; arrival of the Roosevelt party at, 283; explosion at the railway station in, 285; arrival of the Harriman party at, 287; modern improvements in, 294; placarded threats to kill all foreigners in, 298; severe duststorm in, 299; C. leaves after four and a half years' service in China, 311; 217, 231, 241, 261, 273, 285, 289, 309, 322, 339, 367.
Penang, 39.
Peradiniya Gardens, 46.
Pernambuco, C. as advance agent for Arthur Brown in, 67.
Philadelphia, Pa., 64.
Philippine Islands, the, advance of American troops along the railway from Manila, 151; Aguinaldo and Luna in, 151; incapability of the natives of for self-government, 154, and their unreliability, 160; difficulties of American troops in, 155; 282, 285, 328.
Phillips, John, 305*ff.*
Phillips, William, to Taku with C. to receive the Roosevelt party, 283; his illness, 295; his Yangtse trip

and settlement of disputes with the natives, 297; 277, 285*f.*, 289, 299, 320, 364, 385, 387*ff.*
Pierce, Hon. Herbert H. D., 252.
Pietermaritzburg, 171, 173.
Pike's Peak, 62*f.*
Pitons, The, 207.
Plate River, epidemic of la grippe along the, 89; 102.
Plymouth, Eng., 116*f.*
Pnom Penh, New Year at, 59.
Poçao de Moreira, 93.
Pokotilow, D., 219.
Ponce, 205.

Port Antonio, 142, 145, 211.
Port Arthur, naval battle at, 250; General Kuroki in, 250; capture of, 267; C.'s visit to, 278*ff.*; 240, 251, 253, 257, 259, 264*f.*, 274.
Portland Prison, and Jabez Balfour, 117.
Port au Prince, 209.
Porto Rico, 205.
Port Said, 148.
Port of Spain, 208.
Post Roads, in Java, 54.
Press Gangs, 86, 96.
Pretoria, British prisoners in, 174; the United States Consulate at, 177; C. acting vice consul at, 177; surrender of, 190; British occupation of, 191; living conditions in, 192; under martial law, 193; 181*f.*, 188, 195*f.*; 200.
Prince's Channel, the *Raphael* nearly wrecked in, 60.
Princetown, 117.
Pu lun, Prince, 249.
Punta Arenas, 368.

Queensland, 156.

Radowitz, Wilhelm von, 319.
Rafferty, Major, 208*f.*
Rainier, Mount, 294.
Ran, *see* Coolidge, J. Randolph, Jr.
Rand (Witwatersrand Gold Fields), the, 180.
Randolphs, the, of Tuckahoe, 126.
Rangoon, 39*f.*
Raphael, the, compared with the *A. G. Ropes*, 60*f.*; nearly wrecked in Prince's Channel, 60.
Red Sea, 147.
Reichmann, Captain, 188.
Reitz, Dr., 179, 182, 185.
Rezende, Luiz de, 92, 124.
Richmond, Va., 126, 364.
Rio Grande do Sul, province of, 89, 102.
Rio de Janeiro, the post office of, 69, 75; financial schemes and strikes in, 69*f.*; the city described, 71; the Rua do Ouvidor in, 71; mortality from yellow fever in, 72; the hotels in, 73; the Italian dramatic company in, 74; Fourth of July in, 78, 121; martial law in, 85; revolt of the fortress of Santa Cruz at, 87; deportation of citizens of, 88; severe fighting in during revolt of the fleet, 97; business stagnation in, 100; continued fighting, followed by epidemic, 101; panic in after President Peixotto's announcement, 101; exodus of the inhabitants from, 101; C. leaves for England, 103; 58, 88, 95, 102, 157, and *see* Brazil.
Rivers, Captain, C.'s recommendation regarding his children, 5; his personality, 5; and the delinquent lookout, 17; 3, 6, 9*ff.*, 13*f.*, 16.
Rivers, Mrs., 5*f.*, 10.
Riviera, the, sleighing on, 104; 105.
Roberts, Gen. F. S. (Earl), *Forty-One Years in India*, 139; enters Pretoria, 191; C.'s interviews with, 194, 196; 127, 173, 188, 190.
Roberts, Lady F. S., 191, 196.
Rockhill, Hon. W. W., 270, 274, 276*f.*, 286, 293, 301, 307, 309, 339.
Rockhill, Mrs. W. W., 274.
Romano, Baron, 218.
Rome, C. meets his brother, Julian, in, 128; result of the building speculation in, 131; canonisation at St. Peter's, 132; 129, 133*f.*, 201.
Roosa, I. P., 366, 379.
Roosevelt, Alice (Mrs. Nicholas Longworth), 278, 282, 287.
Roosevelt Party, the, arrival at Taku, 283; received by the Empress Dowager, 283; 278, 282, 287, 334.
Roosevelt, Theodore, and the Rough Riders in Cuba, 144; becomes Secretary of War, 155; his efforts to

end Russo-Japanese War, 275; his order directing the registration of foreign resident Americans, 318; his letter to C., 392; 211, 301, 312, 359, 390*f*.
Root, Elihu, 333*ff*., 342*f*., 348, 351*f*., 391.
Ropes, the *A. G.*, described, 4; compared with the *Raphael*, 60; 3, 15, 61.
Rostand, Edmond, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, 127.
Rudolph of Hapsburg, 39.
Russia, 214, 247, 249, 253, and *see* Russo-Japanese War.
Russo-Japanese War, rumours of outbreak of, 241; reluctance of the Russians to start hostilities, 247; outbreak of, 249; attack at Port Arthur, 250; occupation of Dalny and Newchwang, 251; Russian Army orders for guidance of officers and men, 255; departure of the Baltic fleet, 257; Russians irritating the Chinese, 258; proximity of the two armies on the Shaho, 262; tactics of the Japanese, 264; destruction of the Baltic fleet, 276; efforts for the bringing about of peace, 275, 278; C.'s visit to points occupied by the Japanese, 279; Chinese problems arising from, 307; 247.
Ryeshitelni Affair, the, and violation of Chinese neutrality, 257.

Sabara, 92.
Saigon, type of French settler in, 58; 59.
St. George, Grenada, 208.
St. Helena, 61.
St. Joseph, Mo., marriage of Sidney Coolidge at, 62; 63.
St. Kitts, 206.
St. Louis, 249, 356, 364.
St. Lucia, 207.
St. Paul's, London, 133*f*.
St. Paul's Rock, 9.
St. Peter's, Rome, canonisation in, 132.
St. Petersburg, C. declines appointment to, 205; C.'s impressions of the city, 213; 204.
St. Thomas, the chief product of, 205.
St. Vincent, 207.
Sakei, aborigines, 49, 51.
Salvador, 336*ff*., 368, 372, 384, 388.
Sam, Tiresias Simon, President of Hayti, 210.
Samoa, unrest in, 159; the natives of, and their attitude towards foreigners, 160; mode of travel in, 161; the *kava* ceremony in, 162; C. favourably impressed by the natives of, 166; land and liquor laws of, 167; the Germans in, 167, 169; 165.
Sampson, Rear Adm. William P., 143*f*.
San Antonio, 312.
Sands, W. F., 373.
San Fernando, 153.
San Francisco, appearance of, following the earthquake, 311; and the Japanese agitation, 344; 332.
San Juan Hill, 144.
San Juan del Sur, 366.
San Luis Potosi, 327*ff*.
Sannahsport, 183.
Santa Luzia de Sabara, *see* Sabara.
Santiago (de Cuba), surrender of, 144; 143, 145, 211.
Santos, congestion in the harbour of, 83; 84.
São Paulo, revolt of Italian residents in, 89.
Satow, Sir Ernest, 217, 228, 249.
Scott, Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Stewart, 248.
Selangor, 50.
Semarang, 54.
Seoul, taken by the Japanese, 250.
Shafter, Maj.-Gen. William R., 144.
Shah Jehan, palace of, 43.
Shameen, 36.
Shanghai, the weather in, 21; the city described, 34; treatment of the natives by foreigners in, 34; 300, 305*f*., 311.
Shan hai kwan, 217, 251, 277.
Shantung, 228.
Shaws, the, 352.
Shway Dagon Pagoda, 40.
Siam, 52.
Siberia, 144, 214, 244.
Siboney, 143*ff*.
Simonsbath, 118.
Singapore, equality of days in, 39; C. meets his brother, Archy, in, 53;

the *Ertogrul* at, 57; mining excitement in, 59; 38, 46*f*., 50, 56, 149.
Sinnett, A. P., *Esoteric Buddhism*, 149.
Sladang, wild cattle, 49.
Slocum, Capt. S. L., 175.
Smallpox, in Rio de Janeiro, 77, 82.
Smith, Dr., Arthur H., *China in Convulsions*, 228.
Soerakarta (Sulu), 55.
Soochow, 305.
Sourabaya, 54.
South Africa, 106, 169, 171, 175, and *see* Boer War.
Southampton, a Fourth of July at, 121; 103, 120.
Southern Cross, 10.
South Island, 168.
Soyer, Pierre, 311.
Spanish-American War, outbreak of, 141; embarkation of American troops from Tampa, 142; rumour of Spanish warships in the Gulf of Mexico, 142; the Spanish prisoners, 143; San Juan Hill, 144; surrender of Santiago, 144; 319.
Spice Islands, 156.
Spithead, naval review at, 134.
Squiers, Hon. H. G., 227, 367*f*.
Standard Oil Company, in dispute with the authorities of Nanking, and its methods, 297.
Stevenson, Robert Louis, his home and grave in Apia, 163; his epitaph, 164.
Stourbridge, 108.
Straight, Willard, 230, 243.
Strassburg, 108.
Suez Canal, 148, 257.
Sulu, *see* Soerakarta.
Sunapee, Lake, 202.
Sunda, Straits of, 7, 60.
Surajah Dowlah (Siraj-ud-daula), and the Black Hole, 41.
Suva, 159.
Swettenham, Sir Alexander, 366.
Sydney, the harbour and city, 157; compared with Melbourne, 168.

Tabatinga, and Cucuhy, citizens of Rio de Janeiro deported to, 88.
Taft Party, *see* Roosevelt Party.
Taft, William H., 282, 285.
Tai-pin-san, 19.
Taj Mahal, 43.
Taku, arrival of the Roosevelt party at, 283; 220, 285.
Ta ling, 251.
Tamasese, 165.
Tampa Bay, 142.
Tampico, 356.
Tang taotai, 262.
Tanu, King, 166.
Ta-shih-chao, 251*f*.
Tasik Malaya, 56.
Tasmania, 168.
Teignmouth, 116.
Tenney, Dr., 304.
Teotitlan, and the Pyramid of the Sun, 341.
Thames, the, 119, 146.
Thibet, 262.
Thomas, Malcolm, in Japan, 33; in India, 41, 43; 45.
Thompson, Hon. David E., and the Decoration Day exercises, 327, 361; injured by fall from his horse, 360; 313, 315, 318, 320, 328*ff*.; 341, 343, 350*ff*., 356, 358*f*., 362, 373, 382.
Thomson-Houston International Electric Co., 64.
Thursday Island, 154, 156.
Tientsin, horse race to Peking from, 236; the Roosevelt party in, 285; 230, 272, 294.
Tijuca, 70, 73.
Tintern Abbey, 125.
Tippoo Tib, 201.
Tiresias Simon Sam, *see* Sam, Tiresias Simon.
Tivoli, and Hadrian's Villa, 129.
Tjelatjap, climate in, 55.
Togo Heihachiro, Adm., 250.
Tokaido, the, 31.
Tokyo, C. starts teaching in, 24; the school in, 24; earthquakes and fires in, 28; the water supply of, 29; recall of Russian Ambassador from, 250; reports of C.'s appointment to the embassy at, 298; C.'s visit to the palace in, 302; Chinese students in, 304; 20*f*., 26, 204, 301*ff*., 311.
Tongku, 252.
Tonga, *see* Friendly Islands.
Torquay, 110, 116*ff*.
Torres Straits, 156.
Townley, Walter, 217, 225, 230.

Townley, Lady Susan, 225, 230.
Townsville, 156*f.*
Train, Admiral, 282.
Trans-Siberian Railway, the, mode of travel on, 214; 213*ff.*, 240, 246.
Transvaal, *see* South Africa.
Trinidad, island of, 208*ff.*
Tristan d'Acunha, 6.
Tromsö, 136.
Trondhjem, 136.
Tsung Li Yamen, 235.
Tuckahoe, purchased by the Coolidges, 126; its restoration, 127; 204, 211, 365.
Tugela River, 172.
Tunbridge Wells, 103.
Tung Fu H'siang, 236.
Turbie, La, 112.
Tzŭ hsi (Empress Dowager of China), birthday of, 226, 262; her personal appearance, 237; reports of her conversion to Christian Science, 267; her audience to the Roosevelt party, 283; 223, 225, 260.

Uchida, Baron, 218, 246, 249, 278.
Umberto, King of Italy, assassination of, 192.
United States, and the island of St. Thomas, 65; sympathy in for the Boer cause, 187*n.*; boycott of trade with in China, 275*ff.*; Copyright Convention with Latin-American countries and Arbitration Convention with Mexico, 357; 103, 145, 184, 186, 239, 293, 304, 312, 330, 337.
Ural Mountains, 214.

Vailima, home of Robert Louis Stevenson, 163.
Vanderbilt, Mr., of Tjelatjap, 55.
Venezuela, United States in dispute with England regarding, 110; 112, 210.
Vera Cruz, 357.
Verhaegen, Monsignor, murder of, 254.
Victoria, Queen, jubilee of, 133*f.*; death of, 201.
Viljoen, Gen. Ben J., 195.
Vladivostok, 257.

Wagner, Richard, *Der Ring des Niebelungen*, 109.
Wahlborn, Czikann, 218.
Wai Wu Pu, 235, 249, 310.
Wan shou shan, 283.
Warren, Fiske, 127*f.*
Washington, D. C., C. visits President McKinley in, 141; C. starts on cruise with Larz Anderson from, 203; 21, 142, 204, 211, 312, 319, 339, 356*f.*, 365, 378, 391.
Waterfall, prison camp at, 183*ff.*
Weale, B. L. Putnam (Bertram L. Simpson), *Indiscreet Letters from Peking*, 300, 333.
Wells, 125.
Wepener, 186.
Westminster Abbey, 133.
Weston-Super-Mare, 119.
Westward Ho, Eng., 118.
Weymouth, Eng., 117.
Whitside, General, 211.
Williams, E. T., 217, 243, 310.
Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany, 107*f.*, 112, 272.
Wilson, General, 319.
Wolfs, the de, 208*f.*
Worth, 108.
Wu ting fang, 249, 287.
Wye Valley, 125.

Yalu River, 250*f.*
Yangtse River, 297, 299, 311.
Yellow Fever, in Para, 66; daily mortality in Rio de Janeiro from, 72; C. stricken with, 78; in Santos, 84; violent outbreak of following revolt of Brazilian fleet, 101; in Kingston, 211; 70, 74*f.*, 103.
Yokohama, C.'s arrival at, 19; a Fourth of July at, 121; 33, 311.
Yuan shih k'ai, 240, 285, 304.
Yuen Ming Yuen, 225.

Zanzibar, 200*f.*
Zelaya, Jos' Santos, his attentions to C., 380; birthday of, 384; 335, 369*f.*, 372, 376, 378, 387, 389.